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THE MIRROR

MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. III.

JANUARY TO JUNE, 1848.

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PREFACE.

We trust that the volume we now present to our readers will by no means be found deficient in those sources of interest which have ensured its predecessors so great a degree of success, and that our desire to render it more and more worthy the attention of the public has been made sufficiently evident.

Our endeavour has been, by the introduction of a variety of literary matter, to interest many classes in our magazine. Such as seek for serious reading may find it; while we trust we have sufficiently interspersed light articles and stories to prevent the least appearance of dulness in our pages.

Long-established prejudices may perhaps rebel against the view taken of the life and opinions of a man hitherto held in abhorrence. But while we do not profess ourselves answerable for all the opinions of our contributors, we may yet remark that, in cases like that of Robespierre, the absence of investigation into motives of conduct may have caused men to pourtray him in blacker colours than even he appeared. The writer of the papers here alluded to has used every means of making himself perfectly acquainted with the facts, living on the same scene of action, and having at his command many sources of information not to be obtained by the generality of persons.

The novel with which we commenced our first volume of 1847 is now presented, completed, to our readers; and we trust that "Paul Pevensey" has by no means disappointed the anticipations formed at the outset, by our just encomiums of an author so pre-eminently fitted to shine as a writer of fiction.

While devoting attention to the literary part of "The Mirror," we have been by no means unmindful of the dramatic or musical portion, which has hitherto afforded considerable satisfaction to those capable of judging of its merits.

In conclusion, we have to express our determination to use our best exertions to render the ensuing volumes as worthy of attention as it is possible for us to do. We shall endeavour to secure only the best writers, and to preserve that variety of style and matter which has so frequently elicited approval of our undertaking.

Our thanks are due to the press, for the kind support they have hitherto afforded us, and our hope is that we may still continue to merit it.

1*st June*, 1848.

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THE MIRROR MONTHLY MAGAZINE

FOR JANUARY, 1848.

MAXIMILIAN ROBESPIERRE:

HIS LIFE AND OPINIONS.

By PERCY B. ST. JOHN.

Chapter I.—An Examination of Historic Opinions.

It appears to be the fate of all men who have shaken the fabric of existing institutions, and in any shape or form advocated the cause of the people and humanity—who have, throwing off the yoke of ages, and the trammels of political superstition, done battle for a more generous and comprehensive policy than that of kings and aristocracies—who have in so doing shattered the prescriptive privileges of classes, and reduced men to the level of worth, talent, and genius, to meet with calumny, falsehood, and ingratitude for their reward. Calumny and falsehood from those whose right to govern and enjoy all pleasure and power they have called in question, ingratitude from those who profit by their arduous and thankless labours; for thankless indeed is the task of him who struggles against oppression and monopoly, if he be not satisfied with the calm approval of his own conscience.

For nearly two hundred years Oliver Cromwell, the greatest name in English history, lay under a weight of odium which is readily understood. His enemies triumphed when the mighty dead was gone. The spirit of the Lord Protector gathered to his Maker the souls of the servile—the toad-eaters, the crawlers of creation felt relieved; they breathed more freely when they knew him to be departed. He gone, there was hope in England for courtiers and courtisans; for a young king was coming who, instead of seeking to raise Great Britain in the scale of nations, instead of striving to give us powerful navies—instead of extending commerce and trade—instead of endeavouring to promote popular comfort and enlightenment, would spend the money of the nation in making of his palace a—we dare not say what—and in endowing actresses and others, his creatures, with titles and fortunes; who, when Cromwell consumed the midnight oil studying to make his country great, would roam about in night hovels, in company with minions, puppies, and other respectable personages whose names exist in the records of infamy. But reckless, worthless, and despicable as were Charles the Second and his court, they could not shake off the influence of him whose great soul still hovered over England; there was so glaring a contrast between them and the good husband, good father, and most honest and pious man who went before, albeit he was a tyrant—and it is a question whether or not England was then fit for a republic—that for very shame they must now and then blush beneath their paint and red-plastered cheeks. There were then, as now, however, hireling writers, men capable of selling their fathers' bones for knife handles; and away they went to work. The reward was rich—a king's favour. Verily they *had* their reward. Their pamphlets, scrawled in pot-houses and vintners', smelt not of the lamp, but of ale and viler liquors; but they were distributed, they were read; and none daring to hold up his hand in defence, they were believed. It was left for the present age, which some think degenerated, to seek and find the truth. The name of Carlyle will in future be quoted as that of one who did tardy justice to the memory of a great warrior statesman and legislator reduced by pigmies to their own level.

The fate of Robespierre has been similar. The causes have in part been the same. When Tallien, Courtois, and other profligate and debauched demagogues overthrew Robespierre, St. Just, and Couthon, because Robespierre, incorruptible, utterly without their vices, single-minded and sincere, was striving to steer the bark of France to peace, prosperity, and a calm government—because he was inexorable to their vices, and would have crushed the whole brood, they felt the necessity of calumniating him and loading his memory with infamy to excuse the most unhappy day in the whole French revolution, that of the 9th Thermidor. To Courtois was given the task. This ponderous writer drew up a report on the so-called Robespierre Conspiracy, in which he gave a succinct history of every tyrant and monster the world had seen; with a view of showing that the member for Arras was worse than the whole of them put together. This report was published a whole year after the execution of the mighty Jacobin. To it was appended a selection of papers found in his humble lodgings—some true, some forgeries, as Lord Brougham allows, but scarcely any of his own production. They consisted of letters written to him, some atrocious, some admirable, but proving nothing, as very many of the infamous correspondents who addressed him, pouring forth sanguinary ideas, were by him denounced and sent to the scaffold.* Then followed the Directory, a time of transition, when men without principle ruled; succeeded by the tyranny of Napoleon. In one day perished at the will of this man more human beings than fell during the whole tottering rule of Robespierre; blood shed on one hand for personal aggrandisement; on the other—and this is Robespierre's crime—allowed to be shed, because he was not strong enough to stay it, or because he thought it necessary. We shall see who were the few men sent by Robespierre himself to the scaffold, and we must recollect that all Europe was raging at the gates of France, with sixty departments out of ninety-three in stark rebellion.

Those were no common times. The cup of the French monarchy had been filled to overflowing, its awful crimes had crowded the book of its fate, till not a spare leaf was left. Nothing in the history of the world ever paralleled the oppression, crime, and debauchery of Gallic royalty. Massacres, assassinations, murders, heads falling from the scaffold, fratricides, parricides, poisonings; dungeons beneath the soil where rotted God's fair creatures; a long series of reigns, of which debauchery and vice of the most odious kind were the chief ornaments—an aristocracy which, while producing many men of talent, could scarce show one good and worthy member—a church, whose vow was chastity, dancing attendance in boudoirs and bending over alcoves, intriguers, profligates, worldly-minded—a people degraded, debased, shorn like sheep, starved, ignorant, and hungry victims of systematic famines;†—such is the history of divine right, and such the account of their stewardship, which alone its kings could render; and when the fabric fell, when the people rose and drove the whole pestilent brood away, and sought to substitute a free and good government, they found all Europe in arms to give them back their gentle *noblesse*, their pious bishops and abbés; and then, because this people, offspring of ages of despotism, slaves emancipated, but ignorant, starved, angry—who knew of the holy truths of religion nothing, but of vile prelatic example much—whose acquaintance with those who should be ministers of a saviour's will, the very truest friends of the people, tended to show them, not only as in Milton's time,

---

* Among the letters extracted were several from Napoleon to Robespierre.

† The *pactes de famine:* those infamous schemes to make money out of the people's sufferings still exist.

> "————hireling wolves, whose gospel is their maw,"

but the most debauched courtiers of the time, because this people did not suddenly become calm, dignified, and great, and practise every Christian virtue, every priest and lordling who has since written has described the Great Revolution as a saturnalia of crime.

Beneath Napoleon, of course, praise of a Republican was vainly to be hoped for. Under the Restoration two classes of writers appeared. Those who sought to disfigure, calumniate, and falsify the event which had brought so many blessings upon France, those who had to avenge their being chased from the temple by the popular scourge, and those who sought to restore it in some measure to its true features. Charles Nodier and Tissot did almost justice to Robespierre, but the great work of that time was the history of Thiers, a book which—the only complete and sterling history of the great drama—obtained, necessarily, wide popularity: as unfortunately as necessarily. Thiers is a man of great talent, of much research, and possessed of all the advantages of style and diction. He wants, however, the great quality of an historian, sincerity. A would-be minister, a place-hunter, an office-seeking statesman, his "History of the French Revolution" is, above all, written to advance his own interests. With this view, a line of demarcation is drawn in his pages between the leaders of the French bourgeoisie, who are the electors, and the leaders of the people, who are not. With this view, Lafayette, Mirabeau, the Girondins, the Voltairians, and all those who wished to use the French Revolution for the advantage of the middle classes only are lauded immeasurably; while all those who were the champions of equality, of rights for all men, the Rousseauites, are treated as Jacobins, demagogues, atheists, bloody-minded and tyrannical. Let Robespierre reply:—

"What! shall I have existed upon this earth but to leave behind me the name of tyrant? Of tyrant! if I were one they would crawl at my feet; I should cram them with gold; I should ensure them the right to commit every crime; and they would be grateful. What am I—I whom they accuse? A slave of liberty, a living martyr of the Republic, the victim, more even than the scourge, of crime."

Of subsequent writers we shall speak in the course of our present inquiry, Lord Brougham, Lamartine, Louis Blanc, Michelet, Alphonse Esquiros, and others who have lately spoken of this remarkable man.* We shall now quote the several opinions which have been expressed about him; and then, by diligent and patient research, seek to rescue his memory from the calumny which has assailed him. Unfortunately the group which stands around him—the tiger Marat, the profligate Danton, author of the September massacres, Hebert, the atheist and socialist, Anacharsis Clootz, the pantheist, the splendid but materialist and atheistical Girondins,—has not a little tended to cloud his memory. Historians have hurried over evidence and come to the hasty conclusion that all were alike. It was perfectly natural that ferocity, brutality, crime, blood, should stain the revolution of a people where kings and rulers had done their best to make them ferocious, brutal, criminal, and bloody; and the wonder is that the tide was stayed so soon; but the more honour to the small but devoted and rigid republican band, which strove to stem the waves and bring the nation to a solid and firm basis. Robespierre expected what would be his fate:—

---

* In the outset I must remark that I have no intention of making an attempt to prove Robespierre perfect, and to meet objection half way. On his claims to be considered a Christian I shall not pretend to decide. That is a matter between him and his God; but as he fully recognised Christ and his mission we cannot call him a Deist. Perhaps he was a Unitarian, but if any man shall, because I seek to defend this great republican, who was mighty and glorious as a tribune of the people, from the odium which rests on him, thence argue me heterodox, he will commit an injustice. To be a good Christian and a good citizen is my most earnest wish, however I may succeed in my aspirations. But this is not the question. Half the crimes of power have been committed under pretence of religion, which only proves the base hypocrisy of the kings, potentates, and popes so guilty; and if on inquiry Robespierre be found great, honest, patriotic, and yet not wholly a believing Christian, all we must conclude is that he erred most egregiously. But in an age when Voltaire reigned on the public mind, when the Girondins and Anarchists scoffed at religion, when atheism was loudly proclaimed by nobles, priests, and people, not one sentiment adverse to religion ever passed the lips of Maximilian Robespierre. Individually, as my own opinion, I do most sincerely believe that, after crushing, as he did, the age of reason, and bringing about a return to God, Robespierre would have restored Christianity, not as a state religion, but as one supported by the state. So wonderful was his influence on the popular mind, that a man, still living, who before had been a follower of the goddess of reason, says: "When Robespierre declared God to exist by a decree, I hastened to obey." That man is now a humble Christian, and still loves Robespierre.

"They wish," he cries, "to tear from me life, with the right of defending the people. Let them take my life; I give it them without regret. I have the experience of the past, I see the future. What friend of his country could survive the moment when he can no longer be useful to it, and defend oppressed innocence? How can we support the sight of this horrible succession of traitors, more or less able to conceal their hideous souls under the veil of virtue and of friendship, and who will leave to posterity the embarrassment of deciding which of the persecutors of my country was the most cowardly and the most atrocious? While gazing on the multitude of crimes which the torrent of the revolution has rolled forth pell mell, with so many civic virtues, I sometimes fear, I confess, I shall be soiled in the eyes of posterity by the impure neighbourhood of so many perverse wretches; and I rejoice to see the fury of the Catilines and Verres of my country tracing a profound line of demarcation between them and all honest men. In every history have I seen the defenders of liberty crushed by calumny, murdered by factions; but their oppressors have died also. Both the good and the wicked disappear from the earth, but on very different conditions. No! Chaumette, no; death is not an eternal sleep, death is but the beginning of immortality."*

Before quoting the series of historic opinions which will give an idea of the calumnies by which Robespierre has been assailed, we select a passage from a writer to whom we owe many useful pieces of information on this subject.

"Some few years ago, in the church of Carvin, near Arras, was seen, and perhaps still is, a tomb decorated by a seignorial *blazon*, and by a name which will ever be immortal: it was the sepulchre of the family of Robespierre. Strange contrast of things here below! The man descended from patrician ancestors — Francois-Maximilian-Joseph-Isodere de Robespierre — raised by his heart, elevated by his reason above the odious prejudices of his caste, becomes the ardent and enlightened defender of the rights of human nature; and the obscure plebeian, ungrateful son of a revolution which opened for him the road to riches and power, becomes the systematic as ignorant detractor of the most glorious martyr of that revolution. The fate of the just and of the right-minded man is indeed a sad fate. 'It would seem,' says Robespierre, somewhere, 'that truth is only destined to appear to men when it is no longer useful to them.' The only fault which can be reproached to the victim of the Thermidorians—and that fault constitutes his glory—is that he conceived in his great soul too lofty an opinion of human nature. As time, in its way, shall become distant from him, he will become great in the admiration of the people. But how many ages must elapse ere the city of Arras shall dare to pay public homage to his memory?"*

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* As in the present work I take nothing at second-hand, but go to the fountain-head, where even the facts rest not upon exclusive information, as with Lamartine, I at once quote my authority for the speeches of Robespierre. Thiers, Tissot, and others scarcely ever quote their sources, which deteriorates from their works—Lamartine never. But Lamartine is a poet. Louis Blanc is more conscientious. The speeches of Robespierre are to be found in the *Moniteur* from 1789 to his death. An edition of this work, comprising the first ten years of the revolution, has just been published in thirty-two volumes, for 12*l*., by Plon, Paris, which shows how popular is the study of this subject. The rest are to be found in "*L'Historie Parlementaire de la Revolution Française*," in 40 volumes, by Buchez and Roux, an invaluable work, which shows vast research and patience. It and the *Moniteur* are history of themselves.

Marie-Joseph-Chenier thus alludes to Robespierre:—"To this bloody epoch succeeded that of the Thermidorians—memorable, immortal epoch—when the National Convention alone, using that strength which some supposed them to have lost, reconquered public liberty. Then were crushed dictatorship and the triumvirate"—to be replaced by the directory, who had three horses in a row to their carriages, a pretorian guard, and whose favours were sought, like those of kings, by supplicating at the door of frail beauty.

Baudin, president of the Convention, speaking of the fall of Robespierre, said, "The day of virtue succeeds to the horrible day of crime. . . . As long as Mirabeau lived Robespierre remained confounded in the crowd of deputies attached to the popular cause. He dared to think that, after the death of this athlete, he had no superior. . . The true crime of the Girondins was to have wished the quick organisation of the republic when Robespierre aspired at dictatorship; of having discovered, in the sombre soul of the tyrant, the thirst of power by which he was devoured; of having irritated his pride by their talents, of which he could not support the lustre; of having published truths fit for the people to know, instead of deceiving them by base flattery. . . Approach, ferocious tyrant; come, and feast your eyes, pitiless as they are, on the horrid spectacle." With the addition of calling him tiger, coward, &c., the speech is made up of these words. We must recollect the man voted with him when he was alive.

Carnot accuses him of being a man without principles, a monster. Carnot is one of the very greatest of French republicans, but he spoke to suit the passions of the time. Another speaks thus:—"Robespierre was gifted in the highest degree with those qualities which make the revolutionist, and the virtues which constitute the republican; he was perfect in his integrity, inaccessible to ambition, and devoured alone by the desire of naturalising on the soil of France the social system which should regenerate it. All the acts of the revolutionary tornado were for him cruel necessities, which he suffered while he sighed over them. But the atrocities of the proconsuls, the frightful joys of the siecles of the guillotine, were strange to him; and the infamy of them must be thrown upon his adversaries, the men of the 9th Thermidor. Submissive to the laws passed by the Convention, he preferred perishing to employing against this emanation of the popular sovereignty the imposing forces of the Jacobins and the Parisian militia—all devoted to him."†

The same writer says—"In bringing to the light his true enemies, the 9th Thermidor signalises better than by all his speeches his desire of founding the republic on institutions, of bringing a terrible government to ideas of moderation, which his victories enabled him to proclaim without danger." It must be remembered that the Paris Jacobins and Cordeliers ruled France, and that a hungry mob, maddened by ignorance, distress, and the ferocious doctrines of Marat, Hebert, and others, ruled the clubs. To steer his way through these was the task of Robespierre, and he had just reached the end of his journey when his enemies overthrew him. Who were his enemies? The anarchists whom, out of pity, he had spared, but who ceasing not their infamous designs, he had determined on sacrificing—Amar, Vadier, Voulaud, the terrorists of the committee of public safety, Billaud Varennes, the horrid purveyor to the guillotine; Collet d'Herbois, with the former, and Danton, author of the September massacres, and the bombardier of the *Commune affranchie*, as Lyon was called, the most impure faction of the committee; Tallien, Freron, the butcher Legendre, friend of Marat; the two

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* Arthur Guillot, in "*Revue Independente.*" Vol. 21, July, 1845: Paris.

† "Memoirs de Robespierre." Paris: 1830.

Bourdons, the most ferocious men of the mountain; these, whom the intentions of Robespierre alarmed because, seeing himself strong, he was about to put an end to anarchy and disorders.*

An advocate of the *ancien regime* of Louis XV., Dubarry, the Regency, &c., thus speaks:—"This monster was more ferocious than Nero, almost as credulous as Claudius. . . . . But ambitious views suppose a degree of boldness which he did not possess. Cartouche slaughtered his victims with his own hand, when he sought their spoils; nature had gifted him with that strength, or that habit, which places men above remorse, and stays the tears of conscience: Robespierre was beneath this wretch; . . . . he was ferocious and cowardly." This writer denies his incorruptibility:—"It was not with his Convention pay that he acquired a printing-office—that he paid the host of brigands who guarded his person—that he gave sumptuous feasts at St. Cloud, at Cenglaus, at Issey, or in his house of the Champs Elysée,"—that is, his garret in the rue St. Honoré! He further accuses him of being profligate, and spending his nights as did the Regent D'Orleans; statements which can only be explained by the consummate impudence of the writer.†

Another writer says—"It is not with Cataline and Cromwell that posterity will assign him a place; it will put him beside the most vile wretches who, from the baseness of their character and the enormity of their crimes, have rendered themselves famous: his name will one day be an insult." This historian thus gets over his incorruptibility:—"No one ever tried to corrupt him;" and then adds, of the man who would have paled the name of Napoleon—if, indeed, that fortunate soldier had then ever been heard of—had he lived:—"He loved no one, no one loved him." His disciples worshipped him; his brother insisted on dying with him. "He had accomplices, and not a single friend. He was without one amiable quality. His manner was cold and awkward, his look sinister, his conversation without interest, his commerce unsafe. Suspicious to excess, he watched what was said rather than listened. He had no knowledge of the exact sciences; scarcely did he know the simple rules of arithmetic. He neither understood poetry, nor painting, nor music; he had no taste for the agreeable arts—for the arts which contribute to the embellishment and even glory of empires." But the great fault is yet to come:—"Some days before his death he spoke violently in the Jacobin Club against the journalists;" that is, against the Ami du peuple, *Les lettres* ———— *patriotique du veritable Pere Duchesne;* and when he was dead this wretched gang of scribblers set to work and played over again the farce of the ass and the dead lion.‡

"There was in that man something of Mahomet and Cromwell," says Thibaudeau, "wanting their genius."

The Abbé Montgaillard is very energetic—he allows him no talent whatever; he thinks Barreve above him, because he could lie better and make use of good revolutionary jargon, as well as invent new phrases; St. Just, because of his diction; Couthon, Collet D'Herbois, Billaud-Varennes, because they had the energy of the language of brigands by profession; to Robespierre he allows no redeeming quality, while giving the history of his mastery over his fellows, and saying—"Has not a sovereign said, 'What a pity M. Robespierre is dead! If he had lived but a few weeks more, he would have been master of France; I would have recognised him as the head of the Government, and we should now have peace;'"—which Robespierre always tried for, contending against war; war which caused the terror, until the last moment, when Brissot and the whole Girondin party were madly rushing to destruction.§

M. Dulaure‖ seeks to prove that Robespierre was throughout an agent of the emigration, and was secretly wishing for the counter-revolution. This was written during the hundred days, to bring Louis XVIII. into odium, and is only worthy of notice as a curious opinion.

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* Lamartine: vol. 8. "Historie Parlementaire de Revolution Française:" vol. 12. The *Moniteur*, Tissot, Nodier, &c.

† Fantin Desodoard's "Histoire de la Revolution de France."

‡ "*Le Conjuration de Robespierre.*"

§ "Histoire de France," par l'Abbé Montgaillard.

‖ In article of the *Censeur de Lyon:* 1815.

M. Mignet observes—"Robespierre had qualities for tyranny; a mind by no means great, but not common; the advantage of a single passion, the exterior of patriotism, a merited reputation for incorruptibility, an austere life, and no aversion for blood. . . . . We must add, also, that Robespierre was supported by an immense and fanatical sect, whose government he had demanded and supported . . . It had for symbol in politics the absolute sovereignty of the Contrat Social of Rousseau, and in belief the deism of the profession of faith of the Savoyard vicar."

By way of variety we quote a poetical piece, which has the merit of being gravely funny:—

Robespierre à son tour gravissant le rivage
De la mare de sang qu'il traverse à la nage,
Vient arrêter devant l'etonnant envoyé
Son *profil convulsif de chat-tigre effrayé;*
Robespierre! . . . . tribun que le terreur evoque
Entre les front chargé des forfaits d'une epoque
Propageant une idée à l'aide du bourreau,
Changeant le char des rois en rouge tombereau!
Robespierre! artisan des publiques tempêtes,
Nain devenu colosse en abattant des têtes,
Et qui, pentife étrange, au terrestre sejour,
Osa decreter Dieu mis a l'ordre du jour!
"C'est Louis, a-t-il dit . . . . Sous nos combres coupoles
Laissez-moi recoller sa tête a ses epauler."* &c.

M. Thiers calls him egotistical, cowardly, perfidious, cruel, hypocritical, vain, full of hate, jealous, with a narrow and common mind. He denominates him also, a false intelligence, bloody and proud pontiff, not great enough to be ambitious, and other names which Heroditus or Plutarch would have thought unworthy of an historian. Lord Brougham is equally severe, though allowing somewhat more talent.

Other opinions are a little more favourable:—"Devoured by ambition, Robespierre thought blood necessary to his projects, and he poured it forth; but it would be absurd to imagine that he ever invented or directed all these little details of cruelty, which were the delight of Fouquier, of Dumas, of Lebon, of Collet, and all that crowd of proconsols and members of committees, who, less vast in their ambition, but more vile, were some as cruel, all more barbarous, than him. They afterwards threw all their crimes on Robespierre, being willing to pass for more cowardly than they were, in order to appear less guilty, but if the tyrant overthrown could not speak for himself, facts speak for him. No one is ignorant that it was during his absence from the committees in 1794 that terror was carried to its height; but what the coryphees of the Thermidorians reproached him on the 9th Thermidor was not with having tyrannised over and ruined his country, but one for having despised his report on the agents of Pitt, the other of having slighted his financial labours, &c."†

Another writer says: "It must not be thought that Robespierre was guilty of all the crimes of which his memory is accused. . . . Robespierre was accused, after his fall, of all the crimes of his accomplices, and even of his enemies. . . . it is equally certain he meant to put an end to the terror. . . . if he did not dare to announce it openly it was because he feared the opposition of the very men who upset him, and who were watching to accuse him of moderation if he gave them the occasion."‡

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* Soumet "*Divine Epopée.*"

† "Historical and Biographical Dictionary of the Men of the Revolution."

‡ "Biographie Universelle," a work not at all favourable to the Revolution.

One* who refuted the Abbé Montgaillard's history, and the article of Dulaure, places the accusation of Robespierre being an agent of the emigrants, alongside the rumour of Napoleon's conspiring to restore Louis XVIII., and remarks that he was not the most cruel of revolutionists, since he prevented a frightful massacre by the arrest of the Hebertists, and died because his intention to stop the terror alarmed its worst leaders; that he was not mediocre, "since his speeches exist to attest the contrary; for, Saint Just excepted, he is perhaps the only founder of the revolutionary government who was superior to the ordinary passions, whose assistance he accepted to conquer the obstinates at home and the formidable enemies of the republic abroad."

The writer, who lived during the whole scene, puts the matter in a light so just that I make a large extract:—

"In truth, the leaders of all the factions showed themselves very modest in uniting to proclaim the nullity of him who, without any other resource than the austerity of his manners and his principles, succeeded in conquering them all, and who only fell because he endeavoured to regularise the revolutionary action at a time when it could not yet yield to the prudence of man. From the very first storms of the constituent assembly, Robespierre understood the impossibility of sincerely uniting the new order of things to the heir of the absolute power of sixty kings; he foresaw the opposition of the court, its manoeuvres without and within France, the popular irritation which would inevitably result from their machinations, and he placed the end of the revolution, peace and order for regenerated society in democratic institutions as he had conceived them in his meditations on the *Contrat Social* of Rousseau, or in his admiration of the republics of antiquity. This idea, which rules and pursues him without ceasing, pierces through all his discourses in the national assembly; he is a republican by anticipation, he thinks himself already in the bosom of his new Sparta,† and, full of Montesquieu, he invokes virtue as the vital principle of government. While he thus looks to the future, parties break up violently around him; the privileged classes repel egality—they fly to arms and raise Europe in their cause. The revolution is in danger, Robespierre sees it, and abandoning for the time his abstract speculations, he feels that to be able to apply them some day the *ancien regime* must be prevented from returning; and as this retrogression is in his eyes the immediate consequence of the triumph of the coalesced kings, as this triumph seems to him imminent if it be not conquered by the bursting forth of the national anger and the fury of the multitude, he rests upon Jacobinism, without adopting its errors, without giving it anything but a temporary importance; and when this powerful auxiliary, in its anarchical tendency, menaces to demoralise the nation and to uproot the principles upon which he prepared to found the re-organisation of French society; when ochlocratism, subversive of all moral and all social order, tries to constitute itself in a definitive manner, and to add greater excesses to those already committed, Robespierre strikes them without indulgence, without regard to the services rendered against the common enemy, and then recals the people to those primordial notions on which should repose their future happiness. We behold him combatting the extravagancies of the apostles of reason; opposing himself to the scandal of abjurations imposed upon Catholic priests; indignant against the annoyances suffered by citizens who go to mass in secret, or ministers who officiate; proposing at last a new worship, destined to serve as a tie to the chiefs and members of the nation who have abandoned the old beliefs. He knows that in excluding religion from the social organisation he would leave an immense void in his system, and would furnish to the enemies of republican institutions the occasion for seizing exclusively on a sentiment indestructible in man." This writer then shows that it was the religious sentiments of Robespierre which proved his ruin. The atheists took alarm, and "a monstrous coalition was formed, the revolutionists in the sense of crime circumvented the most disinterested democrats." But we shall arrive at this great catastrophe in time.[*]

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* Uranett de Leuze.

† It was a ridiculous, little, and false appreciation of Spartan virtues which made so many Revolutionists cruel. The French are the most strangely-imitative people in creation. Few, however, imitated the gentle democracy of Athens.

Again we find, "All that the republican era produced of splendid, of great, of immortal, had its germ or its birth in the second committee of public safety—that committee twelve times re-elected amid general acclamations, and which Robespierre *dominait* (ruled by his weight) as he did the whole Convention. You say that it was unknown to this stupid and barbarous man, to the butcher of the sciences and those who cultivated them, that so many prodigies were thought and said. But did Robespierre alone not see what Europe admired while shuddering? Or if he saw, if his power was such as it was described after his death, what prevented him from adding to his victims those illustrious members who kept alive the sacred fire—the Carnots, the Prieur de la Cote d'Or, the Guytons, the Fourcroys, the Gregoires, the Rommes, the Lakanals? He, too, loved lettres, sciences, and arts; he but pursued the mercenary herd who dishonoured them." In the course of the present inquiry it will be seen that those who were what is called the victims of Robespierre were that body of raving apostles of democracy who ruin the sacred cause of liberty by their insane violence. Democracy is liberty for all men, whatever their social position; it is the annihilation of monopoly, whether of legislation or honour; but it gives as much freedom, safety, and rights to the rich as to the poor, to the poor as to the rich. Such is the theory of all republicans whose opinions are worthy of any consideration. But Marat, Hebert, Clootz, Desmoulins, understood democracy to mean anarchy; rights for the poor only, oppression for the rich, the destruction of every social tie; universal distribution of property, support of unemployed by the state to an extent which would leave the state nothing to employ them, with the liberty topillage, blaspheme, and outrage. And it was this scum of democracy, this offscourings of republicanism, this sect of anarchists, as insane as the advocates of despotism, which Robespierre crushed, with Danton, dangerous from his vices and utter want of principle. Too many still, particularly in France, disgrace the word liberty by theories as pestilent as those of the Maratists, while even in England certain men understand by democracy licence for the poor and tyranny for the employers; but such social disorganisers are few here, however powerful abroad,[†] and will never have weight or power amid an enlightened people. Between democrat and demagogue is a wide gulph.

Charles Nodier, whom we shall use more particularly when we come to the *Fête de l'Etre Supreme*, thus characterises the fall of Robespierre:—"Such were the chiefs of that execrable party the Thermidorians, who tore France from Robespierre to give it to the hangman, and who, deceived in their sanguinary hopes, threw their country at the head of an audacious soldier; of that faction, for ever odious in history, who death-struck the republic, in the persons of its last defenders, to seize without resistance the right to decimate the people, and who had not strength sufficient to make use of their crime. Robespierre knew them so well that he disdained to address them, and, turning towards another part of the assembly, pure, but fickle and meticulous, implored the support of all honest men. . . . A party chief, who has no other resource but in what is called the *honnêtes gens*, should wrap himself in his cloak and blow his brains out;" a piece of brainless advice worthy of a Bedlamite, and disgraceful to a man of talent and discrimination.

The reader will perceive what a variety of opinions have been expressed up this wonderful man. Enough have been quoted for my purpose. I now ceed to ask of history—of facts—of the writings and speeches of Robespi which is the just appreciation of his character. As far as I already him, he was a great man, a sincere patriot, a true republican, placed and anomalous circumstances which forced him into the commis faults. His radical error was hesitation. He knew the wickedness of his enemies, but he paused too long to crush them. He took the anarchists one by one, when he should have destroyed them in a mass. However this may be, I know that for what I shall do I shall obtain far more obloquy than reputation; but having, in the course of my studies on the French revolution, found this man much calumniated, I have not hesitated humbly to strive in some measure to see justice done him. His talent has been worse treated than his characteristics; but I shall quote some pieces which will at once settle this point. The man who could write an ironical passage like the following could not be wholly contemptible:—

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[*] Uranett de Leuze: "Refutation de Montgaillard."

"The False Revolutionist.—Full of fire for great resolutions which signify nothing—more than indifferent for those which might honour the cause of the people and save the country—much devoted to patriotic forms, and attached (like the bigots they war against) to exterior forms, they would rather wear out a hundred red caps than do one good action. . . . . Should we act, they talk; should we deliberate, they commence by acting; should we defend the territory, they wish to go in search of tyrants beyond seas and over mountains; should we retake our frontiers, they are for assaulting our churches and scaling heaven! They forget the Austrians to make war on devotees; should we support our cause by the fidelity of our allies, they declaim against Governments, and prepare a decree of accusation against the Great Mogul!" *

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* Rapport le 18 pluviere an ii., sur les principes de morale politique qui doivent guider la Convention dans l'administration interieuse de la republique.

(To be continued.)

A WISH FOR THE NEW YEAR.

BY FANNY E. LACY.

Sweet sing the bells;
And their music tells
That the old year hath pass'd by,
Awakening thought,
With a lesson fraught,
How the hours and the moments fly.
While my heart doth own
This wish alone:
For each revolving year,
Justly to claim
A spotless name,
With God, my only fear.

And grateful joy
My thanks employ,
If not for this world's wealth,
Yet that I live,
And still can give
Those thanks for peace and health.
Thus may each year
That finds me here,
Behold me as the last;
Each morn and even,
Still thanking Heaven
For the blessings of the past.

THE TWO WOMEN OF NUREMBERG.

AN O'ER TRUE TALE.

By Mrs. Crowe.

Eleonora Maria Schöning was the daughter of a poor mechanic in the city of Nuremberg. Her mother had died in giving her birth; and when she was seventeen years old, she, the sole mourner, followed her father to the grave.

Maria's life up to that period had been one of uninterrupted hardship and sorrow. Whilst she was yet almost an infant, her father fell sick; and after protracted suffering entirely lost the use of his limbs. Child as she was, she waited on him assiduously, and when necessity obliged them to part with a woman who had been engaged to take care of both father and daughter, she had the sole charge of the invalid. And well she fulfilled her duty. From the age of thirteen she scarcely quitted his bedside. By night, her little mattrass was stretched on the floor beside his couch; by day she attended to all his wants, rubbed warmth into his withered limbs, and with a preternatural strength that filial love supplied, she lifted him on her shoulders in and out of bed. At the same time she managed their little household economy with a sagacity and prudence beyond her years.

Neither instruction, nor society, nor help, nor hope, had Maria Schoning—she did not know what play was; she had neither friend nor companion; her character was formed in a school of constant self denial, till she had grown insensible to privation. She expected nothing—she required nothing.

Her father died with blessings and prayers upon his lips, and with his latest breath recommended his good and faithful daughter to the protection of Heaven.

Indeed, she needed it, for who was so desolate as Maria Schoning!

Martin Schoning had not always been so poor as he was in his latter years. He had been a skilful, industrious, and thrifty workman; and in the early days of his marriage had not only lived very comfortably, but had contrived to lay by something to maintain him in his old age. But first his eyes failed him, which in the trade he followed were much needed; and then his general health grew feeble. He had thus been thrown out of employment, and fallen into poor circumstances. It had been only by the most rigid economy and an admirable prudence that his daughter had contrived so to eke out his scanty store as to make it last till the period of his death. When he was laid in the grave, and the expenses of the funeral discharged, there was only as much remaining as might serve to provide the poor orphan with bread till she could look about for some employment. There was also the little furniture of the humble cottage, which her father had recommended her to sell, in order that with the proceeds she might repair her scanty wardrobe, and make a decent appearance in whatever service she might obtain.

But in the first anguish of her bereft heart poor Maria could not think of these matters; she could think but of what she had lost—her only friend—her only interest in the world—all that bound her to life, was gone!

When such hurried words as despatch the poor to Heaven had been muttered by the minister; when the grave was covered in, and the gravedigger and sexton had gone their way, Maria too went home. She would rather have staid; she would have willingly sat by the grave all day, but the churchyard was a thoroughfare; and the passengers looked at her—some stopped and stared—some spoke; she could not shed her tears in quiet.

At home she was sure nobody would disturb her.

But she was mistaken; she had not been home half an hour, when some one knocked against the door; it was the assessor. He had come to inspect the property of the deceased, in order to ascertain if he had duly paid his scot and lot, and owed nothing to the state. He asked for the keys; Maria gave him th only one she had, which was that of the cupboard where her little stock o money and clothes were stored. He was a great man, this official—very! so h routed about and turned out everything, without the slightest regard to the poo mourner, and having thoroughly examined the premises, he decided that Marti Schoning had defrauded the state—he had been under-rated, and his goods mu be seized to make up the deficiency.

They were easily seized, and carried away, too; a truck conveyed the whol from the door, except the modicum of money; that went into the great man pocket.

When her household goods and the despoilers were gone, Maria, who had n chair left, sat down upon the floor. She was alone again, and could weep wit no human eye upon her—that was at least something; and there she remaine all night, sleeping a little ever and anon, and then waking again to the recolle tion of her misfortune—and to her tears.

But with the day came more troubles. The tax officers returned, and sai she must quit the house, which they had orders to take possession of. So Mari arose from the floor and went forth into the street. A person who happened to b passing and heard what was doing bade her go to the assessor's office and represen her case. "I don't think," said he, "they have any right to turn you out." So she wen She found several men writing, and one of them asked her what she wante She tried to speak, but tears *would* come instead of words. When she ha stood there sobbing some time, and by her broken sentences they had obtaine some idea of the nature of her errand, they told her it was useless coming ther as the matter did not rest with them; they had no authority whatever to miti gate the decree of the assessor. So she was turned into the streets again, whe she walked about for some hours. When night came she mechanicall turned her steps to the churchyard of St. Jacob's, where her father lay. Hi grave seemed the only spot on earth she had a claim to; and there, exposed t wind and weather, she remained till morning—and even slept.

When the day dawned she awoke, and fled, terror-struck, into the city. Sh fled the dead, but without seeking the living. On the contrary, she roame through the least frequented streets, sought no notice, asked no alms. At lengt weary, she took refuge under a quickset hedge that enclosed a garden; an there she hid herself for some hours, till hunger sent her back into the town, t wander through the streets again. When the evening closed in, she once mor repaired to the churchyard; and it was past midnight when she again quitte it, and the streets were almost empty.

At the period we write of (1789) there existed a law in Nuremberg, that an female found in the streets after ten o'clock should be carried to the police office. The watch received half-a-crown for every woman they took there. O course they let none escape, so they seized on Maria and dragged her before th magistrate. When she was led into the office, she found herself in the presenc of two gentlemen, one of whom had a book before him, in which he wrot down the names of the women that were brought up; the other had his ha and great-coat on, and was standing with his back to the fire. He was a fin ruddy-looking, stout man, with an unpleasant expression of countenance, clear, sonorous voice, and ready speech.

A few questions were put to the poor girl which clearly showed that they sus pected her to belong to a very unfortunate class of women, and brought th blood of indignation into cheeks which, till now, never had cause to blus She opened her lips to repel the imputation the question conveyed, but confu sion arrested the words she would have spoken; her voice and limbs failed he and she sunk insensible on the floor.

The bell was rung, and the magistrate, whose name was Albert Herrenhause desired that she should be conveyed into another room; and that as she did n appear a hardened offender, she should be dismissed in the morning, with an in junction never to be found in the streets again at forbidden hours.

It was some time before she recovered her senses; when she did, they gave her a mug of water and a morsel of bread, and allowed her to stretch herself on a bench, where she passed the night. At an early hour they put her forth, without making any inquiries into the particulars of her history; but strongly enforcing the consequences that would ensue if she disobeyed the magistrate's order.

But how was she to avoid the infraction?—she, who had not where to lay her head. What pillow had she but the grave? she knew of no other; and since it appeared to her that death was her only refuge she resolved to throw herself into the Pegnitz—the river that runs close to the city.—There, "on that other shore," she should at least meet her father. That hope winged her feet, and she fled through the streets like one possessed.

She had almost reached the stream that was to terminate her earthly sorrows, when, as she was rushing through a mean alley that led down to the water, she heard herself called by name.

"Maria Schoning!" said a voice; "Maria Schoning, whither are you going so fast?"

Involuntarily she stopped; it seemed so strange that any one should know her name. The voice was familiar to her ear, too, although it was long since she had heard it; it was that of Ann Herlin, the servant that had lived with her father in her childhood. Ann had married an invalided soldier, and happened to be standing at her house door, when the hurried step and wild aspect of the unfortunate girl attracted her attention. "Maria, where are you running to?" said she. But Maria's face answered for her; despair was written on her features.

"Good Heavens!" cried Ann, seizing her by the arm, "come in here!" and leading the poor fugitive into the house, she placed her by the fire, warmed her perishing limbs, and gave her food.

This unexpected mercy brought tears; the crushed heart found relief; and as soon as she could speak Maria hid her face in the bosom of her friend, and told her sad story and miserable state. "What could I do," said she, "but die?"

But Ann comforted the bruised spirit, and bade her suffer all things for the love of God. "Life is short, dearest child," said she, "but eternity is long. We must bear the burthen that is put upon us; in his good time the Lord will lift it from our shoulders. It is not for us to fling it down."

What comfortable words these were, and what a blessing it was to have found a friend! Ann bade her remain with her. "My home," said she, "as long as I have one, shall be yours;" so Maria took up her abode with kind Ann Henlin.

But Ann was very poor; she had two children; her husband was sick, and unable to work; her house was a wretched hovel, and their fare was coarse and scanty. A worthy, honest creature was Ann; but she, too, was one of those persons who seem doomed to misfortune from their cradle. The world had always gone ill with her; she had struggled hard to rise above her difficulties, but they were stronger than she was. Adverse fate had beat her out of everything but her faith and her virtue; these were nearly all she had left, but they were much, and with her charity they enabled her to bear her burthen.

It was this poverty that Maria was invited to share, and thankful she was for it. Of course she took her part of whatever work was to be got, and helped to nurse the children and the sick man.

It was in the month of February that old Martin Schoning had died; and during the ensuing spring and summer the labour of the two women kept want from the door; but when winter came round again their difficulties increased; employment became scarce; and Ann, exhausted by fatigue, cold, and poor living, fell sick. Maria toiled night and day to win bread for her benefactress as long as she could get anything to do; and when she could not, they had recourse to selling their little furniture, bit by bit, till all was gone but the bed that Anton Herlin lay on.

Ann was ill the whole winter; towards spring she showed symptoms of amendment; but as she improved the old man grew worse, and early in the month of March he died.

The only assistance they had through these troubles was from the doctor, who attended them gratuitously. But he was a very poor man, who, though he took no money from them, could not afford to give them any. Sometimes he brought a flask of wine in his pocket, and sometimes a little food, for he saw that Ann's illness was occasioned by want of proper nourishment and the comforts her exhausted constitution required.

She got better at last; her health seemed tolerably re-established, but her mind appeared affected by her enduring misfortunes. She had become silent and abstracted, and often sat for hours on a low stool, the only seat they had left, buried in a sort of stupor. Meantime work failed wholly; charity might have aided them, but Maria was too shy to ask it.

It was the last day of March, the weather was extremely cold, and the only morsel of bread they had had been divided betwixt the widow's two children in the morning. It was now night; and for the last two hours the youngest girl had been crying uninterruptedly for food, whilst the eldest lay on the floor in a state of complete exhaustion. In a corner of the room sat Maria, rocking backwards and forwards her attenuated frame, as if seeking by incessant motion to suppress the gnawing pangs of hunger. Ever and anon she glanced at the children, and then at their wretched mother, who with her hands crossed upon her breast, lay silent and motionless on the straw mat that served her for a bed.

Suddenly the great clock of the cathedral struck ten. Maria started to her feet; that hour, that clock, seemed to have awakened some new train of thought. Her movements were hurried; there was a strange wildness in her eye; she pressed the children convulsively to her breast, imprinted a kiss on the forehead of her unhappy friend, and rushed out of the house.

The wind blew, and the rain fell fast, and the streets were deserted. She met nobody but the watch, who immediately seized her; and as he happened to be the very officer that had arrested her before, he told her mockingly, that as this was the second time she had been found offending, she would be flogged in the morning, in order to teach her better behaviour for the future.

Maddened by the bitter contumely of the man, her own sufferings, and the thought of the starving ones to whom she had no hope of bringing bread, a terrible idea took possession of her diseased and excited mind; and turning wildly to the officer, she bade him lead her away to the magistrate at once; "for I am far more guilty than you think," said she; "I have done a murder on my child." Surprise silenced the insolent laughter of the man, and with all speed he conducted her to the town house, where she was shut up for the night; the charge being of too grave a nature to be investigated at that late hour.

On the following morning she reiterated her assertion. She declared that she had been delivered of a child, which with the assistance of her friend, Ann Herlin, she had murdered; and that Ann, with her consent and approbation, had buried the body in a wood; the exact spot she could not tell.

Upon this Ann was forthwith apprehended as an accomplice in the crime; which, of course, she utterly denied. Neither persuasion nor threats availing to bring her to a confession, the two women were confronted; when to Ann's amazement, Maria persevered in her denunciation:—"We murdered the child, and Ann buried it in a wood."

Ann fixed her eyes on her friend, and after contemplating her for some moments in silence, she asked her what she had ever done to her, that could merit such a return as this; and turning to the magistrate she reiterated her denial. "I am innocent; I know nothing whatever of the crime of which she accuses me." As nothing more could be elicited from her, the magistrate desired that the instruments of torture should be brought in, for the purpose of extracting confession; but this was a very unexpected turn in the affair to poor Maria—that they should both be condemned to death, she had expected; but to see her benefactress submitted to the rack was a trial she had not reckoned upon.

With an energy and rapidity that prevented the officers impeding her intention, she rushed across the room, and seizing the already bound hands of her unhappy friend, she whispered in her ear, "Confess all! confess all! dear Ann! Our sufferings will be soon over, and your children be provided for in the Orphans' Hospital."

Maria's design was manifest. Ann Herlin impressed a tender kiss on the lips of the poor girl, and then, turning calmly to the magistrate, she admitted the truth of the accusation. "All the young woman says is true," said she; "I am as guilty as she is. She is, however, wrong in one particular; I did not bury the child, but threw it into the river."

This avowal appearing perfectly satisfactory, the women were led away, and separately confined. They exchanged a significant smile as they parted, and a look that spoke the determination of each to be firm and faithful.

Judgment was soon pronounced; they were condemned to die on the scaffold; an interval of four-and-twenty hours only being allowed them for preparation. They passed the night calmly, slept, and prayed.

In the morning they were conducted to the chapel, where prayers were read; and when the prison clock tolled the hour of execution, they ascended the cart that was to convey them to the scaffold—Ann with a firm step and unmoved countenance, but Maria with trembling lips and features that betrayed the deepest anguish. They were obliged to assist her out of the cart and up the steps that led to the platform. When she had reached it, her strength and her recollection seemed entirely to fail her. She did not fall, but she stood stiff and motionless, with her eyes fixed upon her friend. The consciousness that she was taking away the life of that faithful friend by a lie had struck terror into her soul—pity and dismay into her heart. She was prepared to die herself, but not to see Ann die. But the latter, who penetrated her feelings, bade her take courage:—"In a few minutes," said she, "we shall be with God!"

In the meanwhile, the executioner having made his final preparation, and the minister having pronounced his last benediction, Ann advanced. "Me first," she said; and with an expressive look at Maria, she pointed to the heavens above, saying, "yet a little, and we are there!" and then laid her head calmly on the block. The axe was already raised over it, when Maria awakening from the trance of horror that seemed to have stiffened her limbs, and palsied her speech, uttered a piercing scream.

"Kill her not! spare her! spare her!" cried she, "she is guiltless, I alone murdered the child."

She then threw herself at the feet of the minister, and swore to him, by all that was sacred, that the accusation was a false one, from first to last. "I never had a child," said she, "and therefore could not have killed it." For myself I merit death for the crime I have committed in falsely accusing the best of women—I desire to die; but, oh! do not let me leave the world with the sin of murder on my soul, for murder it will be if you take away the life of Ann Herlin."

Truth spoke in her passionate voice and agonised countenance; the executioner stayed his hand, and the minister inquired of Ann Herlin whether what the girl now asserted was the fact. "God, alone knows it is!" answered Ann. "I was willing to die in order to escape the wretchedness of life, and I am willing still; but I cannot suffer that poor soul to leave the world in the persuasion that she is my murderess."

The sensation this scene created may be imagined. The crowd that had assembled round the scaffold was violently excited, and insisted that the execution of the sentence should be suspended; a stretch of authority which the official persons present said exceeded their powers. However, the people prevailed; and a messenger was despatched to the magistrates to inform them of what had happened.

During the interval, the minister took the opportunity of approaching the women and inquiring into their history, whereupon they related to him those particulars of their distress and destitution which had reduced them to so desperate an expedient to escape from them. Maria depicted, in the most affecting terms, the virtues and goodness of her friend, and the worthy man was no les touched than surprised at a narrative which, strange as it was, bore so strongl the impress of truth that he could not doubt its authenticity. His pain was th greater, that it was wholly out of his power to influence the fate of the women or take any steps in consequence of his conviction.

So says the legal report from which we gather our story; but that, unde such remarkable circumstances, the minister should not have had sufficient influence to procure a further investigation of the case, seems certainly very extraordinary, and says little for the government under which the worthy an devout inhabitants of Nuremberg lived in the year 1789.

An hour elapsed; the executioner, the minister, and the subordinate officer remaining on the scaffold, and the assembled crowd beneath. At length a murmur arose amongst the outer ranks of the people that the messenger was returning. Every neck was stretched, every ear was open; the hand of th executioner shook with agitation, for he, too, was satisfied the women wer innocent; the lips of the minister quivered with anxiety. The crowd, eager t hear the sentence, scarcely drew breath, lest a word should escape them. Th two women alone were calm and unmoved; Ann was almost indifferent abou the result, and Maria, who did not understand the imperfections of earthly justice, believed that they were certainly saved. She could not imagine that wher her denunciation had been so readily admitted her honest retractation would b rejected. For herself, she wished to die, but *of* herself she thought nothing—her thoughts were wholly with the friend she had wronged.

The messenger ascended the scaffold and delivered a sealed paper to the executioner. The man's countenance betrayed its contents: it was an order t proceed with the execution.

A terrible cry burst forth from a thousand bosoms—a thousand voices crie aloud for justice! The minister fell upon his knees and burst into tears; bu a flash of joy illuminated the wan features of Ann Herlin. Calmly she aros from the bench she had been seated on, calmly she laid her head upon th block, and in a moment the axe had divided it from her body.

The instant the blow was struck, the executioner fell senseless on the planks and a cry of horror and indignation burst from the people. His deputy wa thereupon called forward to complete the work, but when they turned thei eyes upon the other victim, they saw that no axe was needed—Maria Schonin was dead. Without a struggle or a sound, unobserved by the assistants, th poor sufferer had expired. The stroke that had slain her friend had slain her too

Thus it was looked upon by those who witnessed this terrible catastrophe But advancing science suggests a fearful suspicion. The report goes on to say that when they turned to Maria they not only found her dead, but that he body was stiff and cold—a condition that could scarcely have arisen in so shor a space of time, had she been really dead. The probability is, that she was i a state of nervous catalepsy; and it is by no means impossible, that she wa not only buried alive—since as a criminal she would be immediately laid in th grave—but that she was perfectly conscious of the whole proceedings though unable to testify by word or movement that she was so.

What a fearful history! and what a fearful termination to her most wretche life! And yet, surely, a better disposed, more virtuous, and self-denying creature could scarcely exist. The archives of human misery present few mor melancholy pages than those which record the fate of Maria Schoning.

THE DEATH-KNELL OF DEATH.

[Suggested by the following expression of an eminent philanthropist, on hearing of the recent reprieve of a condemned murderess:—"*This rings the knell of punishment by* Death!"]

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OLD TIMES,"—A Prize Poem.

Its knell is rung!—its knell is rung!—
Long, long the bells have swayed and swung;
And now booms forth each brazen tongue!—
The knell is rung!—the knell is rung!

"What bells now swing?—what knells now ring,
"Elate! afar; on echo's wing?"
The bells which swing, and the knells which ring
Of the death of Death the tidings bring!

The death is the death of a feudal law,
Mumbled from some grim tyrant's maw,
That erst delighted to batten and knaw
The blood and the bones of the victims he saw.

They knell the death of the Hangman's trade.
Oh, God! that thy creatures should ever be made
To stop the breath thy breath conveyed,
When to quicken Thy work Thou first essayed!

That *Man* should presume, in his pride of power,
To shorten existence by one poor hour;
And in punishing murder should *murder* do,
And commit the evil himself anew!

The issues of Life and Death, 'tis said,
In the Hands abide by which *Life* was made;
Shall a worm, then, turn those issues aside,
And a Deity's province dare deride?

Was 't for this a Saviour's blood was shed,
And the curse removed from the Sinner's head?
Was, alone, the Murderer exempt
From the blessing high that *all* should tempt?

Did the Saviour not, with His dying sigh,
Lift up His voice to God on High,
And plead for His slayers, with lip and eye,
Saying, "*Father*, forgive *them ere I die?*"

And, if men like those were left to live,
Shall we not to meaner sinners give
The boon of life for its destined space,
To fit them for a Saviour's face?

And where is the moral, the good result?
The end achieved, what cause t' exult?
Hath "*blood for blood*" one red drop saved?
Enfranchised *one* spirit by guilt enslaved?

Hath "blood *for* blood" unstained one hand?
Or plucked from the furnace a single brand?
Hath the "thine *for* mine," that with halters hang,
Brought back one life, or assuaged one pang?

Is this *lex taliones* a ruthless thing,
With vengeance and cruelty on its wings?
Seeking to plunge an erring soul,
While *unprepared*, into endless *dole.*

If so, our crime is the worst of the two;
And the Hangman, who hangs for wages due,
Takes Usurer's interest. Is 't not true?
His *centage* is soul and the body too!

But say that the soul be *ready*, though late,
For the realms of bliss, of which Churchmen prate;
Well! what doth the Hangman then? Let's see.
For MURDER *he giveth* FELICITY!

So thus doth it stand—the damning fact—
Two destinies wait the self-same act;
And at random the criminal's soul is tost
On the stream of Chance, to be *saved* or *lost!*

'Twere matter for marvel and wormwood jest,
Did the *earthly* doom of a culprit rest
On the cast of a *die.* Yet his *future* lot
We stake at the hazard like *dust*—God wot!

No medium exists—the LAW is such
That it takes too little or takes too much;
Too *little*, if taking but life's dark ills;
Too *much*, if the life of a SOUL it kills!

There are those who quote from the text divine
That a meed of bread and a measure of wine
From the blood-stained felon averts the ban.
THEN, IF GOD HATH FORGIVEN HIM WHY NOT MAN?

When forgiven, a soul from guilt is free;
The curse and the stain have ceased to be;
Yet the pardoned of *Heaven* must trembling stand,
And await the *Hangman's* red right hand!

No! let the murderer *live*—live on;
And atone with *his* life for the life that's gone;
Not by laying it down where the gibbet rests,
But by fitting the trust for its Maker's 'hests!

Consign him not to an endless state
'Till you've *proved* contrition as true as late.
Wait till *matured* is the fear-born germ;
He will live a prey to a living worm!

Give him chance to say "I *was* and I AM."
Punish his spirit, but do not DAMN.
Purgation enough is a prison's cell.
His *slain* would not visit his soul with HELL!

The hemp has been sown, and the hemp has been grown
Has been hackled and twisted, has swung with its own;
It has strangled the INNOCENT! Snap it asunder!
That thought should alone bring its doom amid thunder.

Untwine it! untwist it! no effort relax!
Unsinew the rope, and restore it to flax.
Consign it to flame—execrating it first!
And there let it burn, like a thing that's accurst.

Let earth give to earth but an earthly doom,
And legislate only *this side of the tomb;*
There let us resign the avenging rod
To the hands of the ONE ETERNAL GOD!

LETTERS ON THE CHOICE OF A PROFESSION.

I.—DIVINITY, LAW, AND PHYSIC.

My dear Gondicarius,—You ask my advice respecting the choice of a profession for your son; but you forget that I am not acquainted with young Hopeful, and cannot, therefore, very accurately judge for what his tastes, talents, and character may adapt him. Perhaps, with the world in general, you hold that sons are rough blocks, and to be cut to any shape required. Well, I will not at present discuss that question with you; but presuming that the lad, as becomes the child of such a father, is sufficiently ductile and malleable to accommodate himself to whatever position in life may be chosen for him, I will, like a true friend and a discreet one, give you abundance of advice; cautiously hedging my counsel in such a manner that you shall hereafter be found to have acted upon it, or not to have acted upon it, just as shall best suit my book. Wary advisers give plenty of advice; but give it in such a manner, and with such qualifications, that you can never determine what they have advised. Nor, for the matter of that, can they themselves, until the right moment arrives.

Of course attention is first directed to the dignified trio, Law, Physic, and Divinity. Now, there's the Church, Gondicarius—the Church offers remarkable advantages. It is quiet, and cosy, and respectable. There is no other profession that makes a little go so far—a little, whether in the pocket or the head. I am talking of the matter now merely in a worldly view; it should, certainly, likewise be regarded in another. But to consider it in a worldly view,—one lives genteely on a curacy of thirty pounds a year, and looks through the telescope of hope at a mitre or a three-cornered hat; or, sometimes, through an ordinary Dollond at, what is in general rather less remote, the Coma Berenices, whilst instructing a troop of young bread-and-butter eaters in the distances of the stars. Once a week one takes tea at Mrs. Smith's; and as frequently at Mrs. Jones's: and you may be welcome oftener, if you will abuse Mrs. Jones to Mrs. Smith, and Mrs. Smith to Mrs. Jones. It is not every curate, however, on thirty, or even on fifty pounds a year, that can make himself popular among the young ladies; and to do so among the old ones is even more difficult. I assume that your son, my dear Gondicarius, would be capable of accomplishing this; and do but for a moment contemplate the result. A young friend of mine, not long in holy orders, who performs three services per diem in a large town parish, for a gratuity of forty pounds a year, received as presents last Christmas-day, four couple of bell-pulls, sixteen urn mats, fifty-two pairs of slippers, and a hundred and twenty-eight kettle holders—all worked in worsted. But then he has a Grecian nose, a good delivery, magnificent black whiskers, and a rich grandfather. The kettle holders and slippers would last your son his life. But kettle holders and urn mats are only *part* of the advantage. My young friend has the choice of a wife among the two hundred presentees. The papas and mammas make no objections, and only inquire what cousins there are, and how the old gentleman wears. This comes of being in the Church. Who ever heard of a barrister, or even of a doctor, being presented with one hundred and twenty-eight kettle holders in one day? or, indeed, with one-half the number? Or of their having a choice among two hundred young ladies—in any place nearer than Constantinople? Still it must be borne in mind that not *all* clergymen have so extensive a field for selection. Some parishes are not so large, some noses not so handsome, some whiskers not so black, some voices not so clear, some grandfathers not so wealthy. I have even known a case in which a clergyman married his cook; and that seems to imply but a limited range to choose from. Not that I would deny the possibility of a cook making an excellent wife even for a clergyman; particularly when I consider how many clergymen there are who would make but indifferent husbands even for a cook. But in the cas to which I refer, the clergyman was at least a man of education; and his wif was a woman of no education at all. You should have seen his blank look, m dear Gondicarius, when having told her one day that he was going to step ou for half an hour with his friends, and requested her to set the wine on the tabl in the interim, she assured him on his return that she had searched all the hou for the interim, but had not been able to find it. But that is neither here n there. I do not apprehend that your son will marry his cook. And though, I have said, he may not have the *élite* of a large parish to choose amongst, d pend upon it, if he is at all such a man as his father, he will not be driven advertise for a wife. It was a question we lately discussed at our club—I am member, you know, of the "Wooden Spoons,"—whether red coats or bla stand the best chance with the ladies?—and the decision we came to was, th in these piping times of peace the cassock carries it away. In war time, the ca may be different, for the ladies have a decided predilection for "bloody no and cracked crowns;" but they prefer the church militant to the barrack pa fical; and they put up with Exeter Hall in the lack of a Waterloo. By the by will you permit me to propose you as a "Wooden Spoon?" If I rememb rightly your University history, you are eligible as a member; and I assure y the learning and ingenuity with which we discuss such questions as the abo are every way worthy of the lignean cochlearean ornaments of Alma Mater.

But a curacy with the mitre in perspective,—two things that stand to ea other in the relation of potatoes and point—and the choice of a wife—a matt in which the clergy can seldom be taxed with "long choosing and beginni late"—are not the only advantages offered by the church as a profession. clergyman has peculiar privileges in elbowing his way among the thorns of li his "cloth protects him." His nose is a *noli me tangere;* he has been dipped the Styx, heel and all; he is "safe from shot, and flash, and stab." There is part about him that can be wounded; there is no part that can even be kick It is true that you may endeavour to hurt him in his self-love. You may "t him, if a clergyman, he lies." But the shame will recoil upon yourself. You a striking a defenceless man. He will answer you meekly,—"Scoundrel, m cloth protects you." And the world will join with him against you, and c "shame, shame!" An "ingenious writer"* has defined a monk to be "a cowa that wont fight." Wont he? Keep clear of him, I recommend you, M Wallbridge, when "his dander is riz." Read the "History of the Crusades," M Wallbridge; read the "Book of Martyrs';" read Ranke as touching the Pope read the "Chronicles of the Middle Ages;" go and poke over the shelves of yo nearest tractarian friend. Monks, I assure you, will fight. But then there a few truths that are universally true. Mr. Wallbridge is right as well wrong. There are monks, and plenty of them, who are afraid of the battle life; cowards, who wont *work;* and there are some who will not fight, in t smaller sense of eschewing fisticuffs and hair triggers. Now the cassock made a shield as well as the cowl; many men jump into it as though it we a petticoat, and cry "Ah, you coward! would you strike *me?*" The gov makes a good hedgehog-skin, and is a safe defence against the outward a literal knocks of the world. If your son wear a nose on his face which h given offence to any two fingers, and does not feel itself safe behind the *machi arietaria* of his four right fist knuckles, it might be worldly wise in him to se sanctuary for it in the church; but remembering how your combativeness school drove you to thrash the little boys, and to "make the best in Glouceste shire know" when the big boys thrashed you, I cannot think that this consid ration can weigh with the offspring of such a father.

There is one other matter which, if your son be at all of a lively dispositio may, though not very important, be worth a moment's thought. It is this:-

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* See "The Council of Four," by J. Wallbridge, a waistcoat-pocket volume of w and pithy aphorisms.

That a clergyman is licensed, at least in certain circles, to indulge in a little wider latitude in his jokes than would be thought quite discreet in a layman. This is noticeable in our literature. I will not call up the reverend names of Swift and Sterne, to either of whom the blushful public must a thousand times have whispered, "It is only your cloth protects you." I myself had experience lately of the disadvantage of seasoning a dish with any pepper but black pepper. I sent one of my poetical bantlings—as chubby a little innocent as ever you set eyes on—to one of those foundling hospitals called Monthly Magazines. You have heard Hood's story—I think it was Hood's—at all events, he was father to so many "scapes" of the kind that there can be little danger in swearing it to him; his story of the squashed child. The fat nurse sat down upon the baby, and pressed it so flat that it could not be seen when held up edgeways. Now, my little darling experienced a like fate. The fat monthly nurse of the establishment alluded to (Editor is the technical term for this functionary) sat upon it, not in this case by accident, but according to cruel and deliberate custom; and so flattened it out that whilst to his view it appeared, as he said, "a little too broad," to mine (which you will understand was at right angles to his own, as is generally the case in regard to the views taken by author and editor) it appeared, I assure you, not to be broad at all. I had had, I confess, some apprehensions that its length (for it was very tall of its age) might have been made a reason for its not being received permanently into the asylum; but as to its other dimension, it seemed to my judgment to resemble, as Bulwer says of one of his characters, Euclid's definition of a straight line—it was "length without breadth." You would be astonished, my dear Gondicarius, to learn how many of the cases that apply at these hospitals are attenuated into conformity to the same description; how many, with an excess in the dimension of length, have neither breadth nor depth, weight nor substance. Now, I assure you I have known infants lodged and done for, in that same asylum, broad enough to have been wrapped three times round mine; but then they were the bantlings of a clergyman, and the offspring derived a propriety from the reverendness of the father.

It used to be said that there was no rose without its thorn. I believe if you inquire at Messrs. Loddidge's, or at any respectable floricultural establishment, you will find that this is not strictly true. There is, however, no rose—when I say no rose I mean no species or variety, I do not speak of individual blossoms—there is, I say, no rose that has not its earwig, or caterpillar, or green beetle; and every position in life—every trade, every profession, has drawbacks to set against its particular advantages. Thus, in the Church, though it may be very pleasant to be passing rich, among your professional brethren, with forty pounds a year, it by no means necessarily occurs that you will have this forty pounds to exult over them upon. Parson Polyglot is by no means the only clergyman who has had but one shirt; and it is well we do not see all the darns that are wanted underneath the surplice. The gown hides often many defective stitches; there is many a ragged place, many a button wanted, many an inkspot hid from view beneath it. It is not my fault if you choose to apprehend me metaphorically; I say it in a literal sense, though the other may be likewise true; a white patch at the elbows is often cloaked over in the vestry. And if a clergyman do chance to be "out of a situation,"—that is a vulgar mode of expressing it, as bad almost as an inquiry I once heard from an ingenious youngster, after his first visit to church: "Mamma, why did the man in the smock-frock get into the puncheon?" but let us express it vulgarly, so that we be distinct—if a clergyman do chance to be out of a situation, without some little private property to fall back upon, his position is by no means enviable. There is what they call living on the Guinea coast—that is, taking chance duty for any professional brother who may be laid up with the gout; but it is precarious, and not very remunerative. And there are private pupils; but these are not so plenty as hops (in a good season) are in Kent. If I took private pupils I should ask a thousand a year. I have a great notion that "the dodge" would be successful. I know men who ask forty or fifty, and they never get a nibble; I know others, not more capable, who boldly lay themselves out for three hundred, and never have a bed-room to spare. Modest merit is a very fine thing; but if a man do not find out his own value, can he suppose that the world will be at the pains of making the discovery for him? Virtues and talents (I am considering things, you know, in a worldly way) are stock in trade; at least to those who are unlucky enough to have no other fixed or floating capital. And they are, in one respect, like objects of fine art. The "world in general" has not discrimination sufficient to estimate them at their real worth, but gives fancy prices where it is led to believe them genuine and of a high order. Would the trustees of our National Gallery, think you, buy the finest Raffael in the world, were it offered for a hundred pounds? No offence to the trustees of the National Gallery, they would not. It is not in human nature that they should do so. Were a hundred thousand the price, they would begin to think how they might raise the money. Would they have purchased "the Holbein," think you, had it been modestly offered at its true value? Gondicarius, they would not. They would have known that John Bull would not honour so insignificant a draft. The Sybil would never have sold her books, had she lowered her demand in proportion to their reduced number. Impress it on your son, Gondicarius, as a first principle in worldly wisdom, to ticket himself above, rather than below, even his own notions of his intrinsic worth.

But a man may keep school instead of taking private pupils. "Delightful task," cries Thomson. The lazy hypocrite! It is very easy to call all tasks delightful so long as we are not obliged to participate in them. Thomson, bless you, would have lain with his nose under the bed-clothes at one o'clock in the day, and called reefing the foresail on a squally night a delightful task—shaving madmen a delightful task—walking up the treadmill a delightful task. Dante, strangely enough, has not introduced the reciprocal offices of the pedagogue and disciple among the punishments of his Inferno. He might have done so, and formed another Caïna. Among the cants that are universally canted, is that which speaks of the blessed days of our infancy and youth, as though all the troubles of mortal life belong to more advanced age. "Man never *is*, but always *to be* bless'd," says the poet. He might with equal propriety have said, "Man never *is*, but always *has been* blessed." Such is the perversity of our nature that both are true. At Rome we love Tibur, at Tibur, Rome.

"We look before and after,
And pine for what is not."

And to intrude yet one more quotation—a trite one, I confess—

"'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view."

We talk of "the cares of the man," as though the cares of childhood were nothing. But our troubles begin early; we come weeping into the world, and the first season of life, like that of the year, is stormy. There are high winds in the March, and showers in the April, of our being; as well as sweat of the brow in the July and August. You and I, Gondicarius, have our gout and lumbago; but are croup, and scarletina, and hooping-cough nothing, think you, to the tender frames of early childhood? You have lost your back teeth: I wish you could cut them afresh, that you might the more vividly remember the days ere cares came upon you. It is pleasant enough now to talk of the "two geese you stole out of the pen;" the stripes on the shoulders which formed the sequel to that achievement were a sore set-off to the pleasure of the exploit, and, I suspect, turned the balance in favour of loss. It was a source of annoyance to you, when that Jew-Christian scoundrel brought an action against you, and sneaked off without paying the costs; but the bitter and sweet came together, for I fear, Gondicarius, you exulted as you watched his maggoty hue whilst the judge was commenting on his baseness and treachery. But what balm was there to the heart-burning of our little friend in the Wordsworthian ballad, when her brother John treated her in a manner so unbecoming their relationship?

"So to my drawer he goes—
Takes out my doll, and, oh! my stars!
He pokes her head between the bars,
And burns off half her nose."

Melting a doll's nose may appear a small matter to you; but to little Ellen, or Mary, or whatever her name may have been, your lawyer's bill was of infinitely less importance.

I have struck a little out of my path, I perceive; but I hate walking straight to the goal, especially when I have no particular goal to arrive at. And talking of diverging from one's path, I will just pause to mention a circumstance (though altogether beside our present subject), for the honour of your canine friend, Hector. I took a walk with him a few days since, and in the first field we came to he met with a bone. My dog, I must tell you, reasons inductively, for he is very fond of *bacon;* and from the experience of many former walks taken in my company, he felt warranted in drawing the conclusion that I should go to some distance, and return through the same field. Now if, my dear Gondicarius, you will for one moment imagine yourself a dog, you will perceive how inconvenient, not to say impracticable, it must be, to pick a bone whilst walking, since the fore-paws are indispensible for each operation. To stay behind and pick the bone, allowing me to proceed by myself, would have been neither sociable nor respectful, seeing that we had walked forth together, for the pleasure of each other's society. To have carried the bone all the way would have been troublesome and tantalizing, and would have prevented conversation: to leave it where he found it would have been to resign it to the next dog that should come by; "for those rascally curs," said Hector, "make no due distinction between the *ego* and the *non ego*, and the things which pertain to each." So Hector bolted across the field, and hid the bone in the further hedge; and then came back to me with a peculiarly waggish expression in his tail, which I knew very well to signify "a bone is a bone, and I don't wish it boned;" and we walked on gravely together, conversing about the crops, the weather, and free trade. "Let us import our corn," said Hector, "and keep up the beef and mutton of old England." You will readily guess that as we returned through the field, Hector did not forget his bone. He carried it home with him; and that same evening he saw me take a plum cake out of a cupboard, having previously been present when I locked it up therein. "Ah!" said he, "I observe that you likewise act, my good master, upon instinct." Truly, between instinct and reason we draw very arbitrary lines.

Hector is a clever dog: he takes after his father. You remember his father, Nero, that used to live at the brushmaker's. They were wont to send out Nero with money and a basket, to the shops of the butcher and baker. The smell of the steak in the basket would draw a whole host of lesser dogs about him; and I have seen him, in such a case, set the basket on the pavement, and retire to the further side of the street, looking back with an expression that signified, as plainly as the phonetic alphabet could accomplish the terms, "Touch it who dare! Ware Daniel Forrester."

But to go back to our subject. What was it? Oh, the disagreeables incidental to the clerical profession: and I was talking of school-keeping as "the harsh and grating strife of tyrants and of foes." Well, I will commit it to your own reminiscences; requesting you to consider whether, when you were at school, you had a very pleasant time of it; and whether you think the master's was much more delightful.

There is another course open to the clergyman without a living, and hard up for a livelihood. He may emigrate as a missionary. With every respect for missionary labours, I cannot think that, regarded merely in a worldly view, this is a resource to be willingly adopted. I will not, whilst your son is the subject in our mouths, remind you of Sidney Smith's joke about cold parson on the sideboard; nor of that other joke of his about agreeing with the man that eats you. But it seems quite plain that the advantages of emigrating in the character of a missionary are not such as to be taken into account by the man who adopts the Church as a profession, merely upon grounds of the opportunities offered by it for worldly advancement.

Thus I have plainly pointed out what, without the least doubt in the world;

had just as plainly occurred to you before—that the Church, considered only i a worldly view, has points to recommend it as a profession, and points th should cause hesitation. But it is my private opinion, my dear Gondicariu that it is one that should not be adopted merely from mundane motives; an as I feel convinced you will coincide with me in this view—particularly as yo son would have no distinct prospect of a bishopric, nor even, I believe, of good fellowship or living—I would recommend that he should consider tl question for himself, and decide according to his own impulses, seconded by h father's experience and practical wisdom.

Well, then, there is the bar. That is highly respectable. So highly respec able, indeed, as with its overplus of respectability to render respectable doin that would be scoundrelism in any other walk of life. If, for example, you pa your tailor for a coat, you expect him to send it home; and would feel yourse justified in denouncing him as a rascal if he declined to do so on the plea th he had likewise sold it to another person, and that it was impossible to deliv it to both. But in the honourable and liberal profession of the bar, it is pe fectly legal, decent, and in every way justifiable—indeed, the daily practice men who are in training as the arbiters of justice from those most noble throne the benches of our British courts of law—to receive payment in advance for specific object, and to neglect the duty for which they have been so paid, eith because the time and talent bargained for has been sold likewise to another, because some fox-hunt or yacht party has offered a more enticing "refreshe But if the barrister sometimes neglect what association of ideas makes us co sider his duty to his client, he balances the account at other times by excess zeal. What would be mean, dastardly, despicable, in other circumstances, honourable when sheltered beneath the wig and gown of this most liberal a learned profession, and undertaken for the purpose of "gaining a cause;" t question, even, of whether that cause be rightful or wrongful not weighing f a moment in the matter. To seek to damage, by inuendo, the characters of u right men—to insult from behind the screen of law those whom he would qu to meet in the open arena of the world—to humble respectable age—to terri the weak—to call up the burning and torturing blush upon the cheek, and tea into the eyes of modest womanhood—to reduce to stony silence the lips of trut by a display of the Gorgon face of British practical justice—these are cours which, whilst they would damn the pilferer, the swindler, the assassin for hi to a deeper hell of obloquy, do but add gloss to the laurels that encircle the bro of the successful advocate.

I will not speak of remembered cases, in which, out of some most distorte notion of duty, counsel have pledged their honour in a solemn manner to wh they have known to have been false, because those are exceptional; phenome of abnormal idiosyncracies of view; fungus growths within the great soci ulcer I am considering, but not characteristics of the disease. These are n among the admitted proprieties of practice.

You will think that the "gentlemen of the robe" are not in favour with m You are mistaken, Gondicarius. Out of court there is scarcely any other cla of men whom I so much respect and esteem. Out of court your barrister i nine times out of ten, a delightful acquaintance. His mind is well stored, an he is practised in the arts by which the stores of the mind are turned to accou in conversation. Out of court he practises the most punctilious courtesy, ha the nicest sense of honour, apprehends distinctly, and balances delicately th multiplex obligations of social life, and rules himself in accordance therewit He has ever before him the dangers and manifold evils of doing wrongfull even in apparently slight degrees; and the course of his studies leads, certainly, t subtle discrimination in matters of ethical nicety. The court seems to offer larger valve of escape for the injustice, and tyranny, and pride, and tendencies t sophisticate—all the bad passions and habits that constitute "the imputatio hereditary ours"—than most other conditions of life present: and truly so muc of these are evolved that we may expect a reduced proportion for the intercour of life. We must not judge of men always by the degree in which they conform to our abstract views of moral propriety, but make considerable allowances where they deviate from this to adapt themselves to some conventional standard. Indeed, wherever error is conventional, we should lay it to the account of the society in which it prevails, not charge it upon individual partners in the firm. It would now be a great moral enormity in judge and jury to condemn an old woman to be burned for keeping a cat; but two hundred years ago the enormity was chargeable upon the superstition of the age, not upon jury or judge. And as "the thoughts of men are widened by the process of the suns," I believe, Gondicarius, the time will come when the every-day doings of our courts of law, in this our boasted nineteenth century, will be looked back upon as indications of a period of but semi-enlightenment, of very imperfect social liberty.

We live in an age of reforms, but the business of social reformation has as yet but commenced. The system of so-called justice has great changes to undergo. At present law is a kind of chess, where black and white have an equal chance; nothing depends upon the men; all upon the players. There are, of course, exceptions. You and I, Gondicarius, for example, have each won a cause; and in our individual instances, it was no doubt the distinctness of our right that produced the result in our favour; but under the best of circumstances, law, as we both can testify, is a game that is not won without the loss of some pieces; and in general, the story of Justice and the oyster holds true to this day. The game is exciting and amusing to those who make the moves; but were the men upon the board, who undergo the checks, anything else than blocks, they would understand that the amusement is not contrived for their advantage.

Although, under the present practice, I cannot but regard the profession of the bar as

——— l'arte
Da vender parolette, auzi menzogne,

I would not, nevertheless, on that account recommend you to withhold your son from it, if the fountain of his genius manifest any strong disposition to deliver its waters into that channel. For I regard the evils to which I have referred as by no means necessary to the honourable mystery of an advocate; and it would be a note-worthy thing, Gondicarius, if your son should introduce the first hyssop for the removal of the present unclean inward state of the profession. There are other considerations bearing upon the question of how far it may be wise for him to adventure in this path.

You know it is proverbially the lot of a large majority of young barristers to spend eight or ten years in paring their nails; and though if that labour be skilfully performed, it may confer some additional grace upon the finger tips, it is a question whether this advantage can be commensurate with the outlay in time, thought, pen-knives, and diamond dust. Again, in the profession of the bar, a break down in the commencement of a career may be fatal; and a break down may occur, without any lack of talent, through diffidence, or some mere freak of fortune. In this point, the church offers a great advantage over the bar; in the former there is no such thing as breaking down, after the path is once entered upon; any dunce that can once straddle over the pons asinorum of his examination—and precious dunces do, by some accident, accomplish that—is thereafter as good for the best living and the largest parish as the deepest theologian among them all.

Yet there are good " possibilities," as Sir Hugh Evans hath it, appertinent to the profession of the bar. There is reporting, either parliamentary or that of the law courts, and sometimes of the police-offices; and writing law-books, newspaper leaders, and magazine articles. There is writing for the stage; there is spinning poetry for Moses, and the other advertisers; and there is copying sermons at a shilling a piece. But one of the most tempting considerations is the tyranny the bar exercises over the solicitors, who tyrannise over the rest of mankind; and the sublime contempt with which the professors of the former branch of legal practice look down upon a class of men who are held in some respect by the world.

I should recommend, then, that yourself and your son should weigh well the *pros* and the *cons* before deciding upon, or rejecting, the profession of the bar. Does any man in his senses ever go further than this in the way of giving advice? Be deliberate. It is a great thing. I was much struck once with the counsel of a most respectable member of the other branch of the legal profession, an old gentleman with a countenance in which wisdom and placidity seemed to carry on so placid a strife, that it was hard to determine whether you should call it a face of wise placidity or of placid wisdom; though, perhaps, the spectacles might at last have decided you in favour of the latter. The question in debate was, whether there were time before sunset, the evening being already far advanced, to put an execution upon certain property at a distance of some miles. The younger partner of the firm was of opinion that it might be accomplished, by selecting a cab with a good horse. "I tell you what I should do," said the venerable gentleman; "I tell you what I should do. I should take time to consider about it. Yes, yes—I should take time to consider about it; and then—I should give an opinion. Yes, yes; and then—I should give an opinion. Yes—and then—I should give an opinion. Yes, you may depend upon it, that's the only thing to be done. Yes, you may depend upon it, that's the only thing to be done. Yes, you may depend upon it, that's the only thing to be done. And then—I should give an opinion."

I pass over the other branch of the legal profession, as (though, beyond question, enough and to spare *do* select it) I am myself unable to conceive the grounds that induce a sane man to such a choice. The craft of the chirurgeon is not agreeable; but, to my mind, there is something more distressing in breathing amid the ichorous reek steaming up from the burrowing ulcers which afflict man's moral nature, than even in listening to the groans and shrieks of the hospital, and inhaling the foul miasmata of the dissecting-room. What a dreadful operation-chamber is a court of law! how hideous the diseases there exhibited! how terrible the processes by which we seek—but too often vainly seek—to redeem the miserable patients! how cruel the quarantine we institute for the safety of society! But I fear the comparison with the medical practice, which aims at the relief of the physical evils to which man is heir, holds good but in few particulars. I fear there is truth in what I once heard expressed by a member of the legal profession:—"Our business is not one of solacing and relieving; our business is breaking hearts." Poor man! he spoke it mournfully, and evidently with deep feeling; and shortly afterwards he was transported, for resorting to a method of accomplishing the same object not strictly professional. Medicine and the bar have their excitements, and involve interesting studies; but the mere parchment part of the law is, to my view, most repulsive.

Still, this is a matter of predilection; and men of excellent hearts, refined tastes, and delicate sensibilities, do apply themselves, whether by choice or accident, to this calling. Solicitors are not all vipers. The perfect villain, the villain, *par-excellence*, is the villain bred to law; but the lawyer who is likewise a good man is doubly a good man in that he is a lawyer. Law offers such facilities, such temptations to scoundrelism, as to give the more merit to those who pass untainted by the vices in its path.

In the Utopia of that very amiable man, Elihu Burritt, there is to be no war; in mine I will get rid of a greater evil,—there shall be no law. As you approach it, the wigs and gowns shall first make themselves air and vanish; then the parchments. No writ shall be seen, no demurrer heard in the land. The world must get rid of law and medicine, and then it will begin to do. My letter is, however, growing so long, that I will not stop now to suggest the water cure that is to wash out the diseases of civil life. I will not enter upon the question of what may be effected by simple arbitrations and mere common sense; nor will I endeavour to convince you that the evils which law is employed to cure bear no proportion to those which it inflicts in the process. We will talk over this some snug evening, soon; and if, Gondicarius, I convert you to my views, as, considering the transparency of your intellect, will no doubt be the case, we will next direct our thoughts to the most effective way of introducing a pitchfork into the Augean stables of Westminster.

We will now turn our attention to medicine. I have no doubt whatever of the utility of this art; nor that it accomplishes its purposes now more satisfactorily than at any former period. It has almost superseded pestilences, and promises fairly to supersede war and old age. In fact, it is the most effective, and at the same time the most alluring means nature has yet devised for correcting that mischievous tendency of her own disposition to overpopulate the world. Medical art is a great safety valve, to let off some of the superfluous steam of life, when it is at too high a pressure; and the villain who would put down medical art, merely because it kills off the people, seeks to tie down the safety valve with five-strand yarn, and blow up the boiler of social comfort and mortal elbow-room. Away with all the nonsense of Malthus and those foolish fellows: and where you find more mouths than meat to fill them, put on additional doctors. Molière, my dear Gondicarius, in his views upon this subject, was a man before his age; and, indeed, a little before our own. But we are galloping after him now, and in the course of another generation or so, the world will come round nearly to his thinking. "Throw physic to the dogs," is already becoming the cry. "Throw physic to the dogs." You may do so without inhumanity, for the sensible quadrupeds will only turn up their noses and pass on. Throw physic to the dogs? I say no, no, Gondicarius; commit not such waste: throw physic to the superfluous population, and chuck Malthus out of window. The wand that Death, in Gay's fable, gives to intemperance, I would give to the medical profession.

> "You, fever, gout, and all the rest,
> Whom wary man as foes detest,"

give way to the bland knight of the golden-headed cane, who does his spiriting (or his un-spiriting) so gently. Whilst folk fondly imagine that only the patient and his disease are being dealt with, it is the business of medical art to find the *land's* disease, "and purge it to a sound and pristine health." In our own country, in every corner of it, from Johnny Groat's house to the Land's End, she is hourly engaged in solving the important problem—

> "What rhubarb, senna, or what purgative drug,
> Will scour these English hence?"

And she solves it in a manner that renders ridiculous the puny efforts of the emigration companies. Disease alone, is quite incapable of accomplishing the object; or only occasionally attains it by sudden but unsustained efforts in the form of plague or cholera. But disease seldom now exerts this spasmodic force, for the doctors have gone far to make it unnecessary; and how greatly has the world benefited by the change! A pestilence was wont to put a stop to trade, and to fill the hearts of men with unutterable terror. The doctors bow us with so much blandness out of the chamber of life that they seem all the while to be inviting us to stay, yet they elbow us gradually towards the door of exit, and suddenly it is closed upon us.

Undoubtedly the doctors are a partial evil, in that they kill us when we do not wish to be killed; but, by the exercise of the same function, they become an universal good. I believe they are themselves almost as ignorant as is the world at large, as to the real purpose it is their mission to accomplish; though a little light has for some time past been breaking in upon them, and upon the public. Well, my present business being to balance the worldly advantages and disadvantages offered by a profession that thus assists nature in escaping from the little perplexities her imprudence brings upon her, I need only consider the lights and darknesses of the public and of the medical mind upon the subject of medical practice, so far as they have an influence upon that question. But here I must confess I think the evidences of a dawn of reason are fatal to the prospects of the entire mystery; for a mystery it is, and as such it has a Rembrantesque hankering for darkness rather than light. To educate oneself now for the medical profession is to purchase a partnership in a rapidly-declining business; for it is a melancholy fact, Gondicarius, that though we all admit how desirable it is that the population should be kept down, we none of us consider ourselves as belonging to that portion of it which it might be desirable to suppress; and if the public once become persuaded that the true function of medical science is to remove superfluous jaw-bones, scarcely any one will be found who will select so tedious and painful a manner of committing *felo de se* as that of submitting himself to medical treatment, with its system of slow poisons and stealthy abstractions of "the blood which is the life thereof" from unfortunate human clay.

The Lancet, in a recent number, very pitifully laments the turn the public mind is taking; the more so as it confesses that the most highly educated and intelligent classes are foremost in the movement. "It is," says a leading article in that publication, "a lamentable and undoubted fact, that those who are educated for the church, the bar, and the legislature, with the gentlemen of whom the College of Physicians are so proud, are, more than any other classes of the community, given to quackery and medical scepticism. * * * The College itself testifies to the fact that, in London, within the most concentrated influence of the College of Physicians, the aristocracy and gentry are chiefly in the hands of quacks, and are patrons of homœopaths, hydropaths, and mesmerists!" The inference drawn by *The Lancet* is that the best educated and most intelligent people are, beyond others, ignorant and foolish; but as this seems rather paradoxical, the public will probably prefer an alternative which readily presents itself, and suspect that educated and intelligent people discover "the legitimate practice" of medicine to be altogether a deceit.

Did I not perceive my letter to have grown too long, I should say more upon this subject. It would be easy to convince you, Gondicarius, that the "occupation's gone"—irremediably gone. And when you had conned the *cons*, I would propose the *pros*. I would show that whilst the "regular practice" is falling into "the sear and yellow leaf," and that only as preliminary to the full winter of its decay, the quackeries above enumerated, which suck the sap from its stem, are arraying themselves in green which shall hang about the ancient branches, a foliage not their own; and that the profession might be entered through the legitimate channel as a path to these.

I had, too, in reserve, some compliments for the practitioners—acknowledging their extensive enlightenment upon most matters, therapeutics excepted—their humanity, their zeal in discharge of very arduous duties, their liberality. As a body, their only fault is that they are that body. I would have confessed, too, the importance of surgical practice, and the proficiency made therein by the branch of the profession thereto devoted.

But these things I will leave unsaid; and with the less regret, Gondicarius, as I know you have no intention of accepting my advice, unless where it shall be found perfectly to harmonise with your own feelings. I will reserve for a second letter a view of certain other callings which offer fields more or less inviting to the ambition of enlightened youth.

CÆLIUS.

THE LILY OF DERWENTWATER.

"Das ganze Leben als ein Edelstein
"Am Halse hängt der Neugebornen Leibe!"
Grillparzer.

PART FIRST.

Oh! she was beautiful, the sweet Lucy Carr—the Lily of Derwentwater she was called in the village;—and "good as she was lovely, and pure as she was fair," might have been the motto on her door, were the Egyptian custom of portal inscriptions still the fashion. She was one of those beings who make us old men half sorrowful; for she seemed to embody the long-forgotten images of youth, and to call up the memories of the past from the tomb of time, where they had lain for years of sorrow and of care. It is strange that the thing for which we sigh comes only when no longer needed! It is as though fate mocked at man's instability, by giving him his desire when his longing has passed away. The love for which we have yearned, whilst our hearts were fresh and young, is ours when we are chilled and saddened; and the fame for which we have striven comes when we are old and withered—when the youth, which would have been that fame's greatest charm, has fled, and the romance of beauty, which would have crowned us with its golden chaplet, has faded to the pallidness of an unlovely reality.

But our Lucy, our fair young mountain flower—we have wandered from her side, as we often wandered from her on the hills, when she would pluck the heather and the harebell, and we would reflect on the uncertainty of human life. She was young and we were old; and the thoughts of the one are not the thoughts of the other, nor are their ways alike.

Lucy was beautiful, but there was nothing dazzling about her; she had nothing of the queen or the pythoness—nothing regal, passionate, or inspired. She was a small, slight, fair thing, like a bird—a flower—a summer cloud—or an angel from the spirit-world. Long flaxen ringlets shaded her brow, pure as the ocean-pearl, and hung down upon her bosom. Twisted by Nature's own hand, they formed a veil for the "splendour of her love," more beautiful by far than any that the Witch of Atlas wove. Her eyes were blue and large, and the lashes curtained them right jealously, while the gentle brows arched over them like Heaven's bow of hope and promise. Red were her lips, and small, and fresh; and her figure, though so slight, might have served Canova for a model. She was the human type of the life embodied in the snowdrop that hung upon her dainty breast—a thing as pure and as heavenly, though born of earth and nurtured amidst gloom and tempest. She was not learned either,—the saints forbid so fearful a desecration! She could read, and she could write; but she had flatly refused to be cumbered with more accomplishments. And yet she had her knowledge—ay, and her power of teaching too! They came from nature, who infused into her wisdom as true, if not as defined, as all school sages could have supplied; and surely she herself taught, in plain and unmistakable words, the sanctity of Nature's gifts and the truth of beauty!—

Fair ladies! ye who waste your energies in striving to become other than as God framed ye—ye who would barter your sex's best charms for the pedant's doubtful praise, bethink ye!—Nature has higher lessons than any which philosopher or saint ever preached; and she has stamped it on the brow, and graven it on the heart, of humanity that womanhood was made for virtue, love, and beauty; that her intellect must be her affection—that her learning must be her duty! Away with those musty tomes, if they rob ye of one womanly grace—

we had almost said of one womanly weakness! Dash down the pen, if it ner your hands to a man's strength! Leave the study, the laboratory, and t school, and away into the free air, with your children laughing round ye, a love showered down upon ye as dew in the dawning! Woe to the days wh woman forsakes her household altar to worship in the public streets! W to the hour when she barters the bondage of love and duty for the ma independence, and the stoic's coldness, and frames other prayers than to Me and to love! Woman's truth is her gentleness—her virtue her affection.

Our sweet Lucy Carr was no *bas-bleu* in faith; and yet those innocent l could have put to shame much of the lore which lies garnered in the clou brain of the diligent metaphysician or theologian, Hellenist or orientalist, or whatever name our fair and learned friends rejoice in. She knew nothing the mystical worship of Demeter and Dionysos, of the Zendavesta, Sagas, Puranas, of the theory of Innate Ideas, or of the ten thousand sects which t ten-thousandth-and-one condemn to eternal damnation; but she knew t worship of the heart to a higher Power, the child's trust in its parent G the holy things which hill and vale, lake, and bird, and flower, tell out— divinity of the conscience and the truth of natural love; and she needed higher wisdom!

And there she had lived, secluded as one of her own mountain streams, pure as its waves. Sorrow had never gloomed over her path, passion l never flushed her brow; loving and beloved by all who knew her; gentle life, in thought, and in feeling, with every desire bounded by possession, days glided on like beautiful summer suns which sleep only to shine m brightly on the morrow. I then knew her for the first time. Chance brou me to that country which seems the very birth-place of poetry, and the s chance led me to the lonely cottage where her father, an old college frien mine, strove to forget that death had ever passed over his house, or th lovely wife had ever laid her lips upon his hand.

He strove to forget:—oh! it recks little to the broken heart whether it indu in its grief, or whether it would combat the expression! the blow is there, let the lips cry aloud in anguish, or be closed in mute forbearance, the bl will still flow, and the life will still ebb forth! His was a sad tale, too o true. The birth of the child, the loss of the wife;—the death-sob of the ge mother, the echo to her babe's first wail. Fancied years of joy and secu were wrecked beneath one fearful wave, which, as if in mockery, cast up jewel on which the frail bark struck: and Henry Carr awoke from his drea boundless affection to find life's wide plain a sunless desert, from which simoom of death had stripped every green leaf and every flower.

And thus passed Lucy's childhood, thus began her sweet maidenhood; the mingled influence of her father's fixed melancholy, and the grand beauty, and solitude of her home had impressed her character with a cer quietude which amounted almost to sadness. As a very child she would ra wander through the woods, or by the lake, or among the rocks, than indulg any childish sport. The vale of Borrowdale, where she lived, was of i sufficient to thus influence any nature. It was beautiful, but stern wild; the mist wreaths never left the hills, and the sun shone only at f intervals.

It used to grieve me, as I saw her with her fair cheek leant upon her h and her blue eyes bent to the ground, so stilly and so silent; and, as y passed on, another undefined cause of gentle sadness was added to t already existing. Her life was not sufficient for her: her feelings were migh than their exercise; and she would sit for hours long, trying with earnest in cence to know this hidden want, and from whence it sprang and why it cam

I was old, and knew the human heart, and I knew the magic name wh Lucy could not spell, and the charm which would have brought back the r to her cheek, and the smile to her lip. And man ever needs the due exe of all his affections!—and as these are planted in his heart they must spring and grow, and increase, else they become as a curse to the ground, cumbering, where they should fertilise. The problem of happiness can only be solved by they who use every affection which God has given them, and who bind the whole circle of love upon their souls. It is the unloving who are unhappy; in affection, fate itself must own its conqueror; for the pallid cheek, the tearful eye, the sad heart, fill up the measure of love, and heap together each fond feeling till nature's household garner can treasure up no more! Can sorrow touch the loving save through the beloved? Can the mother's heart be wrung when the child is blessed? Can the wife lament when sunshine is over the life's path of her mate? What friend or brother cannot find his healing in the love which he both gives and receives? It is true!—affection is nature's divinest truth!—But how few there are who treasure it aright, or keep it safely when once possessed; for a whim, a toy, a fleeting joy, they will cast it from them; and the god-like amulet which love has framed against despair—they will scatter it in pieces to please the vainest fool who mocks its truth.

And the first influence of these desires of the yearning soul had now stolen over sweet Lucy; but, as was said before, all unconsciously that influence arose: she needed sympathy, and she found unlikeness; she looked for affection, and she was alone in her solitude. And then she grew sad, weeping in secret over the hard lesson which life had given her, and which she might not learn alone. Women are always beautiful, always lovely; but their sweetest hour is that one—so fraught with danger as it is—when they first discover that the joys of childhood are unsatisfying to the needs of womanhood, and that the mild loves of youth are insufficient for the feelings of maturity. Household affections are the dearest altar of heaven, but they must be all there. The wife and mother, as well as the child, must fill their places. These vacant, the whole is incomplete and the sacred fire burns dim.

It was the bright summer time, when even Borrowdale forgot its tears, and clad itself in sunny smiles, and flowers, and verdure. The whole Lake district teemed with the annual visitors who form the chief article of commerce in Cumberland, and Westmoreland; road, lake, and mountain, swarmed with the "parties" who had come from the north, and from the south, from the east, and from the west, to worship in that glorious temple of nature. There they might be seen, mounted on the rough hill ponies, and accompanied by the guides who tell such wonderful tales of every rock and every glen you pass, or in boats, and small sailing vessels, coasting round the lake, listening to the echo of the horn, or to the roar of the cannon, as it makes its mimic thunder roll among the rocks; or in post-chaises, gigs, and "tubs" gaping through the land; and finding all beautiful, or all barren, as they were farther from, or nearer to, idiotcy. Lucy was accustomed to these yearly inroads on her solitude; and she often found much amusement in watching them. And some are such strange people! They are such masses of blue, and red, and orange—such shreds of milliners' and drapers' shops, done up into a living packet of finery! or else they must, forsooth, make themselves human scarecrows by the uncouthness of the attire they are pleased to call "country." And often the fair young mountain maid would open her pretty eyes, and bless her good fortune, which had given her sweet Borrowdale for her place of fashion and "manners."

One day, or rather evening, a party wandered by the cottage, which attracted Lucy's attention, and subsequent acquaintance. It was not the luxury about them which betokened that they were of a superior class; for excepting one young and wilful beauty, nothing could be more consistent than their appearance and the scene. Large straw hats, Scotch plaids, and country shoes, were not signs of overpowering wealth; but that certain undefined air of superiority, that consciousness which a good social standing always gives showed that they were of the highly placed in life.

One amongst them formed a striking contrast with the rest. She was young and eminently handsome, and dressed with a sumptuous elegance more suited to the May parks of London than the summer mountains of Cumberland.

Her dark hair was plainly braided off a brow high and positive; her eyes we almond-shaped, but in spite of their heavy languor they had a haughty glan which belied the affected lassitude of her manner. She was tall and finel formed, and trod the ground as if she had been the empress of all. S seemed to be the ward or friend of the rest, certainly of no kindred blood spirit! And her air, too, was disdainful towards them, and haughty a impatient, as if she felt even the slight control under which she lived as t much for her pride to brook.

A lady, still sweet and attractive, though past fifty years of age, a beautif and beloved creature, whose life had been one of happiness, and duty, a affection—one whose heart and mind were now as fresh as in the early days youth, and who had not so much aged, as been perfected, by time—seemed t matron and *chaperone*. Her husband, a fine but stately man, her daughter, young girl, home for her holidays from school, and a young man still at colleg the only son, completed her household; while Ellen Craven, and an officer, Captain Lascelles, a handsome and "dangerous young man," were the foreigne over whom she extended her protection.

The girl was too young, the mother too wise, to flirt; Ellen Craven thoug that the whole duty devolved upon her, and she acquitted herself to perfectio for they had not left home a fortnight before she had entangled the officer a captivated the student; and now stood in the perilous position of a continu flirtation with a professed "lady killer," while engaged to a boy, his first love

As they came up, wandering past the cottage, Ellen was leaning on the a of Lascelles, ever and anon turning on him her dark eyes, with one of those lo looks which she well knew could fire the heart of any man—much more one already half in love. And then she would turn to the youth, who pa moodily by her side, teazing him as she would a chained lion, and delight in the sight of his powerless rage.

Flushed and uneasy, young Frederick Grayster scarcely replied to h tauntings; and she, the more determined to show her power as he became reb lious, redoubled her sarcasms, while she threw an expression of tendern into her manners towards her companion which made the poor boy alm frantic.

Lascelles was not unwilling to improve his advantage. He pressed her ha and bent lower and lower as he whispered in her ear and gazed into her face.

"I am sorry to trouble you," said Ellen, in a languid voice, "and I fear press too heavily on you; but I am tired, dreadfully tired."

"Too heavily! beautiful Miss Craven, your whole weight would be but feather's burden to me!"

"Ah, you are very good! You are more gallant than Frederick, who s me nearly fainting, and yet never offered to assist me."

"Am I, then, only a substitute for one more favoured—for one who has m right, Ellen, to this honour?"

"Nay," she answered, loud enough for Frederick to hear; "it is not such honour, Captain Lascelles, when Mr. Grayster could see me toil beneath t burning sun and never dream of offering to assist me! It cannot be such pleasure, else others—he being the first—would have secured it."

"This is unkind, Ellen," exclaimed Frederick; "Lascelles knows that y refused my aid twice. What more could I do? I could not force you accept it!"

"What could you do!" repeated Ellen Craven, arching her eyebrows wit look of contempt and disgust; "anything rather than act on a woman's 'N You are mad to ask the question!"

"Is that your morality, Ellen?" asked Mrs. Grayster, rather gravely.

"It is the morality of the world, my dear madam," she answered scornfull

"I shall not forget your advice," said Lascelles, as he again bent his head look into her beautiful face.

Ellen opened her lips as if to speak, but, as if it were too much trouble, th languidly closed over silence. Yet one strange look shot out from those dark eyes, a look made up of so many conflicting feelings—nay, passions—that it made Lascelles start as he caught it. "Yes," she then said, slowly, "you may remember it, you may even quote it as the advice of a woman; it will come with authority."

"Then the next time you bid me leave you, Ellen," cried Frederick, passionately, "I will not obey you; and the next time you rate me for disobedience, I shall construe it as praise for my perseverance."

"No, you need not," said Ellen;" when I bid you, as I do now, to leave me for the rest of the day, I mean it; I know that you will not attend to me, and I know that you will still persecute me with your attentions, but I must tell you that they are unwelcome." And she applied the small golden scent-bottle which hung on her finger to her nose, as if overpowered with her own energy.

The daughter, young Mary Grayster, though she had not heard what had passed, noticing her brother unhappy, ran to him, and passing her arms round him, asked him to climb up some rocks with her, coaxing him affectionately.

Frederick, who was very fond of his innocent sister, could not refuse her; and he was not sorry, either, to show a little indifference to his proud mistress, though it cost him a hard struggle to make the poor attempt he thought so grand.

As he turned from the road, Ellen called after him—"If Mr. Grayster will give me my sketch-book before he makes for the wilds, I shall feel obliged. I have no wish to see my drawings floating in the air, as a terror to all rash rock-climbers."

The young man came, half sulkily, forward, and handed her the book. He would not even look in her face, but bent his eyes on the ground, magnanimously savage.

"Thank you," she said. The words were simple, but their effect electrical. Spoken in a soft, bewitching voice, while she dropped Lascelles' arm and laid her hand on the boy's, with a thrilling touch, they undid all that her shameless coquetry had done, and pacified the offended pride into the meekness of grateful humility. With burning brow and beating heart Frederick listened to her voice, then, taking her small, gloveless hand, he pressed it passionately to his lips.

"Come, Frederick, make haste!" cried Mary.

"I cannot go," he almost sobbed. "You must not go—you must go alone—Lascelles will go with you—I cannot!" Then he added, in hurried and broken accents, "Do you forgive me, beautiful, beloved Ellen?" his voice trembling with emotion.

"Yes, I forgive you for a little while. There; do not look so foolish! Captain Lascelles shall hold my book, if you tremble so! Silly boy! are you frightened of me?"

"Oh, Ellen! how can you torture me so cruelly! You know that you are the very charm of my life—the sun of my existence—"

"And moon, too? Pshaw! do not talk romance to me, Frederick," she interrupted, coldly; "I hate romance and fine speeches. I am utterly unromantic myself;" and then she glanced at Lascelles, but he, whistling an opera air, had started off to join Mary on the rocks.

He was no dying, sighing, lover,—the handsome young officer!—and he had seen enough of Miss Craven's nature, to know that haughtiness met with pride, coquetry with indifference, was the best way to subdue her. Submission only fed her vanity; and vanity was the rock on which her beauty, grace, and nobler virtues were wrecked.

A frown crossed Ellen's face; but bending it, so that not even Frederick should look into it, she began her sketch. And yet her hand trembled while she drew the pretty rose and ivy-covered cottage, with that grand background of giant cliff, where huge stones were scattered as if they had been a Titan's playthings flung at random. Lascelles and Mary Grayster stood upon the rocks, rejoicing in a "better view" than the rest; the father and gentle mother leaned upon a gate, watching the river as it shone in the distance and glided among the trees; and Frederick, while he held the parasol over his loved mistress, gazed unrebuked into her face, while the declining sun shed bright tints upon them all.

In the midst of the picture stood the cottage, but no life was about it. Suddenly the door opened, and Lucy stood upon the lawn. If she had been a thing of heaven—a spirit or an angel from the skies—she could not have more startled the party. Her beauty, so refined and spiritual, was so little in character with the scene; her grace and elegance so little in accordance with her place, that this very discrepancy seemed to add to that beauty. Oh, surely not discrepant were they—the child and the mother—sweet Nature and her youngest darling! That she had been Lucy's instructress, nurse, and friend, was her own best warranty for every beauty and every virtue!

Her long golden hair hung down her blushing face, and her deep blue eyes seemed darker than the purple cornflowers in her bosom. Her white dress, fashioned so simply, gave her a yet more youthful air; and her whole appearance betokened such simplicity, such innocence, grace, and beauty of mind, as well as of feature, that all exclaimed with surprise as she advanced to the little wicket-gate which opened into the road. All but Frederick; and it was long before he saw her at all, and when he did see her, and spoke of her afterwards, he said that "she was a pretty little girl, with yellow hair and a white frock."

And so it is: the MIND is the only truth of matter; and, like a prism, it changes at its own will, separating and colouring that which it shines upon.

Of all the party, Lascelles was perhaps the most captivated by this sudden apparition of simple beauty. Accustomed to the refinement and the artificial charms of fashionable life, where every minute point is increased by art of every kind, this ingenuous, blushing, youthful grace seemed to him as of a different creation. It was only to compare her with the queenly London belle, that he could take his eyes from that sweet face. To compare her—and to what result? Would not artifice again win it over nature and her loveliness?—or would the heart of the worldly man dare to confess the superiority of that which his social education had ever taught him to despise?

Mrs. Grayster, full of an artistic admiration, arrested the light steps of the young girl; and supposing her some peasant's child of higher mould and gentler form than common, one who had been petted by her parents into a state of idleness, and consequently had gained a greater refinement and delicacy than was her birth-right, spoke to her in a patronising tone, asking her some trifling question about the mountains round.

The blood rushed into Lucy's face; then I saw her sweet nature pass like an angel's wing across her brow, and still the burst of pride which the unceremonious manner of the stranger had roused.

If I had ever loved her I loved her doubly then. There was something s inexpressibly beautiful and pure in this subjugation of such an impulse; something which spoke loudly to the good which her simple education had engrafte on her soul, when it could bring forth results of such perfection as the subjection of man's mightiest passion—pride.

"It is Castle Crag," she answered with her silvery voice, speaking gently, an looking up into Mrs. Grayster's face with her large blue eyes, trustingly as child.

"I beg your pardon," said the lady kindly; her benevolent heart pained a this involuntary mistake. "I did not expect to meet with a gentlewoman i this wild scene."

"Oh, do not speak of it," said Lucy, smiling, and holding out her hand; " saw that you took me for a cottager; and so I am;" and she pointed to her simple home. And then she asked them to come and see the view from a hig terrace that was behind the house; and they all accompanied her, the bes friends imaginable.

Mary and Lascelles came down from their rocky station; and Ellen, havin finished her sketch, carefully turned her eyes upon the fair stranger, while sh held up her jewelled eye-glass to examine her better. Not that she was short-sighted, for her glass was not even the myops' "number one"—but it was pleasant to be able to stare down country modesty, and to show the superiority of "London Assurance" among the Cumberland mountains.

"Pretty and romantic!" she said scornfully; but there was a restless glance, and an uneasiness of manner, which did not escape me, stationed as I was among some low shrubs, and rocks, and heather. I had not thought myself called upon to forsake my comfortable mountain lounge because some strangers had chosen to make a halt near me!

Lascelles made some trifling remark about the scenery, and the clouds, the lights and shadows, heather beds and weather—which all persons talk about when they first visit the country; and as Lucy answered him her eyes grew brighter, and a sweeter smile came to her lips. His manner expressed admiration; and be the young girl never so inartificial, still nature has given her, in her own heart, a dictionary by which she can construe love and admiration, and know their meaning.

"I hope to see you again," said Mrs. Grayster, when they took their leave; and she kissed her; "I shall pass here to-morrow, and call on you."

Ellen bowed coldly and haughtily; Mary shook hands, and kissed her too, for some pretty moss-roses which she gave her, as if they had been long-tried schoolmates. Frederick Grayster forgot to take leave at all, and the father bowed himself patronisingly away. It was now Lascelles' turn. He had lingered behind the rest, and as he spoke to her in a low voice, bending his handsome head gently downward, the blood mounted into Lucy's brow, and she smiled with pleasure. But she looked frankly into his eyes, bade him adieu, and waved her hand as he went.

And the future opened itself as a picture before me; and I saw the fate which destiny had marked out for each.

PART SECOND.

And time passed on, bringing forth its children, born of sorrow or of joy, to weep or to rejoice over its departure. Mighty things were done. In empires vast political changes strode onwards, casting their giant shadows in the future, and picturing, though dimly, the events which were to come; in families the sudden death or the bright marriage effected its change there—a change as important in its circle as the overthrow of dynasties and kings! Thrones might be shaken, the destinies of a world transposed, and whole nations hurled to ruin as they stood, but side by side with all this giant's work stole on the small current of the young maid's silent life. Side by side with deeds which wrote themselves a deathless name in history, spoke forth the trembling whispers of her first love. And in the midst of the vast universe, her newly awakened feelings formed her a world apart, and made her life as lonely as was ever sweet Ariadne's, as she stood upon the Naxian shore.

Lonely in truth! It is a maxim now almost trite, though still so true, that the want of sympathy is the only loneliness. And what sympathy can a young girl receive in the first feelings of her trembling, unacknowledged love? These are for none to understand, for none to answer!—for none but that casket of all that is holy, dear, and pure, the loving sister. Wanting this, she has nor friend, nor sympathiser!

As I had foreseen, Mrs. Grayster acted on the impulse of her feelings; and a few interviews were sufficient to convert the casual visitors into friends. Time and place so influence man, that the feeling which, under ordinary circumstances, requires years to become matured, under others, ripens as soon as it is born.

I did not feel so much uneasiness at this connexion whilst the party remained in the North; but when, at the end of the "lake season," they proposed to take Lucy back with them to London, my heart misgave me.

It was not that I doubted Mrs. Grayster's kindness. No one who looked into her beautiful and matronly face could mistake the nature within; but I dreaded the scenes into which my young friend must be led—scenes of frivolity and dissipation, to give them no harder name. I feared for her peace of mind with Lascelles; and something in Miss Craven's manner made me tremble for Lucy, connected as intimately as they would be.

Proud, imperious, selfish, and vain, there were times when Ellen Craven exhibited an indifference which seemed as if it could never warm even into an evil passion; while at others there was something almost sublime in the enthusiastic fervour, the wild warm feelings which seemed to enwrap her, as in a fiery garment—in a panoply—which protected her from all other harm than its own. Now, gentle as a child, she would sit hand in hand with Frederick Grayster; as if she asked no other pleasure but the pure sentiment of early life, when to share the same thoughts, to enjoy the same scene, to turn and gaze into each others' eyes, to timidly touch the loved hand, is all that love can offer; when passion has not awakened, and the ideal is the sole reality. Then again, a few hours passed—and she would entangle the affections o Lascelles in a web of artificial graces, and weave nets for his peace, dyed with the rainbow tints of every proud and alluring art; or, with a world of passion gleaming from her dark eyes, she would hang upon his arm—abandoned, uncontrolled, unconscious—as though she would cast worlds at his feet, did he bu reward her with his love.

I did not then know, as afterwards, that the moving principle of Ellen Craven's nature was vanity. She did not love either of these men; but she would to gain their attentions, have ruined the peace of every one around her. There are many such—virtuous and respectable women the world calls them; bu by-and-bye this same world will know that morality is not only in the omission of legal sins, and that there is a far deeper and holier Law of Right than eve the statutes of a nation framed!

And in the midst of these strong, conflicting passions, which the witcheries o Ellen raised up, fair Lucy stood, like an angel from the skies, scattering peace and harmony as she trod. The fair young flower—alas! it is sad that the gentle flowers must perish in the tempest round them! Born for sunshine and mild airs, they cannot withstand the scorching lightning or the chilling winter; they die equally in passion and in neglect.

In spite of my unwilling remonstrances, it was determined that Lucy should go back to town with her new friends. Her father acquiesced; and I, with a heavy heart, watched her departure, blaming myself that I had not been more strenuous in my opposition.

There were many tears at the parting. Lucy wept like a child first taken from its nurse; and I, had I not been a man, should have wept too. Doubly pained did I feel as Miss Craven, lifting up the broad lids from her flashing eyes, asked scornfully—"Why Miss Carr returned with them, if she so grieved over her choice."

I saw Lascelles turn pale. He had more than once befriended Lucy, when his proud mistress taunted her too sorely.

"Would you have every heart like your own, Miss Craven?" he asked.

"And that would be——?" And she bent her haughty head.

"I fear me, not overcharged with feeling," he answered, in a low voice.

"I may thank Miss Carr for this ungallant speech!" were her last words, as with a dark glance to Lucy, she leaned back in the carriage.

And then a cloud of dust—the distant rattle of the parting wheels—was all that remained to us of our gentle and beloved child.

* * * * * * *

The season was at its height. Wherever you went, brilliant floods of light, music, laughter, dancing, and thronging crowds, told of the luxury and the gaiety which beset wide London. Even the humblest must have his gorgeousness—the gentlest his revelry.

Mrs. Grayster was in the fashionable world; not so much for her own wish, as to fulfil the duties of a *chaperone* and mother to Ellen Craven. Dinners, balls, and conversazioni succeeded each other in rapid succession; while morning concerts, visits, the fashionable lounging drive in the park, were the rational employments of the day.

Of all these parties Lucy Carr formed one; though the novelty soon wore off, and she began to sigh for peace, green hills, and silence.

"Will you come with us to-night?" Mrs. Grayster asked, one morning, as they discussed the evening engagements round the breakfast table.

It was to a ball—the first of a brilliant series, which were expected to throw the whole fashionable empire into confusion, and revolutionise it *ab initio.*

"May I wait until the evening, and then decide?" said Lucy, half timidly.

"Oh, my dear Miss Carr!" cried Ellen, "there is no occasion for such a parade of piteous looks. Your refusal or acceptance is not so all-important!"

"Not to Lady Riviere," replied Lucy, sweetly; "but," she added, almost inquiringly, "Mrs. Grayster might have filled my place in the carriage if I had decided at once. This was why I wished to keep it open. Now, you know," she continued, smiling, "if any strange intruder took my seat, I should be forced into the virtue of home-staying."

"Yes, I should fill it, dear, as you say," replied Mrs. Grayster; "for Captain Lascelles is going, and I should have taken him in your stead. But he can manage for himself; no one ever takes care of gentlemen."

Lucy had blushed very deeply. She said, suddenly, "I will go, if you please, dear madam."

Ellen Craven rose. Her face was pale and rigid. She left the room.

"Let it be so, then, my sweet child," replied Mrs. Grayster; and here the matter ended.

In the evening Lucy showed an unusual and painful excitement. Her eyes burnt with a light foreign to their mild lustre, and her appearance and manner betokened intense emotion. As she retired to dress, her hand shook so violently that Mrs. Grayster was obliged to accompany her to her room, performing the office of lady's maid by holding the candlestick, which else she must have dropped.

Ellen looked magnificent; she was in one of her proud humours, when she seemed to scoff at the whole world, and to take pleasure only in her contempt. For all she was so young, her dress was of black velvet, fashioned quite plainly; her ornaments gold, unmixed with jewels. She came into the drawing-room, where they all assembled before leaving, like a queen to her coronation; the gold tiara on her brow giving her a still more regal appearance. Her white skin told well against the deep black of her robe; and the gold which glittered through her jetty hair seemed to be its only fit confiner.

Lucy entered a few moments after; simply clothed in white, with a wreath of jasmine round her fair locks, nothing could have offered a more striking contrast to the magnificence, pride, and haughty beauty of her companion; even Mrs. Grayster half started as the girl came forward, and stood at a little distance from Ellen, like the impersonations of the two principles which rule mankind—pride and love—met together in the way of life.

The first person who met them at Lady Riviere's was Lascelles: Ellen bowed scornfully to him; Lucy blushed deeply, and held out her hand with an innocent trustfulness of manner that made Lascelles, in his turn, change colour.

As soon as he was able, he drew her aside. "Then you attended to my wish," he said, in a low voice.

"Yes," she answered simply; but the beating of her heart was visible to him, as he bent over her.

"I cannot see you alone at Mrs. Grayster's," he continued, "and I did not wish to write, for I have something to say to you that will hardly bear so cold an interpreter as written words. Come with me to the conservatory," he added, suddenly, "It is cool there." His manner was feverish, his eyes restless, and his face was painfully flushed.

Lucy placed her arm in his, and they moved slowly through the crowd. They passed Ellen Craven, as she stood talking to a pale fair youth in a starched cravat. Oh! the proud disdainful glance she threw on the officer and his companion! It made Lascelles start; and his lip quivered, while his face became almost convulsed. This for a moment: the next, he turned to Lucy, whispering words which, although they were undefined and bore with them only the dreamy pleasure of the opium eater's visions, yet sank deep into her very soul, to prôve her blessing or her bane, as fortune chanced.

They stood near a large orange tree, and for the first time Lucy listened to a confession of love; for the first time her innocent lips pronounced their secret, and her young heart beat full and fast with the weight of happiness it bore. But had she watched the face of her lover, had she marked the pain upon it, and seen the despair beneath his forced calmness, she had known more clearly to what misery she was consigning herself; she would have seen the shadow of the coming evil as it flitted past them, and have understood more rightly the falseness of words of love spoken by a man whose heart, soul, and life were bound up in another.

She was not the first of those unhappy ones who must atone for the sins of their sisters; she was not the only bride whose marriage bells have rung her knell;—whose marriage day rose in despair for him, and set in sorrow for them both!

As they left the conservatory—that spot now so sacred to Lucy—they met Ellen. She was paler than usual, and her lip was bleeding, as if she had wounded it with her tooth; but as they approached, she laid her hand on Lascelles' arm, and looking into his face with a fond, almost tearful look, she spoke a few words in a low and subdued voice. She was not the Ellen Craven whose haughty glance had defied him as he met it! She was a gentle, tender, impassioned woman, who forgot her very woman's dignity for love.

Lascelles, placing Lucy with Mrs. Grayster, led Miss Craven, at her request, to the refreshment-room.

"Why are you so changed to me?" she said, her voice low and tremulous, and her eyes cast upon the ground—"are you offended with me?—or what has caused it?"

"Nay, do not reproach me!" returned Lascelles; "are you not the one changed?—are you not the one haughty and repellant?"

"Can you forgive nothing to wounded feelings?" she asked, looking up into his face; "when I see myself slighted and neglected for another, would you have me gay and thoughtless? I am not the unfeeling person you have named me."

"I slight—I neglect you! Am I dreaming? Can it be you—Miss Craven—my own beautiful Ellen, speaking these words? God! it is all a mockery, and I am mad!" He leaned his head upon his hand, while a spasm, as if from intense pain, came over his whole body.

Ellen's eyes blazed out with all their lustre. But it was not the light of love that shone from them;—it was the fire of pride satisfied, a revenge accomplished, an ambition fulfilled. She had vowed to herself that she would obtain the love of Lascelles, against every obstacle—against her own very coldness and disdain—against his pride and honour. And in the few short burning words that he now poured out, she beheld her success, and gloried in her triumph.

And Lucy laid her fair head upon its pillow that night, thanking God that He had given her such deep joy, as the love of that glorious heart; weeping for gladness, that her sun had risen to set only now in death!

Ellen's last thought was a throb of exultation; her last look one of pride, and pleasure in her magic beauty, which had broken through every barrier that a man holds dearest. Pride, honour, constancy, kindness,—all she had furled beneath her, and now trampled in the dust, as the banner of the fallen foe! The words which bound him to another were scarcely mute in the echoing air, when she won from him a confession, fraught with dishonour as it was, that she alone possessed his love; and the parting kiss which Frederick Grayster had pressed upon her hand had scarcely passed away, when she offered—as if in the boundlessness of her passion—that very hand to him.

Lascelles forgot the poor pale maiden, standing like a cherub by his side: he forgot all but the maddening joy of Ellen's words; and not knowing what he said or what he had said, he bound himself to her by the dearest vows that could be spoken.

The next morning Ellen wrote to Frederick Grayster, formally renouncing their engagement;—"youth," "inexperience," &c., the usual cant of the earliest wearied, were her reasons. She showed the letter to Mrs. Grayster, and she could only weep for her son's misfortune, but she could not gainsay it. Besides, Miss Craven's fortune had always made her sensitively afraid to urge the affair; for though her son would also be rich, yet Ellen, as an heiress, was considered in speculative matrimonial parlance as a "catch" not often met with; and for this she had in the beginning opposed,—later, preserved a strictly neutral position as to the engagement.

A week after, she was hurried down to Cambridge—her son lay "dying;" as the doctor wrote: "A brain fever had been the result of mental excitement, and death must be the issue."

And thus Ellen numbered the first of her victims.

It was at her own desire that Lascelles preserved the secret of their engagement, while he also continued that false mockery with Lucy; and he, although he deeply felt the degradation and the dishonour of his actions, was under such utter thraldom to his mistress that he could not refuse her requests, be they what they might. It was a satisfaction to Ellen, known only to such as herself, to watch the false security of Lucy and the forced falsehood of her lover; to know that she, and she alone, was the mover of their lives, the arbiter, and disposer of their fortunes, and the one who could supplant every morality and virtue!

One day Lascelles entered the room suddenly, but noiselessly, when Mrs. Grayster was still in Cambridge, tending the death bed of her boy. He found Ellen sitting moodily by the window; her head leant upon her hand, while she held on her lap a large bouquet of magnificent hot-house plants. They were fastened in a silver porte bouquet, on which was stamped an earl's coronet. A letter lay with them.

"And whose are these?" he asked, as he examined them.

"A present to me," she answered, with indifference.

"You do not keep *mine* so carefully," Lascelles said, half piqued.

"Yours?—they were poor garden common things!" Ellen returned.

At that moment they heard Lucy, in the next drawing-room, singing to herself. She had never been taught to play, nor yet to sing, but she had a sweet voice, and a correct ear, and she never made a false note. This was her song:—

"Beautiful flowers of early Spring,
Ye have faded and passed away!
Like a gentle bird with a broken wing,
Ye have drooped in the summer day!
But ye've left in our hearts, sweet spring-tide flowers,
Visions which fleet not away with your hours!

"Blossoms of statelier birth are here,
Of prouder mien and a loftier air;
But, though brighter, they are not so loved or dear
As our humble spring-tide flow'rets were.
We deck the palace and hall with their pride:
With ye we bestrew the path of the bride!

"We crown the queen with a golden band,
But ye must garland the hamlet maid:
Jewels flash out from the lady's hand;—
'Midst hedge-row blossoms the child is laid.
Ye may not deny which is dearest—best,
For the worth of bright nature it stands confest!

"One moment with nature—one moment with ye,
'Tis worth whole ages of pomp and wealth—
One song from the skylark's heart of glee—
One voice of the night-bird caught by stealth—
One blossom of wild spring-flowers—'tis more
Than the might of the world could give or restore!"

As she ended she came through the folding doors. She had not known that Ellen, still less Lascelles, had been in the other room; they were sitting on a low ottoman together, and she heard their words. She stood transfixed, unable to retreat, unable to advance; incapable of speech, incapable of all, but drinking in those poisonous words every accent of which was the knell of her happiness for ever!

"And he has offered you his hand?" asked Lascelles.

"Read for yourself," returned Ellen, throwing him the letter.

"And you?"———and the officer's voice quivered.

"And I refuse," she said; "I cannot accept two lovers; I cannot belong to you and Lord Henry Hardwicke at the same time." There was a scornful accent in her voice that struck Lascelles to the heart.

"No, no!" he murmured; "you cannot act the false villain, as I have done; you cannot steep your pure soul in falsehood, nor sully your bright lips in sin as I." He covered his face.

"Do you regret?" said Ellen, bending her dark eyes upon him. "Do you reproach me with my love? Is it my sin that you played the fool, and villain too, with Lucy Carr, and offered her a heart no longer in your possession? If you regret your words—recal them! Go to your fair mountain flower, and babble out your love to her; but, Lascelles, do not dream of keeping *me*, with an enduring reproach! He who loves *me* must love me wholly, and through all, else we have nothing in common. For you I have caused young Grayster's death, for me you must be as devoted. Choose between Lucy and myself; but whatever your choice, never repent, if you would keep the love of either."

"Choose, Ellen! Have I not already chosen? Have I not already told you that my engagement with Lucy is a formal mockery, not annulled because of your own wish? What more can I say—what more do, to prove my love?"

"Nothing," said Ellen, slowly rising.

"My God! my heart is broken!" cried Lucy; and then she fell lifeless on the ground.

"Now renounce your formal mockery," cried Ellen; "now claim me as your own."

And she swept from the room, to meet Mrs. Grayster, borne, half fainting, by her servants. The bereaved mother returned for the first time to her home.

"It is Lucy's own doing," thought Ellen; "she thwarted me, she crossed me, and I have resented. Had Lascelles not neglected me for her, my engagement with Frederick would have continued, and all would have been well; but now, she and her folly have worked all the mischief."

Ellen never reflected that her own pride and vanity had been the cause of this ruin. But, alas! how seldom do people look rightly or justly on their own deeds! If they can but throw the blame of their own sins on others, they soothe their souls with this flattering thought—"Not I, but others have transgressed;" And thus closes their account with the Accusing Angel. In Heaven a truer judgment is to be found.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE REVELATIONS OF A MESS-TABLE.

By W. H. MAXWELL, Esq.,

AUTHOR OF "LIFE OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON," "STORIES OF WATERLOO," &c.

CHAPTER I.

LIFE IN A BARRACK—THE MESS-TABLE—ANNIVERSARY OF FUENTES D' ONORO—THE NIGHT BEFORE THE BATTLE.

r the human family, no section is more generally misrepresented than its ilitary branch; and the existence of a soldier, as it is gravely asserted and lieved, passes in an unceasing round of racket and revelry. When not gaged at his mess-table, drinking "pottle-deep," he employs the solitude his barrack-room in everything but devotional meditation: to wit, devising schief against the susceptible portion of the fair sex—conspiring against the dowhood of a lady with "jointured land"—or (may Heaven forgive him!) nning an insiduous epistle to some too-confiding gentlewoman in the straw-nnet line. Hence, if a company be detached from head quarters to garrison a intry town, their advent is considered by guardians as the signal to lock up; ile every maiden aunt in the parish commences forthwith a course of lectures female propriety. The most innocent occurrences are submitted to rigorous estigation, and uncharitable conclusions too frequently drawn from evidence not nissible in a court of law. Though the unfortunate commander should be blind n owl at noontide, the use of an eye-glass is inhibited—that being most un-ly considered to be only an iniquitous excuse for staring into the parson's pew; I recollect that the selection of that pleasant and exhilirating air called "I'm young to marry yet," with which our drum and fife played us into ———, ing the Welsh riots, to take military occupation of the same, was tortured a sort of public notice that we were disciples of Malthus; and, being to-averse to house-keeping, held heretical opinions touching the honour of holy estate. Poor, dear, departed Captain Blinkinslop! he was no gay de-er; were he quartered in Coventry in the days of my Lady Godiva, and had he half a yard of clay in his mouth, and a tumbler of "brandy without" at lbow, I verily believe that he would not have stirred from his chair to have ed upon the most interesting procession upon record.

the moral character of the officer be misunderstood, the social condition of soldier is still more outrageously misrepresented. In popular estimation he ld to be a slave—a red-coated serf, exposed to every indignity at the hands is superiors, even from the lance-corporal to the lieutenant-colonel in com-d—and with him the cat-o'-nine-tails is closely associated as the accoutre-ts he wears. He is supposed to lead a pleasant life—one moiety of the year g resident in the black hole, while during the other, confined to the barrack , he enjoys pack-drill and pure air together. Now, there is not in the body lic, a section so comfortable and free from care—and, well fed, well-lodged, -clothed, all that is required from the soldier is cleanliness and regularity. day taken with another, he has three or four hours at his command, and his regimental expenditure, as many pence to procure him a pipe, or pot of . No tax-gatherer institutes tender inquiries touching the quantum of his mings—no landlord intimates that quarter day is come—the tailor sends in ill at Christmas—and, not in figurative language, but in fact, the soldier no care for to-morrow. The post, or an orderly dragoon, brings in a sudden ; in five minutes—namely, the time required to strap on his knapsack—he ady for the road. The band play "Over the hills and far away"—confiding semaids blubber in the attic windows—while he, the deceiver, with his goods and chattels on his back, steps out like a lamplighter, not caring a bras button whether his destination be Canterbury or Timbuctoo!

And yet a more monotonous and moral life than that of a regiment at hom can scarcely be imagined. As the clock's dial points out the passage of fleetin minutes, so come, and with the same precision, the soldier's round of regimenta duty. By the same summons, and at the same time, he eats and exercises, rise and goes to bed. The quiet, the neatness, the regularity of a modern barrac are proverbial. Order is everywhere apparent, and even the hospital is s thoroughly ventilated—so critically kept clean—that those who would recoil fro entering a sick chamber may pass through the wards, and pronounce them inoffensive as a drawing-room. Should the day be wet, when off guard, you wil find the soldier in his gallery, reading some instructive book, chatting to hi companions, or furbishing his accoutrements. Should the weather be fine, h disposes of his idle hours as he pleases; passes the gates unchallenged, and walk where fancy leads. At times, he lounges with half a dozen comrades in a corne of the parade. You will hear his light and frequent laugh—but, listen for twelvemonth, and the sound of blasphemy will never smite the ear. Th stranger may fearlessly stroll in, view this human beehive, and no impuden observation will annoy him; and should the peasant girl venture with her rusti wares within gates—in vulgar opinion, and from the supposed immorality of the inmates, *tabooed* against woman—she sells her eggs and poultry, and returns, marvelling that she passed its courts unscathed—no lip breathing a offensive remark—no eye conveying a silent impertinence; and yet honest Mr. Bull would no more allow his lady wife and estimable daughters to set their feet on the gravel of a parade, than, at the present time and prosperous state of things in Ireland, himself—good easy man!—would venture on a tour through Tipperary.

I hinted that morality might be found fully as predominant within a barrack gate as without it. By those enlightened persons who attach crime as a consequence to a profession—fancy that a graveyard is desecrated by the interment o an actor—and opine that Hamlet the Dane and his gentle Ophelia should b planted *extra muros*—I shall most probably be laughed at. Well, D.V., I ma manage to survive this visitation—and still I will assure them that the fact is s

In a barrack vice cannot openly exist. The rigid provisions of th soldiers' code, as well as the conventional refinement a military life enforce absolutely forbid it. Inferiors cannot, and dare not, attempt an open infractio of moral law, and the good taste of their superiors, were it merely on score o example, render offences *contra bonos mores* most infrequent. Contrast the latitude conceded to the civilian, and that refused to the *militair*. Dare an officer, whe with his regiment, *chaperon* an impure, drive her through a country town, or plac her a fixture in his barrack-room? No; an emphatic hint that the sooner he sen his papers in* would be the better—and as vulgar language is sometimes mos expressive—it would be plainly intimated that the regiment would not have hi at any price, and, in Irish parlance, it was expected that he would "cut hi stick" *instanter*.

So much for the morality, and, alas! for the monotony, of home servic Formerly, to the military occupants of country quarters, English hospitality wa but sparingly dispensed, while in Ireland it was offered even to exuberanc Times have changed, and for the home-service soldier the change is all th worse. Engrossed in never-ending speculation, whether it be another tunn under the Thames, or a railway in the Orkneys, in England the question wa could a man manage a theodolite, not wield a sword? In Ireland, tho who erstwhile lavished boundless kindness on a garrison, are, well-a-day *hors de combat* by the condition of the times; while those whose means are st sufficient to allow a choice of residence, have wisely retired from a country whe life is over estimated at a pin's fee. Large as his old claims may be, those of th soldier are utterly repudiated. He's out of fashion,* and when the village quidnunc reads the budget, he groans in bitterness of spirit over the military estimates; while the well-to-do tradesman, passing the Horse Guards, eyes the swordsman in either niche—sighs as if he, individually, fed the horse and clothed the rider in his "glittering panoply;" and then quietly inquires why these military nuisances exist?—and wherefore biped or quadruped cumbereth the ground?

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* The preparatory step taken by an officer who is about to leave a regiment, or reti from the service.

Patience, Honest John! Where are your old Peninsulars? Gone! Where, that admirable militia, who fed the wasting regiments of the line, came into fire before the county badges on their knapsacks could be removed, and, fresh from their island home, withstood the battle-storm with the endurance of their native cliffs, and outfought the grizzled heroes of Austerlitz and Wagram? Where be that best of guerillas, England's sturdy yeomanry?—men who, with the local knowledge of an enclosed country such as their's, would have proven the deadliest thorn that ever pierced the foot of an invader. Answer it, Mr. Bull, in poor Davy's words, when he sate among the ruins of Tully-veolan—"Aw,' lost and gain! 'Aw,' lost and gain!"

Wait a while, worthy John! Go on, after your own fashion—lavish millions on the humbug of the day—partition the country into as many railway subdivisions as there are chequers in a Highland kilt—construct an ærial communication with the moon, and bore after mineral wealth, even to the antipodes; growl at every shilling in your navy estimates, and starve your army to an atrophy—and if within *three years* you do not mourn in sackcloth and ashes for your folly, I'll throw my mantle aside, and forswear prophecy for ever!

The very method which marks every event in military life, robs it of variety—and in the barrack in which our story, or rather stories, open, no occurrence disturbed our dog-trot course of existence, beyond that caused by the drum-major's appearance with the post-bag, or the production by the guager of his writ of assistance, with a requisition—acceded to, as a matter of course—for a subaltern's party to aid and protect an intended foray against illicit distillers. This *tour de service* was dearly loved by the men, for they got one shilling and sixpence paid down, and as much whisky as they could carry—and sometimes a little more. To the officer, however, the duty was not agreeable. True, his professional fee was half-a-guinea—but would the same half-guinea repay him, labour apart, for a dip, chin-deep, into a treacherous moss-hag? It will be unnecessary to call evidence by gentlemen of the sword, who have been engaged in "still-hunting," to prove that there is no affinity between scarlet cloth and Connaught bog-water.

The quarters we occupied, like the cabin celebrated in Irish song, was

"Delightfully placed in a bog,"

all around us being a brown and boundless morass, very favourable for illicit distillation, and with every convenience, in a dark night, to put an ensign's uniform "past praying for." It had, however, some morning advantages to offer as compensation to the sufferer. Snipes and plovers were abundant, and as the Thug system was but partially introduced in the year of grace, 1820, men could go out to shoot, and return without being shot at. The "lads," as the younger officers were termed, consequently spent, weather permitting, their mornings on the moor; while older hands, having the fear of ague and sciatica before their eyes, whiled the time away over a rousing peat fire in the mess-room, collecting from the *Times* and *Post* all that was said and done in civilised Europe—namely, such portions of the continent as lie eastward of that blessed stream, the Shannon.

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* Extracted from a political pamphlet, written the same year on which these military revelations were made:—"The intoxication of our military successes, during the latter years of the war, has now entirely passed away; and people think much more of the millions it has added to the national debt, than the laurels it has added to the national glory. The wine has been drunk out, and the head-ach and the bill come the next morning. Never, we are convinced, was there a period at which war and warriors were less popular in this country."

In its military solitude, the mess-room is the sole dependence of a regiment. It offers a coffee-room in the morning, and a *reunion* in the afternoon. The day may be killed by the boys in killing snipes—but he who has turned the wrong side of forty, eschews that pleasant amusement altogether. He looks now to matrimony and retirement—the sword must be changed for the sickle— for when he gets the next step, he'll quit the trade of arms, and, cantoned under his own fig-tree, the *placens uxor* alone will be required to realise an Arcadian wind-up to his career. Immersion in an Irish bog-hole will not improve a complexion roasted for six years in the West Indies, and bleached afterwards by a winter in the Pyrenees; Captain Oldbuck will retire comfortably—but a slight addition of means upon the lady's part, will, under housekeeping considerations, be anything but objectionable. In Ireland—*i. e.*, "the west," an heiress is a curiosity. There are abundant candidates for matrimony, whose fortunes, like their charms, are unquestionable; but the drawback is, that from the tension of the security, for three centuries, nobody could get at these well-protected dotations. Captain Oldbuck was a Saxon, and he carried Saxon prejudices into that land of Goshen, to which, for his sins, he had been recently transmitted. He held,—unhappy man!—the erroneous opinion that the English funds were safer than a Connemara rent-charge. In Connaught, therefore, he would abandon all Hymenial attempts; keep himself up for Cheltenham, and trust the *cætera divis*.

Mess-table details have been very pleasantly given by men who, *Hibernice*, "never had a leg beneath their mahogany;" and, according to their portraiture, the said mess-table is distinguished by an eternal and uproarious festivity, and may be described as a thing between the *table d'hote* of a bagman's inn, and what in London is termed "a free and easy." Will the reader be surprised when I assure him, notwithstanding the weight of these authorities, that in no society, however elevated, a purer specimen of conventional propriety will be found, than in that which is presented by the dinner *reunion* of a well-regulated regiment? There the most perfect harmony reigns paramount; and whatever private annoyances an individual may have experienced, he enters his mess-room with a determination to forget them. All within is on a gentlemanly equality. To-day the colonel presides—to-morrow the junior ensign occupies the place of honour. No feelings, save brotherly ones, are brought across the threshold. If a commanding officer has *wigged* a youngster on parade that morning, he requests Jack or Tom to drink wine before the fish is taken away. In a military community the sun never sets, or is supposed to set, in anger. Irritating disputations are discouraged—argument extinguished *in limine*—no coarse observation will be tolerated—no rude contradiction be allowed to pass without a prompt apology. Tempers here must be controlled; and a man constitutionally quarrelsome, and who in other society would find himself eternally in hot water, escapes annoyance from himself, from the absolute necessity imposed upon him of submission to the conventional decorum of a body, now presided over by a soldier of twelve battles, and now by a neophyte of seventeen.

Peninsular triumphs in 1820 had not altogether faded from recollection, and while the Waterloo too-fortunates sported five shillings' worth of silver on their breasts, the glory and the shame of England—her matchless Peninsulars—were obliged to mark the return of their proudest anniversaries by the insertion of a laurel leaf in button-hole or shaco. The day of Fuentes had once more come round—and, alas! on morning parade not a hundred laurel leaves were exhibited; while that evening, in the mess-room, their number was reduced to nine. Where were the other hundreds of that proud battalion, that, "like the bursting thunder-cloud," broke Napoleon's middle guard in its hour of imaginary triumph, and forced their blood-marked way through the victors of a hundred battles? Gone, invalided, or in the grave. Happy, indeed, the latter. England, in her wise munificence, bestowing *then* upon an irreclaimable drunkard in workhouse alms, that which would have smoothed the declining-years of the veteran, and enabled the old man to wear away the remnant of his days in comfort, until the last rout came.

The clock struck seven, and eight-and-twenty scarlet jackets encircled the mess-table of the gallant 8—th. Brilliant as an exuberance of plate and lights could make the festive board, there were other appearances that marked this to be a night that carried with it honourable recollections. The colours of the regiment, or rather the relics of their silk, wreathed thick with laurel, flaunted above the head of the colonel, who presided on this hallowed festival. Both poles were clasped with silver, for both had been shattered in action by a bullet. These plates were inscribed, and on each an escutcheon commemorated the names of those who had been killed or wounded while the flag-staff was in their hand. On that of the King's colour five names were gloriously recorded; but the regimental one was richer in its victims—it numbered nine. The band was in attendance—the usual course of regimental toasts were given—when the president demanded a high bumper to drink, "To the memory of Fuentes."

A mess-room speech is generally short, and to the purpose, and on its thirteenth anniversary the glorious reminiscence of the Fuentes d'Onoro was briefly recalled. Three wild cheers marked the regimental pride with which the honoured toast was responded to; while the band, in single files, encompassed the table thrice, thundering from trumpet and trombone, as they marched round the backs of the company, "The British Grenadiers."

Presently the din had ended, the guests resumed their seats, the musicians retired to the ante-room, and a lull succeeded to the noisy outburst with which one of the most dashing exploits of the crack regiment, of the old "fighting third" had been proudly recalled. After a pause of five minutes the colonel rose again, and in a low voice called for another bumper. All filled to the brim, while, in tones which betrayed the emotion of the speaker, he proposed, "the memory of those who died at Fuentes,—in solemn silence." Every glass was drained to the bottom, and then shivered into atoms against the mess-room walls, lest, after this sacred offering to the dead, its crystal should be desecrated by another toast. Again the company were re-seated—and the band, with a suppressed bass, played "Should auld acquaintance be forgot?"

He who has followed his comrade to the narrow house with all the imposing ceremonial conferred upon a soldier's funeral, will remember that with the parting volley which peals over the grave of the departed military regret is supposed to terminate.

The cloud which may settle on a mess-room's hilarity is still more transitory—the *dum vivimus, vivamus*, is speedily recollected—and the memory of the past is not permitted to cast its gloomy shadows over the present hour of social pleasure. Gradually the conversation resumed its ordinary tone, and those who had died at Fuentes were "left alone in their glory."

"Do you recollect poor Egerton, who joined us from the Guards three months before the action, and the singular presentiment he expressed that his first battle should be his last one? Well, that anticipation was fulfilled."

The president nodded an affirmative.

"He came to us," continued the junior major, "evidently a man of sorrow—one for whom the world had not a charm left. He shunned society—but the blandness of his demeanour and the high polish of his manners made us overlook his misanthropy—and the mental gloom that in others would have incurred dislike, in his case, poor fellow! commanded a general sympathy. The regiment,—it was but conjecture, Colonel—fancied that you were not altogether ignorant of our comrade's secret history."

"The regiment were not astray," returned the President, "and strange as may appear, the decease of the last person who could be affected by a private revelation, made under circumstances of unusual interest, and at the distant period of a dozen years, was announced in this morning's paper. At this remote day, would a tale so long buried with its narrator on a battle-field, have interest?"

A general eagerness to hear a story hitherto wrapped in mystery was evince the wine was sent round the table—and the colonel thus commenced:—

“Time produces many a change in the varied orders of society; but i none does the old fellow take greater liberties than he does with us gentle of the sword. When my eye sweeps this table round, it counts nineteen f faces, and I ask myself, where be those ancient camarados who once would l filled these chairs—and echo answers ‘Where?’ Schoolmen assert roundly death is most impartial in his dealings; I deny the dogma altogether- whomsoever he may pass over, from us he exacts payment to the day. W though he is a creditor not to be put off, still he's no dun—won't teaze his tomer by importunity—does the thing like a gentleman—and claims princ and interest in a swoop.

“Every tale has an epoch and locality, and I must briefly describe the circ stances and the place, under which and where, this melancholy story was trusted to me by Frank Egerton.

“To the operations of the campaign itself it would be tedious to allude; we may merely observe that they eventuated in the battle of Fuentes d' Or Military necessities obliged the rival armies, on this occasion, to “stand hazard of the die”—and a contest, forced on by Massena, could not be refuse Wellington. The latter, acting on the defensive, selected the best position an open country would afford; and to receive the expected conflict the allie visions took ground on the flat and extensive plateau which rises above stream of the Azava, while the large and pretty village of Fuentes d' O formed the key, and gave its name to the battle that succeeded. The advan of receiving an enemy in position is decidedly in favour of an army acting the defensive; but, on this occasion, it was greatly overbalanced by the num cal superiority of the assailants. In mutual strength, the infantry migh reckoned equal; while Massena, in guns, was stronger by a third, and in sple cavalry, immeasurably superior to his antagonist.

With the general events of a two days' contest we have no concern. scene where these honoured colours were displayed, and the tale I am abou tell was narrated, lay in the upper portion of the village, which, throughout day, had been furiously assailed and defended. Neither of the combatants c boast much advantage. Fuentes had been the theatre of desperate figh from the sun rose until he set; and when night closed the contest, the Fre held the lower portion of the hamlet, and the Allies occupied the upper te Although, on both sides, those who assaulted and maintained the key of grand position had been fed constantly with reinforcements, they were now seriously reduced to abide the war-tempest expected on the morrow; and a darkness fell the sixth division were retired from the place they held so des ately, and the old “fighting third” occupied the upper village in their stead.

The *entrée* of a regiment on its battle ground is generally exciting. It freshness and variety; but the occupation of a post like Fuentes was chee and depressing. It was close on midnight when we arrived; the street covered with the dead—the convent we halted beside crowded with the woun The evening preparations for the carrying of Fuentes on the next morning w not equivocal. A movement of several brigades and batteries at sunset, nounced that the French Marshal would make his essay in force; and in acc ance with the military arithmetic of his great master Napoleon, as the end san fied the means, he would win the disputed village; no matter whether the penditure of life should amount in round numbers to hundreds or thousan

I had then the grenadier company of the regiment; and although our casual the preceding autumn had been heavy, a draft of Irish militia-men joined u the spring, and nobly filled up the *hiati* of the last campaign. Every man, know, is mad; and my hallucination led me to believe that never did fo score flankers exceed my “charge of foot.” Then, indeed, were they in t “pitch of pride,” and when we piled arms at midnight, beneath the grey w of San Francisco, I would have backed my scoundrels, man for man, agai the best that sported bear-skin. Alas! the reduction of Lear's knights was not more rapid than that of my valued grenadiers; for next sunset but fifty names responded to the muster-call. Where were the missing?—straggling, plundering, or deserted? No! stretched in the sleep of death on the bloody street of Fuentes—mobbed with hundreds of their victims—all cold and stark. And who were they? The *veille moustache* of Napoleon—those who at Friedland had turned the wavering tide of victory, the *élite* companies of a pet battalion of the Middle Guard."

The pickets had been posted—and the sentries

"Walked their lonely round"

within a few paces of their watchful fellows—personal annoyance between them was never thought of, for the courtesies of war were now understood and practised. I, in turn of duty, had visited the outposts—and on my return to the convent, stopped on the summit of the street to look over the wide expanse of country, for miles around tenanted for night by two armies second in naught but numbers to any that had ever tried conclusions in the field. The bivouacs, right and left, far as the eye could range, were brilliantly illuminated; and a thousand watch fires sparkled within sight of Fuentes. At twenty-seven a man looks at matters with an enthusiasm, that at forty he regards with the indifference of middle-age. Stop, gentlemen, I am matrimonially "without incumbrance"—and I trust a rash admission that I belong to the quartagenarian corps may not escape this room, and be turned to my disadvantage—Jack! pass the wine!"

The order was obeyed—and the gallant colonel thus continued:—

"I paused upon the crest of the tesson—looking round me at the glittering plateau, and all its surrounding low grounds.

"Glorious sight! I muttered—"and every of your watch-fires grouped round by the best and hottest blood of France and England."

"Of which hot blood what quantity will not be cold as the clay it saturates, before the sun sinks to-morrow?" said a voice beside me.

I turned hastily round—Egerton was at my elbow—"What part of this night-scene do you most admire?" he carelessly continued—"Yon lighted ridge above, or this interesting operation that goes on beside us?" and he pointed to several dusky figures employed in removing dead bodies from the causeway, to afford, when daylight came, a freer action for the living. "*N'importe*, my friend—in a few hours they will have the same duty to perform for me, Harding."

"What *you*—our last arrival—and in such a confounded hurry to part company?" I inquired, with a smile.

"But for that cherished hope I never would have left the shores of England." He drew a silver flask from a pocket in his cloak—"'Tis brandy, Harding;" and putting the canteen to his lips, he drank to me, and passed it over. I followed the example, and returned the flask, but he refused it. "Keep it, Harding," he said; "my name and arms are engraven on it, and the flask will be a memorial of him who erstwhile owned it. See! the first grey streak of morning shows feebly in the east, and in another hour, daylight and 'the tug of war' will come together. I would speak with you apart: and yonder angle of the convent-wall will, as I fancy, afford us a *tête-à-tête*. Soft! are there not sleepers here?" He stooped down: the recumbent figures were fallen soldiers. "Ah! their's is the sleep of death! The place will suit the purpose."

He stepped over the bodies of the slain, and I followed.

The scene was in keeping with the story—Egerton's indeed was a melancholy one.

REMEMBER THE ELEVENTH!

A TURKISH TALE (Founded on Fact).

By FANNY E. LACY.

"All things work together for good, to those that love God."—*Romans*, chap. viii., ver

The destroying angel yet hovered over the doomed city of Damascus. direful ravages of the plague, continued to be proclaimed by the groans of dying, and wail of the bereaved; as infection, stealing through gilded lat with the perfume of garden-roses, breathed its silent, subtle poison upon sparkling jets of the many-coloured fountains. Friend hurried from frie the lover shrunk with horror from the beloved. Mothers alone—he broken mothers—still, with despairing energy, clasped their stricken infants closer in the agonies of death, thus to inhale their own. The visitation see to have become universal; for silence had usurped the busy tumult of bazaar, and richly-stored bezestein. The voices of the Imaums tremble they summoned to the house of prayer; and who, bowing reverentially a of sun, dared hope to greet its rising! Such are a portion of thy judgme oh, Thou! the All-righteous! judgments, that are even as blessings, w awakening thy humbled creatures to a sense of thy presence, a knowledg thy power, and a trust in "thy mercy that endureth for ever!" Abou-Ca was in his magnificent harem—magnificent as ever in its marble-pillared d its luxurious couches, and costly hangings; for Abou-Cazem was wealthy: was he now alone; and plunged in the silence of woe-struck meditation, on visitation of the hour. Ten days had passed heavily away since the destr had first entered his abode: each day had borne away a life that had been to him, or one that had at least been a contented inmate of his roof: and those splendid walls, that so oft had reflected the softened radiance of glo tapers, and mirrors that had flashed back the keener brightness of unve beauty—the dome that had echoed the graceful Almeh's lightly-tinkling bel she moved to the measure of the gay zebek—owned but the death-like still of their wretched master. At intervals, indeed, would a heavy sigh burst f his laboring breast; together with one remarkable, oft-repeated sentence tones of sullen despair:—"*On the eleventh day, let the eleventh beware!*" still the burden of each gloomy reverie, a mystery no longer—for had not last ten days, in dread succession, swept his whole family of love and feal Had not wife, children, slaves—all been the inevitable victims of the last days, leaving the prediction of the *eleventh* to be fulfilled in his own pers And does Abou-Cazem, deprived of every earthly tie, shrink from his desti he, the upright, the virtuous, the sternly just, the meekly pious, the gener the hospitable, the everywhere extolled and lauded for his deeds—can *he*, Abou-Cazem *fear* to meet his last mortal hour? Let us glance back upon past career.

Abou-Cazem was the son of a noble Emir; whose lineal claim to the g turban, was graced by virtues, and an unshaken probity, that won for hi still brighter renown. The son, as he advanced in life, walked, univers honoured, in the steps of his noble progenitor. The parents of young Ab Cazem, and all connected with him, could not but rejoice in his virtuous p mise, although one perplexing circumstance in the position of this so favou one, to which memory would occasionally revert, never failed to impress t with dismay and apprehension for the future.

"*On the eleventh day, let the eleventh beware!*" had still been the mysterious vague reply of the Magi, and skilful astrologers consulted at the birth of Ab Cazem, which though more as warning than as doom, was yet dreaded by anxious parents as a portent of some impending evil. Abou-Cazem had an elder brother, named Yuseph; who was in all respects the reverse of himself, and who had caused his parents proportionable affliction. No sooner had this young man arrived to maturity, than after a brief, but most abandoned course, he ultimately connected himself with a lawless horde, that had long been the terror of the peaceable citizens; and thus became entirely estranged from his family. The generous Abou-Cazem alone was silent, amid the universal condemnation of his degraded brother; and as time progressed, became united to a lady excelling in beauty and virtue, and, like himself, of noble extraction. Then did Yuseph, also enamoured of the beautiful Selima, burn with new rancour towards his more successful brother; and resolved to lose no occasion of planting thorns in the path of the deserving Abou-Cazem, strewed with the roses of content, and bright in the sunshine of prosperity. The father of these two young men, at length concluding his mortal career, it was discovered that the justly-incensed parent, had deprived the elder of his heirship, in favour of his more deserving brother. Disappointment—rage—appeared then to snap the slender fraternal tie at once; but on one side only: for the peaceable, the noble-minded Abou-Cazem, sought his disinherited brother; and would have compromised, would have shared the wealth of his portion; but was answered only by the scowl of hatred, and words of angry defiance. Yuseph again joined his base associates: while Abou-Cazem, still favoured by fortune and the glory of renown, lived in the peaceful security of virtue; and became the parent of a numerous offspring: One among them, his latest born, was ever the dearest loved; and this was the pretty infant Zellida. She was a little unfolded bud of scarce three summers; the sweetest blossom of his rose-garden, and more welcome to his eyes than the sun-beam of its crystal fountains. All Damascus had heard of the worthy Emir's delight in the little claimant of his paternal affection; and Abou-Cazem, as fondly reciprocating the innocent caresses of this precious gift of Heaven, felt at peace with all Damascus, and the whole world beside. This new source of happiness for his fortunate brother soon became known to Yuseph; even in the desert haunts of his rapacious deeds; and stirred his base nature to the cruel resolve of wresting from him the reward of a virtuous course. One evening, the unsuspicious Abou-Cazem sought the shade of a favourite orange bower within his delightful garden; calling, as was his wont, for the little companion of his recreative hour; when her nurse suddenly appeared before him; her garments rent, her dishevelled hair covered with the dust of affliction, and her whole demeanour indicative of some terrible calamity. The father's anxious heart was instantly the prey of dreadful anticipations.

"What means this?" he hurriedly exclaimed, "my child—my little Zellida! —speak, what has happened?"

"Oh! my gracious lord," at length faltered the slave, "the Dervise,—the wretch! the impostor! he was but now in the garden with amulets and trinkets —the dear babe was delighted—and I—I did but stoop to examine the contents of his basket, when in an instant she was in his arms, and he upon his swift Arabian, which I had not observed at the gate, bearing the dear frightened babe I know not where."

The thoughts of Abou-Cazem instantly adverted to his abandoned brother: but the course most efficient for redress ill accorded with the impatience of the outraged parent; who lost not an instant in mounting his fleetest steed in pursuit, according to the directions he received from the weeping slave; indulging, perhaps, some lingering hope of yet awakening nature in that obdurate breast; and thus regaining his lost child, upon grounds honourable to such influence; for some minute after-inquiry had identified the offender beyond further doubt. The Emir sped quickly on his way, as guided by furtive recollections of his brother's former haunts. He had left the gates of the city far behind him; when a clashing of weapons from an adjacent coppice, suddenly arrested his course, and caused him to hasten to the spot. He arrived to behold one of the combatants fall bleeding to the earth; while the other made for the open plain. Abou-Cazem approached to discover, with strange conflict of feelings, he whom his anguished haste was seeking, wounded and powerless at his feet: but the child—his little Zellida. Where, oh! where was *she?* such were the first frantic demands of Abou-Cazem. "Alas! my brother," he at length exclaimed; "thou art wounded, perchance dying, and no one is near. Yuseph, oft hast thou injured me; but in this hour all should be forgotten; for are we not brothers? are we not fellow creatures before the same Creator?—yet wherefore is it that thou dost thus afflict me? My child! my helpless little one! thou knowest she was the shining light of my eyes, the sunbeam of my path; why, then, hast thou torn her from me? Pity me, Yuseph, and if still the power of speech is thine, tell me where thou hast bestowed her? Is she near? Holy prophet! is she alive? Yuseph, I conjure thee, if thou canst not speak, yet by some sign give indication where I may seek my child." But the Emir as he gazed, encountered but the smile of derision on those bloodless lips, and the gleam of malignant triumph in those sinking eye-balls. The spirit of that hardened one seemed obdurate to the last; and that glance of fiendish triumph, suggesting the most cruel suspicions to the wretched Abou-Cazem, goaded his outraged feelings at length, beyond all human control. "Hear me, thou wretched man," he exclaimed, trembling with passionate emotion, "thou that, pitiless and unrelenting, hast for no offending cause, rent from me the last and dearest gift of Heaven; thou that can'st smile in fiendish mockery upon the agony thou hast wrought, hear how, in thy last hour, a brother's curse now hurleth thy blackened soul to the hell of its eternity! yea, I have said it: my curse, more blighting than the fiery simoom of the desert—my curse be upon thee, now and for ever!" Abou-Cazem ceased; his limbs trembling beneath him, at the sound of his own awful denunciation. Pausing, he looked again upon the object of his direful curse, to behold at his feet nought but a silent and senseless corpse, for Yuseph was now dead; and although those grim and distorted features still bore the impress of evil, they were now but inanimate clay. Abou-Cazem gazed awhile bewildered, and almost overwhelmed by the sudden revolution of his feelings, awakened by this awful sight. His better nature resumed sway; and his tears fell thick and fast, for that which he could never recal. *He*, the pious, the patient of offence, the tolerant, and all forgiving; who never had breathed unkindness to the meanest slave; who permitted no earthly affection to supersede the love of virtue; who deemed human passions but as passing clouds, obscuring the pure calm of Heaven's peace; *he* had cursed a dying man! his own brother! How had all the righteous deeds of his past life been sullied by those few brief words of deadly sin! fatal words! soon spoken, long to be remembered! But he had *thought* not—he had not *paused* to think *how* near death might be. Oh! Abou-Cazem, if all but *thought*, and sometimes paused to reflect that death is *ever* near, how much of bitter, unavailing remorse were spared the living! too late to think—too late to retract. *Too late! too late!* Oh! words that inscribe volumes of misery on the tablet of memory's accusing conscience!

Abou-Cazem slowly turned away. Humbled—debased in his self-esteem, he now looked upon the bereavement of his favourite child, and the uncertainty of her fate, as a judgment from Heaven. On reaching his own abode, his first care was to summon the most trusty of his slaves, and direct him to the spot where lay the body of Yuseph, with instructions to remove it for interment in the cypress-groves of his own garden. The slave, observant and penetrative, soon perceived that some deeper source of grief lurked beneath the gloom of his altered lord; and that, also, when the numerous emissaries dispatched in search of the lost child returned unsuccessful, that he bowed with silent submission, and as though acknowledging the justice of the calamity that had visited his house. Soon the intelligence of Yuseph's body having disappeared, suggesting the general supposition of its having become the prey of the prowling tenants of the wilderness, planted an additional barb in the stricken conscience of the wretched Abou-Cazem; and when the moonbeams flooded with radiance, that second Paradise of the Prophet's admiration*—the fair city of Damascus—to silver o'er its rose-gardens of delight, that are sometimes also the cemeteries of cherished remembrance—oft would Abou-Cazem gaze, till his excited imagination would shadow forth the menacing and bleeding form of his brother, stealing before the glittering fountains, to mingle with the dark cypress drooping over marble monuments of death; while the soft strains of answering nightingales would be lost in the echo of that fatal curse, memory so faithfully repeated. In the harem's festive hour—at the hospitable board—even in the sacred precincts of the Mosque, would those terrible words still rise above all; and then would the Emir, pierced with remorse, humbled in the dust, be more than ever lauded for his piety—for One Eye alone to read his heart!

And now had fourteen years drawn to a weary close, since Abou-Cazem had first mingled his tears with those of the mother of his little lost Zellida. It was, as already has been stated, the eleventh day of the awful visitation to his house, and he alone remains. He is the *eleventh*, and bows his head to that which he deems inevitable. The day is drawing on; soon will the sacred hour of sunset claim the observance of all true believers—the last, perchance, that shall be honoured by Abou-Cazem; for already doth the death-fever rage within his shrinking veins—cold drops start forth upon his ghastly brow—his eyes are dim—but his *inward* sight! how doth all the past arise in strange distinctness before his mental view! Long bygone hours seem but as those of the day before. Time is as nought: the past—the present—already are as one; and the future———! Abou-Cazem groans with torture; mind and body became equally victims, and delirium fires his brain as he strives to pray, and fain would hope; but a hellish chorus shrieks that rash curse louder—louder still, above his feeble supplications. Quickly succeed all the direful attributes of that awful visitation, from which both friend and foe rush with equal abhorrence from the sufferer, that rarely hath escaped its fury; and Abou-Cazem feels that he must die alone: none will lament him, for have not all dear to him been already taken? And shall he meet them in the abode of the blessed? "Never—never!" those voices shriek: "Hope it not; he whom thou didst curse on earth hath barred for thee the gates of heaven! Hark! hark! how the echo of thine ungodly words drowneth the supplication of thy last hour!" And then is that curse of past years shrieked louder yet, by that unearthly din; while clusters of wreathing arms seem lifting his scorched frame from his death-couch, to dash it back again with fiendish mockery: around—around—around wild shadowy forms seem to chase each other in fantastic circles; still increasing—still rushing onwards with bewildering celerity, in endless circuit, and his burning eye-balls, flashing unnatural fires, behold strange, distorted countenances peering from shaded corners of the apartment, changing or fading, according to the influence of the disordered brain.

A change now appeared to be wrought within the harassed frame, and reason in part resumed its empire, as the sufferer faintly murmured, "Yet will I not believe that Heaven deserts the penitent: it is the suggestion of the evil one. I will hope—hope to the last. It is not death, or the pangs of death, I fear; for could I but recal the past, were Yuseph now again before me—before me in life, to hear my dying words, my blessing should—Holy Prophet! *what do I see?*" For Abou-Cazem as he spoke, looking upon the curtain that veiled the entrance to his apartment, beheld it slowly and silently drawn aside: to disclose a form and features he but too well remembered. Was it possible?—or was it the mockery of his still distempered brain?—that he seemed again to look upon that evil brother of past years? the source of all his misery—of his one great offence

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* Mahomet, beholding it from a neighbouring mountain, was so delighted with the appearance of the city and its environs, that he refused to enter, or even to approach any nearer to it; saying, "I am sure there is but one Paradise designed for man, and I will not enjoy mine in this world."—*Millar*, page 141.

—of his bitter remorse? Had, then, his true repentance prevailed with Heaven to permit this visit from the world of spirits, to soothe his dying hour, that he might revoke that awful denunciation of human passion? for surely it was his brother Yuseph, the same as when in life, that now returned his earnest gaze! Yet still did those dark features wear the implacable menace of former days; and as the figure continued to silently approach the couch, it seemed as though a drawn scimitar flashed in the bright moonbeam! "Now praise be unto Allah!" murmured the dying and awe-struck Emir, "that thus I look on thee, oh! my brother. Yuseph, the hand of the angel of death is upon me; and my words may not now be as in the days of passion, earthly desires, and the frame of healthful vigour. Hearken, then, unto the last words of this my mortal tenement, ere eternity shall unfold the gates of after-life, to the disembodied soul. Once, in years of the past, thou didst pitilessly snatch from me a treasure, which my spirit well nigh worshipped. Thou wert the permitted instrument of my just punishment, when thou didst rend a blossom that was unto her father's eye the sweetest in life's pathway. Thou didst triumph, and rejoice in my agony; and wert deaf to my supplications to restore my darling. Brother, I ask not now if that dear child be living, or if she be happy; for I feel that the words I now speak are my last; and they are those of pardon and of blessing unto thee, oh! my brother, even as I hope for pardon and blessing in the eternity unto which my soul is called away." During this appeal of the dying Emir, the figure had remained motionless and silent, until near its close: when suddenly a change, fearful to behold, seemed to convulse every feature with the pangs of acute agony. The ghastly, livid hue of mortal sickness chased the semblance of mortal life from the visage of the mysterious visitor, as retreating with faltering step, it disappeared behind the hangings veiling the door of entrance. Presently, a cry—a thrilling, agonised shriek, rang through the spacious building, despairing and terrific as that of the evil one, banished the glory of God's paradise, at the day of doom. A change seemed meanwhile to have been also wrought in Abou-Cazem. A pleasing languor had usurped his recent sufferings; and that sweet overpowering slumber—that wrapt unconsciousness, to which the weary abandon themselves, without the power or inclination to resist; seemed to be his blissful portion. All now was again silent; and the placid smile, lightening the wan cheek of Abou-Cazem, seemed to proclaim his being already in that beatific rest, proved by many but a transit unto glorious life, although the weakness of human nature is still fain to mourn the change, and call it *death*. And was it indeed death that now sealed thine eyes, oh! worthy Abou-Cazem?

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The morning had far advanced. Nature still smiled triumphant in her matchless rose-garden of the glowing east—the far-famed city of Damascus;* and beauty and blessing, yet mingled with the one desolating judgment, within its walls. A light air stole softly through the open lattice; and a flood of radiance from without sported with the dancing shadows that flitted across the marble paved work beneath. Abou-Cazem was still extended upon the couch of his last night's suffering; but suffering, it should seem, no longer. Yet that he was still in life was evident, for he yet breathed; and while his aspect was that of tranquil repose, his features displayed the hue of returning health. But the light of morning now disclosed another occupant of the apartment, in the person of a young man of mild and engaging exterior, who was regarding the sleeper with anxiety and peculiar interest. His countenance might indeed justly have been termed beautiful, for it expressed the "beauty of holiness;" while his eyes (so gracefully and aptly designated in Oriental metaphors, the "windows of the soul,") beamed forth a spirit at peace with itself, and all the world. His garb was European, and his complexion, as also a few words of pious thanksgiving breathed over the object of his solicitude, proclaimed him of the British isle, on a mission of those "glad tidings" that are as a "great light" unto the "people walking in darkness." Abou-Cazem, at length awakening from his profound repose, gazed for a while in strange bewilderment around him, and contemplating familiar objects, as though doubting their identity and his own.

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* Damascus is encompassed with gardens for more than thirty miles about, which are well planted with fruit and flowers of all kinds, and ever fresh and green, being watered by several branches of the river Barrady.—*Millar*, p. 140.

"Holy Prophet!" he faintly murmured. "All I behold around me seemeth even as my dwelling of earth; yet is my soul surely in the seventh heaven of true believers."

"How now, worthy Abou-Cazem? how fares it, noble Emir?" said the mild voice of the stranger, as he approached.

"Cease, cease, whoe'er thou art," replied the still bewildered Abou-Cazem. "Last night was I stricken by the judgment. As the eleventh of my house was I summoned hence; and the prediction has been fulfilled."

"The prediction has indeed been fulfilled," replied the young man, "yet art thou still an inhabitant of earth, Abou-Cazem."

"Who art thou?" exclaimed the astonished Emir, "that with the garb and aspect of a far-off land, speakest words of comfort in my native tongue, and knowest my name and history, while to me thou art an utter stranger?"

"Worthy Abou-Cazem," said the youth, "well do I know thy name; and, by an extraordinary succession of events, the particulars of thy bygone history. Thou had'st a brother—"

"I had," interrupted the Emir. "Source of much anguish has he been to me, young man. Fourteen years have passed since I beheld him dead at my feet. In his life he did me cruel wrong; but last night, as stricken by the deadly judgment of the land, methought he was permitted to return to earth, that I might revoke the sinful words of human frailty. Praise be to Allah! merciful as wondrous was the vision—"

"It was *no* vision," exclaimed the youthful stranger; "it was *himself!*"

"Amazement!" exclaimed the Emir. "How knowest thou this? Whence art thou? and what is thy name?"

"Listen, noble Emir," replied the stranger, "for my speech will be fraught with thy dearest interests; and will prepare thy cup of joy to overflowing. My name is Ernest Goodwin. I am the son of a faithful and zealous missionary, from the land of Britain, whose example it has ever been my glory to imitate. I am one of a small band of pious brethren, that but yesterday arrived in Damascus. Aware of its awful visitation, we were all fortified by antidotes; and yet more by a trust far surpassing human precaution, the blessing that sanctifies righteous endeavours, and the glory of our cause. We sojourned at a small khan without the city, appropriated to strangers. My humble apartment was separated by only a slight curtain from the one adjacent; which was occupied by two persons, who I had conjectured to be pilgrims. My long acquaintance with the native tongue soon undeceived me; particularly, as believing themselves to be unheard, they dropped their assumed characters, and conversed without reserve. By this I discovered them to be robbers of the most daring and practised description; that their object was to avail themselves of the consternation throughout the afflicted city by plunder; and should circumstance demand, unhesitating murder. One of them, addressed by his comrade as *Yuseph*, referred to some events of his past life. He spoke of a brother, the object of his hatred, and meditated vengeance. 'Twas then, noble Abou-Cazem, that first I heard thee named; he spoke, too, of a child he had torn from thee in years past. Nay, worthy Emir, yet hear me further. He related a strange mysterious prediction attending thy birth; how he once lay desperately wounded at thy feet, and was persuaded that thou didst believe him to be dead; and then he went on to describe how a straggler of his own wandering band discovered and bore him away; that he skilfully tended his wounds, and ultimately succeeded in restoring him to health; but not, as it appeared, to repentance and rectitude; for he proceeded to detail his intention of surprising thee in thy costly dwelling, having heard that thou wert alone, and therefore undefended: this (impelled by an interest combining with humanity, which thou wilt presently understand) I resolved, if possible, to defeat; by following, and placing myself in readiness to arrest the fratricide's unnatural blow. But mark you, Abou-Cazem, how a higher power than mortal directed all. Thou, fulfilling the pious wish of thy repentant heart, didst escape the danger hovering around thee; while *he*, thy *elder* brother, became the *eleventh* in thy house, to fulfil the prediction, ere he could perpetrate his crime, and now lies a blackened corse of the pestilence, behind yonder tapestry."

"God is great! God is great!" exclaimed the Emir, as reverentially he prostrated himself in the direction of the holy city. After a short silence, the youth resumed.

"Worthy Moslem," said he, "listen yet again. Listen to learn how, that as in life we are in death, so, while surrounded by the tumultuous waves of a troubled ocean, there is a power still surely, though slowly, directing the hidden current of all things. It is now about fourteen years, since I, then a boy of scarce ten, was permitted to accompany my honoured father when he quitted his native shores, on a mission of the Divine Word to foreign lands. The course of the pious brethren was Asia; and we at last found ourselves in the vicinity of this celebrated city of Damascus. The places of our occasional sojourn were of course varied; and I well remember our little party being driven by the idolators of the land, to the lonely arid desert, rejoicing, 'as they shook the dust from their feet,' that they yet bore away with them, that 'peace which the world cannot give,' or take away. We had not journeyed many days, when the welcome sight of verdure and of water, greeted our weary senses. The former appeared to have been recently trampled, as if in some conflict; and as one of our party bowed to the refreshing spring, a wail near him, as of human suffering, caused him to quickly raise his head, and awaken the attention of the rest. All listened attentively to hear the cry of a *child* at no great distance. Nay, worthy Abou-Cazem, calm thyself; yet are thy hopes and anticipations just. I proceed. The little sufferer was, to the general joy, soon discovered in an adjacent thicket—a lovely female infant of apparently three years of age. Her garments were rent and disordered; her face bleeding, and tears streaming from her large dark eyes, that regarded our little band with mingled terror and supplication; while from this amulet around her neck—"

"My child! My little lost Zellida!" gasped forth the agitated Emir.

"Such," continued the youth, "was the name, that, with the exception of 'father, mother, nurse,' was all her infant lips could utter. It was my father who bore her in his arms, necessitated as we then were to seek our safety in flight. We were fortunate in gaining a port from whence a vessel was bound for a more friendly shore, and in which we hastened to embark with our precious charge; for thou must perceive, noble Emir, that our position, fraught with peril, involved her safety with our own. Thy Zellida has been brought up in our own land, the child of our affections; and but that the duties of our mission still summoned us to other shores, we had long ere this complied with her filial wish and our own sense of justice, in restoring her to the land of her birth."

"And my little Zellida lives?" exclaimed Abou-Cazem, rapturously. "My pretty blossom hath unfolded in fair womanhood?"

"Thy daughter lives," replied the young missionary; "is beautiful, is also virtuous, and therefore happy. Her beauty is as the opening rose guarded by the myrtle, in the unfading loveliness of her mind. Her heart is guileless, her principles pure and firm; the hope of her young life as the summer bird that skims the passing stream, still winged for its bright resting-place of perpetual sunshine. Thus thinking, thus feeling, she is ever cheerful, ever happy; and even in light-hearted youth has learned to look upon this brief term but as a passage to that better life obtained through the ONE all-redeeming sacrifice. Worthy Moslem—thy daughter *is a Christian.*"

Abou-Cazem started at this intimation; and a pause ensued.

"Well, well," he at length murmured, "of this I may not speak. My child is restored to me, my child is well and happy. But thou, youth, thus dwelling to look upon my fair daughter, methinks I read thy glance aright; thou lovest her beyond a brother's love—say, is it not so?"

"I meant not to deceive thee, noble Abou-Cazem," replied the young man, with downcast eyes, "truly do I love thy fair and virtuous daughter."

"And thou hast told her so, young Christian?"

"No, Moslem, no," exclaimed the missionary, with sudden earnestness; "never would I dare to steal her young affections unsanctioned—unsanctified by a parent's blessing."

Tears rushed to the eyes of good Abou-Cazem.

"Youth," he at length faltered, "thou art a noble example of thy creed. Yet the impulse of passion—"

"Passion," observed the missionary, "seeks its own gratification. I *love* Zellida, and seek only her happiness. I have never addressed her, but as a loving brother; and should'st thou withhold thy sanction, as such will I remain. As such would she *wish* me to remain: of this I feel assured; and my love is still further purified thereby."

"Wonderful!" exclaimed Abou-Cazem. "Oh! wonderful is it, when the young heart can thus submit to the reasoning of its higher nature. Christian, I will think of this. But where, then, is my long-lost treasure?—and when will the little bud of former days gladden these eyes, in its expanded beauty?"

"Noble Abou-Cazem," said the missionary, "again do I implore thee to be calm. When we resolved upon directing our course thither, the interests of our dear Zellida were the general object; and she has, therefore, accompanied us, under the kind conduct of some pious matrons of our mission. Furthermore, when the events of yesterday informed me of all, and I planned following the steps of him who meditated thy destruction, relying upon the fortitude of Zellida's well disciplined mind, I was fain to yield to her importunity to be also present, and—"

"How," interrupted the Emir, "and is my darling so near?"

"Father! father!" suddenly exclaimed a sweet youthful voice, as a slight female figure advancing, with agitated steps, from an inner apartment, fell at the feet of Abou-Cazem. The closely-enveloping *chadre*, or Turkish veil, was lifted by a small fair hand, disclosing the dark fringed eyes, the bow-shaped brows, and soft rose-tinted olive hue of eastern beauty.

"*I am Zellida!*" was all she uttered. The rest was lost in sobs of joy, as her head reposed upon the shoulder of her new-found parent.

"God is great! God is great!" was again the exclamation of the worthy Moslem, when excess of emotion permitted speech. "And thou, youth," he added, turning to the sympathising missionary—"thou who so nobly and disinterestedly hast restored to me my long-lost daughter, thou lovest her; to me thou hast confessed. As for thee, my child—but I need ask no more: thy confusion—that ingenuous blush—daughter, even among our Prophet's true believers, thou couldst not find a nobler heart. Christian, Zellida is already of thy faith—then take her; she is thine. Behold I have said it." And again the pious Moslem prostrated himself in thanksgiving, ever acceptable to Him, the everywhere present when the creed's outward form, is the manifestation of the inward grace.

"My son," said Abou-Cazem, as he arose, "know that I walk not with those of my faith, who are bigotted to the doctrine of *Kismet.*—Fate, I am of the *Matazalites*,* and believe that the God of creation hath predestined all His creatures to be happy."

"Through the mediation of One alone," replied the missionary, "and that one His Beloved Son; and that Son, God in *spirit;* in *nature* man; the nature *taken* upon him, 'to save that which was lost'—*the whole human race.* According to the doctrine of predestination, what availeth prayer? more awful yet, what availeth repentance? Man was *permitted* to fall,[*] that his weakness might plead his claim for mercy in the end. It is the *tempter*[†] that is predestined to eternal punishment, his *nature* being eternal; but man's probationary state of *time* and *change* admits *hope* to the very last, that he may 'work while there is light, for the night cometh when no man can work.'"

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* Although the doctrine of predestination is, as is well known, a principal feature in the Mahometan creed, there are some who differ on this point, as (they allege) destroying man's free agency. Of these are the *Matazalites.* For a particular account of this sect, see "Millar," p. 118.

"Yet," said Abou-Cazem, thoughtfully, "we prove that predictions, as regarding *this* life, are often verified."

"They are so," replied the Missionary. "But," added he, with pious fervour, "the arm of divine *Providence* still riseth gloriously above all!"

The singular circumstance forming the subject of the above sketch, was detailed as a fact, in the public prints of some years ago, something to the following effect:—

At the time of the plague in some city of Asiatic Turkey, a certain merchant, the number of whose household, including himself, amounted to eleven; on their having all been carried off by the visitation, found himself remaining as the eleventh in the house. Thus situated, he prepared for his approaching fate, in accordance with a prediction of his nativity, that "he must *beware the eleventh!*" Nevertheless, the following morning found the merchant still alive, and in health; but a robber who, tempted by the calamitous state of affairs, had entered the undefended house, was discovered a corpse at the entrance of the apartment, a victim of the pestilence. Thus it should seem, fulfilling the prediction, as the *eleventh*, in the house, while the merchant escaped.

THE SPIRIT'S INVOCATION.

Wilt thou come with me
O'er the dark blue sea,
And happy and loved thou shalt ever be?
To my starlit home,
Say, say, wilt thou roam?
For I love thee so fondly—Oh! come, love, come!

Ah! why wilt thou cling
To the fragile thing
Whose love but a transient bliss can bring?
As a sun-chased shower—
A fading flower,
She may pass from thy arms in one short hour.

Come! we'll ride at night,
O'er the billows white,
Where the weeping moon sheds her saddened light;
And I'll steal from the stream
Each wave-kissed gleam,
To weave thee a robe of its silvery beam.

Come, my spirit sighs
For thy love-lit eyes,
To fling back the light of the laughing skies:
But the mournful wail
Of the perfumed gale
Brings an echo alone to my love-fraught tale.

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[*] For the creature was made subject to vanity, not willingly, but by reason of Him who hath subjected the same in hope.—Rom. chap. viii., v. 29.

[†] ". . . . there met Him two possessed with devils . . . . and they cried out, 'what have we to do with Thee, Jesus, thou Son of God? art Thou come hither to torment us *before the time?*'"—Matt. chap. viii., v. 28, 29.

PAUL PEVENSEY;

OR, THE MAN FROM BELOW.*

CHAPTER XXV.—PAUL SUSPECTED OF PLAYING PAUL PRY.

ons who have suddenly found themselves in grievous perils, will be able ter into Paul's feelings, when, after having several times crept out to recon- , he still observed the colliers at their post. The condemned criminal he night before his execution has been carried back in dreams to his days nocence, and felt his head resting on his mother's lap, scarcely wakes with horror to face the dread realities of the coming day, than did our little n this conjuncture. Overwhelming weariness from time to time plunged a sleep—not sweet and balmy, such as he used to enjoy in Mr. Wil- n's caravan, but troubled, broken, and ghastly, as if tasted in company the nightmare; but ever and anon he would start from it with palpitating and sensations of the keenest alarm.

length, going forth once more to reconnoitre as the dawn began to break, sting a cautious and scrutinising glance around, he could discover no trace e enemy. Trusting they had retired altogether, he experienced a strong se of joy, and yielded up his whole heart to the cheerful effect of light. e is something wonderfully absorbing in a summer's dawn. The earth to rise from the bed of darkness like a joyous bride, and puts on her attire rnaments one by one in the face of heaven; while a breeze, sweeter and soothing than incense, breathes around her, elating and intoxicating the ; and nowhere is this delight more sensibly felt than in England. I have ssed the fiery dawn of the tropics, where the sun, bursting up impatiently behind some mountain or the ocean, inundates the whole face of nature ce with his bright and glaring refulgence. I have also watched in the ern portions of our own zone the rapid birth of the morning, but have ere observed that modest mingling of light and obscurity, that delicious ring of the cool of night by the day's earliest beams, that gentle and diffusion of warmth which begets vapours, and calls them up from fen and o diversify the aspect of our universal mother.—I say I have nowhere ssed this so completely as in England. Much of the beauty our coun- ossesses we may impart to it because it is ours; but the veriest stoic, take rom what realm you please, would be smitten with admiration, and feel his quickened, as he gazes on the loveliness of a summer morning in England.

ul, however, was not a stoic. Forgetting the colliers and everything else, scended from the windmill, and walking out upon the heath, from which elicate perfume of heather and wild flowers spontaneously exhaled, he mut- to himself, "This is nation pleasant." We always associate agreeable and iful objects with those we love, and on this occasion the exquisite face of Pevensey, the gentle and friendly looks of Mrs. Wilkinson, and the playful portive figure of little Fanny swept in a sort of magic dance over his fancy. heart was full, and his eyes were considerably moister than usual. He ly thought himself on the threshold of his mother's cottage, and in the ment of that tenderest of all pleasures, a mother's embrace, which we n know how to value till it has gone from us for ever. Paul was what is rly called a rough customer, but he had, for all that, a heart in his which soon vibrated wildly as he drew near home. But he was not destined o enjoy this luxury of pleasant thoughts; his exit from the windmill had bserved, and he had proceeded but a little way in what he supposed to be ection of Ulraven, when several men rising from amid the furze-bushes ather, rushed upon and seized him with an extraordinary superfluity of oaths and imprecations. Every opprobrious epithet in the language applied to him at once—he was called a little rascal, a little scoundrel, a villain, a little traitor; and was threatened with instant death by being cast long into some coal-pit.

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* Continued from Vol. II., page 335.

Paul stood perfectly aghast. The ruffians into whose hands he had looked more like fiends than men, their begrimed countenances being dist by rage, and their eyes flashing fire as they spoke. Without at all understan why they abused him, he protested he had done no harm; they, however, not hear him; and one of them, more brutal than the rest, struck him a bl the mouth, which in a moment filled it with blood. Even this, however, di silence the poor boy, who, remembering what he had last night heard i windmill, expected they were now going to murder him; he began, then to cry bitterly, and begged of them to spare his life, but they said he was sent by the magistrates to watch their movements, and dragged him away the intention of putting him immediately to death. They, however, first w to discover who had sent him, and as they could not frame a set of p questions themselves, they thought it would be best to devolve this duty their leader.

But where was he? They would, of course, condescend to explain no to Paul, but forced him along, sometimes by dragging, at other times by till they reached a long, low, slated building, looking the very picture of d ness and discomfort, situated in a narrow ravine lying considerably be the general level of the moor. It was a miserable beer-shop, where the dissipated and blackguard of the colliers spent their Sundays and all thei hours during the week. Nothing can possibly look more comfortless th place of vulgar debauchery by the day. At night, the lights, the bustle, excitement caused by drinking, the satisfied looks of the landlord and his sate the forced and unnatural merriment of his customers, impart to the rural house an air of joviality, which, to the coarse and uneducated, may wea aspect of enjoyment. But the very house itself seems to share in the mo the shabbiness, palor, and headach of the drunkards that frequent it. rooms appear ashamed of the light of the sun; so that the shutters are ofte half closed, that the in-dwellers may move to and fro in congenial obscurit

Paul's fears when he was pushed into the alehouse were much too gr allow him to observe anything; and yet the dismal air of the place produc full effect upon his mind. It seemed more hideous than a thousand gaols a corner of the naked parlour, occupying a broken arm-chair, was a whom Paul soon recognised as the speaker of the preceding night. He l more than half asleep, and his drowsiness only rendered him the more ferc in feeling and aspect. As the ruffians, with Paul, burst into the roo sharply raised his head from his breast, on which his chin had been comfor reposing, and eyeing the whole group with a supercilious look, said—

"What the devil have you brought here?"

"A spy," was the answer.

"How do you know that?"

"We catched him a getting out of the windmill."

"Oh, indeed, and what have you," he said, turning to Paul, "to say for you you little blackguard. Who sent you amongst us?"

"Nobody, sir," replied Paul.

"Then what business had you there?"

"I lost my way, sir, and crawled into the old mill to sleep."

"And why did not you crawl in here?"

"Because I did not know there was no such place, sir."

"What, could'nt you see?"

"No, sir; it was too dark."

"And where were you going?"

"To Ulraven."

"For what purpose?"

"To see my mother."

"What's her name?"

"Kate Pevensey."

"Oh! oh! so you are the little rascal that brought about the accident in the shelving pit, are you?"

"Yes," replied Paul, with increasing terror and alarm.

"Well, you've put your foot into it, I can tell you; for if we don't hang you as a spy, the masters will hang you for having injured their property and killed their slaves."

Paul shuddered, and grew, if possible, a shade or two paler than before, but answered only with a low groan.

"And where have you come from now?" returned his interrogator.

Paul mentioned the name of the place where he had lost sight of the Wilkinsons.

A grim smile passed over the man's face as he continued.

"And didn't you travel north in company with a rascally Irishman?"

"He was a very good man, sir."

"Oh, he was, was he? I suppose you think so because he gave you something to drink on the way?"

"Yes, and something to eat too, sir."

"Which he stole, I suppose?"

"No, indeed, sir; Mr. Maguire was very honest."

"Mr. be d—d; he was a bog-trotting Paddy. Don't Mr. me such fellows. Didn't you hear something in a public-house, about a rising in the north, where there was a parcel of pot-bellied farmers puzzling their thick heads over pots of beer?"

"Yes, sir; and Mr. Macguire said as how he should like to join the fighting."

"Oh, devil doubt him. He'd like it that he might have the chance of knocking some Saxon on the head; but come now, as you see I know all about you, tell me how the magistrates came to send you here as a spy."

"Indeed, sir, I don't know no magistrate, sir; and nobody sent me, sir. After Mr. Macguire parted from me on the road, and gave me a shilling to buy something to eat, I began to think about my mother, sir—and lost my road, and could'nt find no place else to sleep, sir; so I got into the windmill, and was wakened at night by a very great noise, sir—and was so frightened I could not sleep a wink the rest of the night, sir; and that's the whole truth."

"Well," answered the man, "I happen to know that is the whole truth, and so we shan't do you any harm. But you must stay with us for many reasons. First the magistrates would hang you if they could catch you, and next you might let your tongue go, and get some of us hanged, so you must stay with us, I say, till this business is over. After which you had better make the best of your way towards the south.

To this Paul said nothing, but in great despair looked about the room, where there were several hungry-looking tables and chairs strewed with fragments of tobacco pipes and tobacco dust, and with the marks of quart and pint pots half dried upon them. In one or two cases, the pots themselves were there, but carefully emptied. His captors, who were probably no ways sorry at not having to hang Paul or throw him down a coal-pit, now suffered their attention to revert to themselves, and called for a quantity of purl, a favourite morning drink with colliers. Blackguards are not always destitute of feeling, and the very ruffian who had struck Paul in the mouth now bade him sit down, and pushing his pot towards him, cried:—

"Drink, my hearty; I'm sorry I pitched into you on the heath, but it was all a mistake, d'ye see?

Paul accepted the *amende honourable*, drank a little of the purl; and then, with the careless indifference natural to boys, inquired if he couldn't get anything to eat, "because he was nation hungry."

"Ring the bell, and they will bring you something," was the answer.

Paul did so; and having got and eaten a quantity of bread and cheese, felt in better spirits, and drawing close up into a corner and leaning his head against the wall, soon, in spite of the noise, fell fast asleep.

In this country, conspirators eat as well as other people—and they are quite right—great excitement and exertion require adequate supplies to keep up the steam; and as the ancients maintained—with their usual respect for nature—that even the fervour of love itself could not be kept up without victuals, so we may boldly, after their example, affirm that men can't fight, conspire, or commit crimes without a proper supply of beefsteaks and beer. To be hungry is generally to be gloomy and pusillanimous. Heroism is a quality of the stomach and it is wonderful to observe how much buffeting about our delicate microcosm can endure when it has been properly replenished and saturated with succulent animal and vegetable juices. Set a hungry man about anything and he will almost infallibly break down. In fact, it is a well-known axiom in natural philosophy that none but Scotchmen can fight before breakfast. Your true man from the north of the Tweed is used to short commons, and can put up with them; but he is a sort of solecism in the animal economy of the world, and we believe has no parallel, except occasionally among the New Zealanders, who keep their appetites for their enemies, that they may be able to eat up their day's work after they have finished it.

About eight o'clock Paul was roused from his nap by preparations for breakfast. Mutton chops and beefsteaks hissing hot from the gridiron made their appearance on every table, with lots of bread and foaming tankards of ale; and as plenty often renders men hospitable, the colliers were not unwilling to let their little prisoner share their grub. They put a nice chop before him, therefore, and bade him fall-to, which he did nothing loth, and when he had finished his task and washed it down with a little ale, he began to think his companions rather fine fellows on the whole. To be sure, they were going to kill somebody, but as he was clearly not the person he felt a considerable weight removed from his mind. He did not say so to himself, perhaps, but he probably felt that it would be much better for them to kill anybody else than him, especially as there was little chance of their victim being anybody he knew.

CHAPTER XXVI.—THE DAGGER AND THE LAW.

In the court-house of a neighbouring town several magistrates were sitting on the bench, examining certain witnesses, some of whom denied, while others deposed to the guilt of an accused person, who belonged to the class of colliers, and had been implicated in the first excesses of the great strike which was now agitating the whole north of England. Say what we will, there is a natural and almost necessary antipathy between the voluntary functionary of the law and the poor. The humbler classes don't feel or believe that the laws were made for them; on the contrary, they are fully persuaded that they are their greatest enemies, save always and except those who administer them. No doubt this is an anomalous state of things—no doubt it is deeply to be regretted that the laws should not command universal veneration; but I am stating facts, without undertaking to account for them, and I know that, throughout the millions who inhabit this country, the opinion is deeply implanted that our laws were fabricated by the oligarchy exclusively for their own benefit. If this be an error, which I am not prepared to admit, it is only to be eradicated by a long course of beneficence and justice on the part of the governing classes; and upon this course they do not as yet seem disposed to enter. The day of reform may be coming, but it is not yet come; and in the meantime magistrates are regarded with no respectful or friendly feelings in any part of this empire.

Had a stranger stepped into the court-house above mentioned, he would have become immediately conscious that an unpleasant feeling pervaded it. The magistrates, seated aloft on their crimson cushions, with their jolly port-wine faces, dashed with an air of rustic aristocracy, chatted with each other, apparently much after their usual fashion; though they were not altogether without uneasiness, both on account of the state of things out of doors, and of the character of the crowd which filled the court, and assumed every moment a more and more threatening aspect. The few officials present, though they displayed much of their habitual reliance on the law, could not but be aware that the whole country was in a ferment, and that, in the natural course of things, all the mal-contents hated them. Every now and then fresh numbers were added to the colliers who stood or sat listening to the accusation of their comrade. At first they expressed their disapprobation by low murmurs, which the magistrates thought it best not to notice; but at length, as one witness proceeded with his deposition, several voices exclaimed at once—

"Thee art a liar, and badst better mind thyself."

At this the presiding magistrate stopped the proceedings, and said that if any such indecent interruptions were again attempted he should be obliged to clear the court. At first that intuitive respect for authority, which is stronger, perhaps, in this country than anywhere else in the world, and may be said to supply the best possible proof of the sterling worth of our institutions on the whole, restrained the insolence of the audience; they relapsed into silence, and the examination of the culprit proceeded. Indignation, however, in the breast of the populace, like a storm, acquires strength by its own continuance. The interruptions became louder and more frequent, and the threats of the men in authority more emphatic. But the colliers, seeing that they had nothing to dread but threats, there being as yet no military in the place, by degrees assumed a different tone, and vociferated, all at once, to the magistrates, that if they did not act with more respect for justice and more consideration for the humble and oppressed, they would drag them from their seats and pitch them to a fiery locality familiar to those who go down into the pit.

It is a rare thing indeed in this country to behold the poor brought into direct collision with the rich; though everything, perhaps, indicates the tendencies of society to move in that direction. The frame and out-works of our oligarchy are so ancient, and rendered so venerable by habit, that it is a sort of secret article of faith, even with the most incensed and disaffected among the poor, that there exists some element of greatness in the aristocracy and gentry of the country, against which it is a sort of sin to lift a hand. This sentiment has been weakened much of late, but it is not yet eradicated; and at the time of which I speak it was exceedingly prevalent and powerful. But when the passions of a large class have been roused, they speedily silence their habitual scruples. During their whole lives, perhaps, the colliers now assembled in the court-house had scarcely dared to look a magistrate in the face; they now, however, confident in their numbers, not only ventured to bandy words with them, but actually leaped over the seats, filled the space appropriated to witnesses and culprits, and, climbing into the *sanctum sanctorum* of justice before the men of authority could effect their escape, took up their station between them and the doors, and shouted, with the most horrible oaths and imprecations, that if they did not proceed in a proper way with the examination of the man before them, not one of them should escape alive out of that place. Magistrates and country gentlemen are often deficient in enlarged views of politics and human nature, but seldom in courage; and on the present occasion they displayed no lack of it; they stayed the proceedings at once, and one of them standing before the rest, set the whole rabble at defiance, saying they might take his life, but should never terrify him into doing anything inconsistent with his honour. He was a fine hale country squire, about three-score years of age, with a comely countenance shaded by white hair, and a muscular figure which promised to hold out a tough contest with time. He had scarcely uttered the last word, however, before a man with a mask on his face shot up from amid the crowd, stood in front of the magistrates' seat, and drawing from his sleeve a small glittering dagger, plunged it into the speaker's heart. His spouting blood fell upon the assassin, who sunk again amid the crowd and disappeared. Two or three of the gentlemen, regardless of their own safety, leaped from the bench, in the hope of securing the murderer, but though no obstruction was offered to their progress, their efforts were unavailing. Returning to their friend, they found him in his last agonies, unable to speak, although conscious of his impending fate. In a few minutes he was a corpse, and the court-house nearly empty; the rabble had taken to flight, together with nearly all the limbs of the law and their satellites.

I have related this circumstance exactly as it occurred, without any of that pomp and solemnity which are usually made in narratives of this kind to attend upon the violent extinction of life. But except the single act of blood, there was nothing tragic in the whole affair. It was a vulgar, coarse, unromantic crime, inspired by no great revenge, and perpetrated for no great end. The colliers, goaded almost to madness by their hardships and privations, and through their ignorance left entirely at the mercy of their worst passions, had determined amongst themselves to form a society of assassins, for the purpose of taking off all those, high or low, who might appear to stand in the way of what they regarded as the bettering of their condition. Nothing is easier than to sophisticate ignorant persons; having passed their whole lives in an atmosphere of prejudice, and been possessed by false notions of everything, it requires no great skill to give these false notions a systematic form, and impregnate them with the leaven of iniquity, because they who are slaves to the floating and fantastical opinions in vogue, no matter what station in society they occupy, have in reality no firm basis on which to place their virtue, if they possess any. Inherited dogmas and ideas do little towards strengthening the character, or purifying and elevating the heart. The man who is worth anything makes his own morality, which he builds not out of traditional maxims, but of fixed and everlasting principles, as extensive in their operation as the utmost range of the system of which he himself forms a part. But no amount of education that can be imparted to the humbler classes will ever, it is to be feared, enable them to do this. They must take their morality more or less on trust. Among the latter, however, at the time of which I am speaking, there was scarcely any morality at all—save of that rude and coarse kind which depends as much on fear of the laws as on the habits and practices of society. If they did certain things they knew or believed they should be hanged, and therefore in general they did not do them. If they did certain other things experience had taught them they should outrage that gross modification of public opinion which existed in their class, therefore they abstained from them. Further than this, they had no glimmering of ethics.

Few, perhaps, have remarked how difficult it is to produce any permanent conviction in the minds of the ignorant and vulgar, who contemplate everything external to themselves from a point of view so low, and through an atmosphere so dense and obscure, that they scarcely see anything in its true light. They who stand loftiest among us, and look at the intellectual and moral world through the most transparent medium, often arrive, nevertheless, at erroneous conclusions, because of the complexity of the subject, the multiplicity of relations, and the disturbing influences of passion and sentiment which occasionally warp the tendencies even of the brightest and noblest minds. In what worse than Egyptian darkness, therefore, must the poor and uneducated live. Necessity reconciles them to many acts in their nature objectionable or equivocal. Without being, perhaps, conscious of it, they are often guilty of meanness, of fraud, of dishonesty, and many other vices. Instinct teaches them to bestow soft and extenuating names on their delinquencies; while, on the other hand, being possessed by some share of the national unenlightened conscience, they attach notions of guilt and impropriety to actions altogether innocent in themselves. To communicate with them for the purpose of correcting their habits or notions becomes consequently an affair of extreme nicety, because you have not only to teach them, but to convince them also that they require teaching, and that in what you propose you have really their good at heart. It is among the chief misfortunes of persons who have been much ill treated either by individuals or the world that they cannot easily be made to believe that any one feels for them or wishes them well, or would be at the pains to do anything for their sake. They attribute every appearance of friendship to a sinister motive, and imagine you affect to sympathise with them to answer some end of your own—in which they firmly believe, though they cannot discover it.

For these and many other reasons, the colliers have always remained immersed in moral darkness, which renders them easy to be misguided, but exceedingly impracticable when the object is to set them right. Nevertheless, when the magistrate had been assassinated, and they began to observe the effect which the crime produced, they felt greatly startled, especially as their ringleader hinted on the necessity of assassinating one or two of the witnesses who had been brought forward to substantiate the guilt of one of their number, accused of arson. The men that same evening were found dead in a lane, where they lay weltering in their blood; and no clue could at first be discovered, leading to the detection of the murderers.

Meanwhile the greater part of Northumberland, Durham, 'and several of the neighbouring counties was shaken by the effects of the strike. The colliers diligently collected arms, and meeting in immense numbers, drilled themselves at night upon the moors. The fear of the law appeared to have lost its efficacy. Even the presence of the military, who poured daily into the North, as into an enemy's country, with baggage, ammunition, and artillery, failed to produce the usual results. The movement went on increasing, and was strengthened by the persuasion, which nothing but stupendous ignorance could have generated, that it would be practicable for the working classes to seize upon the property of the wealthy and appropriate it to themselves. To give a colour to the proceeding, the leaders of the insurrection—for in reality it amounted to that—had continually in their mouths declamations on the subject of liberty; so that narrow-minded politicians among the oligarchy, or such as were interested in propogating a false belief, dexterously confounded the projects of these benighted and insane levellers with the tendencies of liberal opinions in general, and pretended that their partial outbreak was a natural and necessary consequence of the opinions propagated by liberal writers through the press.

But although this view of the matter was false, there still existed unquestionable causes of alarm. The insurgents had been taught, through no one knew what agency, to believe in the lawfulness of assassination. Secret societies meeting sometimes in remote and desolate places, as in the beer-shop and ruined windmill above described; sometimes in the ale-houses and crowded streets of the towns, drew up the muster-rolls of death, distributed daggers, and coolly inculcated the principle that to assassinate a rich man was to remove a public enemy—consequently, a virtuous rather than a vicious action. Still, to the credit of the educated classes be it spoken, there took place no instance of pusillanimous flight. The gentry firmly stood their ground—confronted the danger—reasoned, when opportunity offered, with their misguided neighbours; and sought to impress them with the belief that their past neglect and oppression ought rather to be attributed to the operation of general laws, acting alike on all classes, for the preservation of barbarism, than to any tyrannical propensities in the possessors of property. Even the murder of the magistrate, though reports of it spread like wild-fire, mixed up with innumerable exaggerations, produced no difference in their conduct. They seemed ready to brave the assassin's dagger, or any other form of peril to which the circumstances of the times might give birth, rather than ignobly abandon their posts, as persons have at various times done in other parts of the empire, where the consciousness of some deserving may possibly inspire more craven thoughts. An excited populace is terrible, but may often be successfully encountered by a frank and manly courage, upheld by the consciousness of rectitude—as was proved again and again by incidents which would all deserve to be narrated, were it my object to give here a complete history of the strike.

MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

By AUGUSTA M. HUTTMANN.

I'VE brought fresh flowers to deck thy lonely grave,
And shed their sweetness to the murmuring wind,
That sighs above thee, Mother! They'll flourish here,
In the green sod, upon thy gentle breast,
As thou didst in the summer of thy days.
But oh! when winter's chilling winds sweep by
They cannot brave the fury of the storm;
But passing in their loveliness away
They'll perish, e'en as thou.

* * *

I love to kneel beside thee when the night
Doth spread its star-gemmed mantle o'er the earth—
When the last hum of busy life is hushed,
And all is still,—save the soft lullaby
Of the night-wind, so musical and low;
For mingled with its quaint wild music come
The voices of the dead that sleep around:
Mournfully sweet their long-lost murmurs fall
Upon my heart. But when my dreamy eyes
Are lifted upward, with the vain, wild hope
That those I loved on earth are hovering near,
All that their anxious gaze can rest upon
Are the stars, beaming in the far-off sky—
As if they mirrored those sweet eyes that made
The sunlight of our home—and the dark trees
That shadow thy still grave.
Mother, forgive me! Sorrow should not come
Where thou dost dwell. Yet I have brought it there,
For thou wilt pity me; so sad and lone—
So young in years—so very old in grief.
I ask no sympathy from human kind:
They know me not; but, Mother, wert thou here
The passionate love that burns within my breast
Would all gush forth on thee—within thy heart
I'd find a resting place; and with thy love
The deep pure joys of heaven would be mine.

* * *

But this is idle, Mother! We *shall* meet
In the fair world where tears may never come;
I soon *shall* look upon thy angel face,
And hear the voice that was my music speak.
My days are numbered. When the snow-drops peep
From their white cov'ring, and the fresh green leaves
Put forth their beauty to the spring's warm breath,
I shall sleep with thee. It *is* young to die;
But not a sigh for earth, a wish for life,
Rises within me. Nothing that the world,
Rich though it be in beauty, can afford,
Can waken one regretful tear to dim
The rapture of that hour. There are none
Of those sweet ties it rends the heart to break
To bind me to the earth. One only prayer
Shall hover on my lips when death is there:
It is, that some kind hand will give to me
A grave beside thee, Mother.

A PAPER ON PANTOMIMES.

By MORRIS BARNETT.

PANTOMIMES are as natural to the Christmas holidays as plum pudding and mistletoe. We could almost as soon spare the former as the latter. The dark magician and the beneficent fairy are as necessary to perfect this peculiar season as snapdragon and the yule log. We confess our love for pantomimes and plum puddings. We have no especial affection for minced pies, they having somewhat of a foreign air about them, and lacking the good old English substantiality. Yet these be good things too, in their way, and may not be despised. We do not know whether we do not prefer the spicy elder wine and exciting rum-punch to the tawny wine of Oporto, and the golden grape of the far-famed Xeres. And so do we also prefer the rollicking Clown with his chalked visage, and the spangle-clad Colombine, to the long-sleeved Pierrot and pert *femme-de-chambre*, the "Columbine" of the Italian comedy. Pantomimes reach very far back—almost as far as the years beyond the flood. The old Greeks were great adepts in the science of human telegraphy; and as we are too late this month to reflect the high-ways and bye-ways of the instant new year's annuals in our "Theatrical Mirror," we shall take a backward glance, and gossip a little of the antiquity, the medieval state, and modern improvements in this special amusement of the present season.

The genuine comic pantomime is a thing purely English—the tricks are of English invention—and indeed the entire arrangement is of unmistakable English growth. Nothing exactly like it is to be seen—or has been seen—in Europe, Africa, or Asia. No; we are proud to say that *the* Christmas comic pantomime is our own, and is as natural to Englishmen as grumbling, foggy weather, trial by jury, and the liberty of the press.

The MIMES, or Latin MIMI, was a name common to a certain species of dramatic poetry, to the authors who composed them, and the actors who played them. The word comes from the Greek *μιμίομαι*, to imitate. We do not mean that the mimes were the only pieces which represented the actions of man, but that they imitated them in a more detailed and more expressive manner. Plutarch distinguishes two sorts of mimitic pieces: the one decent, of which the subject was as unobjectionable as was the style in which they were acted; and these approximated somewhat to our notion of comedy. The other was obscene and indecent—buffoonery and the grossest obscenity were their especial characteristics. Sophron, of Syracuse, who lived in the time of Xerxes, was the inventor of polite mimicry, to which he afterwards added moral lessons. Plato took great pleasure in reading the mimes of this author. But scarcely was the Greek stage formed ere it was deemed no longer imperative to amuse the people with farces, and with actors whose performances represented the vices in their most disgusting phases.

The mimes were also numerous amongst the Romans, and formed the fourth division amongst their comedies: the actors were distinguished by their imitation of the licentious manners of the times, as may be seen by the verse of Ovid:—

> "Scribere si fas est imitationes turpie Mimos."

They performed without shoes or stockings. This gave rise to their being sometimes denominated as the unshod, instead as was usual amongst the other three divisions, wearing the embroidered sandal, as the tragedians did the cothurnus. The mimes had their heads shaved, as the modern Clown—their dresses were of different colours, as our Harlequins—this was called *panniculus cintunculus*. They also appeared at times in magnificent habits, and robes of purple. But this was with the single object of raising the mirth of the commonalty, by the contrast of the senator's robe with the shaven crown and the shoeless feet. To this were added the most licentious jests and all sort of ridiculous posturings. The loud applause which greeted the pieces of Plautus and Terence did not prevent the same people from witnessing with pleasure the farces of the mimes, when they were interspersed with strokes of wit, and performed with decency. Cicero, writing to Trebatius, who was in Britain with Cæsar, says—"If you absent yourself much longer without doing anything, I much fear that you will be assailed by the mimes of Laberius." Notwithstanding, Publius-Syrius bore away the applause from this author; who, in disgust, removed to Ponzoli, where he consoled himself in his disgrace, by the instability of mundane affairs, of which he gave a lesson to his successful competitor in the following verse:—

"Cecido ego: cadet qui sequitur; laus est publica."

There still remain of Publius Syrius, sentences so grave and so judicious, that it is difficult to believe that they are extracts from the pieces represented by the mimes.

Pantomime amongst the Romans consisted of actors who, by their movements, by signs, by gestures, and without the aid of speaking, expressed passions, characters, and events. The name of pantomime, which signifies to imitate anything, was performed by that species of comedians who acted every sort of piece without having recourse to language, but who supplied the "human speech divine" by means of gestures, whether natural or conventional. It may easily be perceived that pantomimes might avail themselves of one or the other, especially as they were not too affluent of means to make them clearly understood. Indeed many conventional gestures had arbitrary significations, and it required a certain knowledge of the theatre to attain a knowledge of their meaning. Those who were not initiated into the mysteries of these spectacles required an instructor to give the explanation. Habit taught others, by degrees, to guess this dumb language. Pantomimes, at the end, became understood by the received gesture, not only were the words taken in their literal, but also in their figurative sense. Entire poems were rendered by dumb show. We cannot undertake to fix a date for the origin of pantomimes. Zozimus, Suidas, and many others, report that they had birth in the time of Augustus, perhaps in consequence of the two most famous pantomimists, Pylades and Bathyllus, appearing in the reign of this prince, who was passionately addicted to this style of spectacle. We know that the dance of the Greeks had much action—but the Romans were the first who rendered, by the means of gesture, the sense of a regular plot of a certain extension. The mimic was never accompanied but by a single flute. Pylades added several instruments and singing—it was thus he interpreted regular plots. To the voices of the chorus, composed of vocal and instrumental music, he expressed the sense of every description of poem. He excelled in the tragic dance, or we should rather say, in every style of piece. Bathyllus, his pupil and rival, but equalled him in comic dances. The emulation was so great between these two actors, that Augustus, to whom they caused considerable embarrassment, thought it necessary to speak to Pylades, and to exhort him to live in amity with his fellow pantomimist, who enjoyed the especial patronage of Mecenus. Pylades contented himself by answering "What better could happen to the Emperor than that the people should devote their attention to Pylades and Bathyllus?" It may be guessed that Augustus felt not inclined to reply to this remark. Indeed such was the taste for these sort of amusements that he alone could have dared to hear from the Roman people this idea of liberty, so dear to their ancestors.

We have cited as the two creators of the art of pantomimes, Pylades and Bathyllus, under the empire of Augustus. They have rendered their names illustrious in Roman history. It appears astonishing that the comedians who undertook to represent pieces only by action, could not avail themselves of the expression of the features in their declamations, as they acted in masks, as did the other comedians. The sole difference was, that their masks had not a gaping mouth, as the masks of the ordinary comedians, and which were much more agreeable. Macrobius relates that Pylades was angry upon the occasion of his acting "Hercules Enraged;" that the audience deemed his gestures too exaggerated for the occasion; he indignantly threw off his mask, and said to them, "Madmen that ye are! Know ye not, that I represent one even more mad than yourselves!"

After the death of Augustus, pantomimes made further progress. Under Nero there was one who danced without vocal or instrumental music, the "Loves of Mars and Venus." Afterwards pantomime represented several persons in the same piece, and soon they arrived, as with us, by complete *troupes*, who represented equally every description of piece, either tragic or comic. As these consisted of mere gestures, it will be easily conceived that the actions were exciting and animated. Cassiodorus says that they had an eye at the end of each finger. These sort of comedians caused the most prodigious sensation on the spectators. Seneca confessed that his taste for pantomimes was a positive passion.

The Chinese we know "from the time that the mind of man runneth not to the contrary," rejoiced in the existence of pantomimes. The dances of the Persians, are they not pantomimes? It is, however, certain, that at its birth, this art charmed the Romans; that they soon spread to the most distant provinces of the empire; and that they lasted until the fall of the empire. In the first years of the reign of Tiberius, the senate was necessitated to pass a law forbidding senators to be present at their exhibition, and that the Roman knights should not countenance them in public. "*Ne domos pantomimorum introiret, ne egredientes in publicum Equites, Romani cingerem.*" This decree sufficiently proves that the pantomime was cherished in this land of luxury, and that prejudice was useless when arrayed against pleasure. In the mean time the schools of Pylades and Bathyllus continued to exist, directed by their pupils, of whom the succession was uninterrupted. Rome was crowded with professors, who taught the art to a crowd of disciples, who turned every dwelling into a theatre. Not only did the women seek them for their amusement, but also from motives created by the most frenetic passions: "*Illis feminæ simulque viri, animus et corpora substituunt,*" says Tertullian. It is true that pantomimes were driven from Rome by Tiberius, by Nero, and other emperors, but their exile was but of short duration—the policy which drove them forth soon recalled them to please the people, and to appease the factions more dangerous to the empire. Domitian forbad them—Nero recalled them, and Trajan again dispersed them. At length even the people themselves, outraged by the scandalous exhibitions, demanded their expulsion, but they soon demanded their recal with increased ardour. The Emperor Antoninus perceiving that pantomimes were the cause of the neglect of commerce, eloquence, and philosophy, wished to limit their performance to certain days, but the populace murmured, and he was obliged to consent to their constant performance, despite their gross and disgusting indecency. Rome was too wealthy, too powerful, and too deeply steeped in voluptuousness to become virtuous—and the pantomimic art, which was so brilliantly introduced under Augustus, only sunk amid the ruins of the empire.

Much of the effect of pantomime depends upon its machinery, and wonderful as is the mechanical ingenuity that has in our day been brought to bear upon these entertainments, the principle was perfectly understood and made available in the olden time. It has been wisely said, there is nothing new under the sun, and, accordingly, we find that the ancients used many sorts of machines in their theatres, to introduce at one side of the stage the gods of the woods and the fields, and at the other the divinities of the sea. They had also others in the flies for the celestial gods, and beneath the stage for ghosts, for the furies, and the infernal gods. Pollux (L. IV.), tells us that these were a species of traps, by which the actors were raised to the stage, and which instantly redescended by the slacking of the forces which caused them to mount. These forces consisted, as in our theatres, of ropes, wheels, and counter weights. The ancients had three sorts—the descending trap—the other served for the descent of the gods, and the third to sustain in the air those who were supposed to fly. As the latter were somewhat like our wings, they were subject to the same accidents, for we read in Suetonius, that an actor, while performing the part of Icarus, fell near the spot where Nero was seated, and covered with blood the emperor and many of his suite.

Masks may be ranked amongst the foremost elements which impart peculiar delectation to the Christmas pantomime, and, like all other modern means and appliances, are of a far bye-gone invention. In the days of the Greeks and Romans, the mask was a species of helmet that completely covered the head, and which, besides the features of the face, represented the beard, the hair, the ears, and even the ornaments, which women employed in their coiffeur—at least so we learn from all the authors who have written on the subject, as Festus, Pollux, Aullus Gellius, &c. This is also the idea given to us by Phœdrus, in the well-known fable of "The Mask and the Fox":—

> "Personam tragicam forte vulpes viderat," &c.

This is a fact which innumerable *bassi relievi* and engraved gems render indisputable.

Theatrical masks did not at once assume this completeness—it was attained by slow degrees. It was by merely daubing their faces that the first actors commenced their vocation, and it was in this manner that the pieces of Thespis were represented: "quæ canerent *agerentæ*, peruncti fœcibus ora." They then thought of forming a species of mask with the leaves of a plant sometimes called *personata* amongst the Latins, as may be seen by the following passage of Pliny: *Quidam Arction personatum vocant, cujus folio nullum est latius.* When the dramatic poem was completed in all its parts, the necessity to represent different classes of persons, different ages, and different sexes, obliged the actors to seek some means to suddenly change the form of the face, and this necessity induced the use of masks; but we have no means of ascertaining to whom the invention is due. Suidas and Athenus give the honour to poet Hœrilus, the contemporary of Thespis; Horace, on the contrary, decides for Æschylus: *post hunc personæ pallæque repertor honestæ, Æschylus.* Yet Aristotle, who should be better instructed, tells us, in the fifth chapter of his Poetics, that they were ignorant in his time to whom the glory was due; but although we know not by whom this style of mask was invented, the names have been preserved of those who introduced a particular kind. Suidas, for instance, tells us that it was the poet Phrynicus who exhibited the first female mask upon the stage, and Neophronius of Sicyone, that of the domestics to whom the ancients entrusted the care of their children, and whence comes to us the word "pedagogue." On the other side, we are assured, by Diomede, that it was one Roscius Gallus who first wore a mask in the Roman theatre, to conceal a visual defect. Atheneus informs us that Æschylus was the first who dared to introduce upon the stage drunken characters in his piece of Cabires; and that it was a player of Megaria, named Masonius, who invented the comic masks used by servants and cooks. We also read, in Pausanias, that it was Æschylus who first used hideous and monstrous masks in his piece of the Euminides, but it was Euripides who first decorated the heads of these furies with wreaths of serpents. The subject of these masks were not always the same, for it is certain that at first they were composed merely of the bark of trees, and we discover, by Pollux, that they were subsequently made of leather covered with stuff; but as their form became easily injured, wood was ultimately used for the purpose. These were executed by the sculptors after the ideas of the poets. Pollux distinguishes three sorts, the comic, the tragic, and the satiric. He gave to all a special intention, and imparted to them all the deformity of which their character was susceptible—exaggerated features, an air hideous or ridiculous, a large gaping mouth, always ready, as it were, to swallow the spectators. There may be added to these, three sorts of masks—those that were termed orchestreque, or the dancers. These latter, of which there remain many specimens on antique monuments, had none of the defects to which we have adverted. "Nothing could be more agreeable than the masks of the dancers," says Lucian: they had not a wide mouth like the others—but their features were just and regular—their form was natural, and perfectly in harmony with the subject—these were frequently termed the Mute Mask. Independently of the masks of which we have spoken, there were three other styles, which Pollux has not distinguished, but which, notwithstanding, gave rise to other denominations, for, although these terms were afterwards used indifferently, to indicate every sort of mask, there is reason to believe that the Greeks were wont to design different sorts, for we find in their three styles of pieces, that the form and character answered strictly to the particular sense of each of these terms. The two others were less common—the one served to represent ghosts, the use of which was frequent in tragedy, and their appearance was not intended to produce any frightful sensations. The latter were made expressly to inspire terror, and represented only the most hideous faces, such as Gorgons and Furies. These different masks bore different names. It is probable that these names have not lost their original significations, though the masks had entirely changed their forms, in the time of the new comedy, for to that period the difference was exceedingly striking. But ultimately all the styles became confounded—the tragic and the comic masks differed but in size, and by greater or less uniformity, and it was only those of the dancers which preserved their first form. In general the form of the comic masks presented absurdities, and the tragic terror. The satirical masks, founded on the imagination of the poets, represented satyrs, fauns, the cyclops, and other fabulous monsters—each style of dramatic poetry had its distinctive features, by the aid of which the actor appeared conformable to the character he sustained.

It may not be uninteresting to examine in detail the advantages that resulted from the adoption of the mask by the ancients, and whether the inconveniences were so great as has been supposed. The theatrical people amongst the ancients were persuaded that a certain physiognomy was essential to the personage of a certain character, and that it was necessary that the design of the mask should be in strict keeping with the character represented. They placed after the definition of each personage, which it was the custom to place at the beginning of each piece, under the title of *Dramatis Personæ*, a design of the mask to be worn. This instruction seemed to them to be all important. In reality, these masks not only represented the face, but the entire head, whether large, small, shaven, or covered with hair, or round or narrow—they covered the entire head of the actor, and appeared to be made as though they literally contained the brain.

We can easily justify what we have advanced by opening the ancient manuscript of Terence, which is in the Royal Library of France, as also the "Terence" of Madame Dacier. The use of masks hindered the public from observing the ravages of time on the features of the actors who might be acting the parts of the young lovers. Hyppolitus, Nestor, and Hercules would not appear on the stage but with a head instantly recognisable and distinguishable by their known characters. The face under which the actor presented himself was always well selected, and never did they see an actor delineating an honest man with the physiognomy of a confirmed scoundrel. The composers of declamation (it is Quintillian who speaks) when they place a piece upon the stage, knew how to make the mask available—even the pathetic was common. In tragedy, Niobe appeared with a countenance of grief, and Medea announced her character by her atrocious physiognomy. Strength and Pride were depicted on the mask of Hercules, while that of Ajax presented features which expressed distraction and fury. In comedy the masks of servants, slave merchants, and parasites, the lower classes, the soldier, the agent, the courtezan, and the female slave, had each their distinctive semblances. They could discern by the mask the austere from the indulgent old man—the young who were prudent from those who were debauched—the young maiden from the dignified woman. If the father, upon the interest of whom comedy principally rested, was at one moment pleased and at another angry, one of the eye-brows of his mask would be knitted and the other smooth; and the greatest care was taken to exhibit to the spectator the side of his mask which the situation required. It may be conjectured that the actor, thus masked, turned sometimes to one side and sometime to the other, for the purpose of showing the side of his face which the sentiment expressed; above all, when acting scenes which required a change of action without changing his mask behind the scenes. For instance, if the father entered contented upon the stage, he presented the side of the mask on which the eyebrow was in its natural position, and when the feeling changed, he took care to present the side on which the eyebrow was knit, observing in every situation to always present the profile. There are gems extant which represent the double-faced mask, and many with the simple mask greatly diversified. Pollux, in speaking of the character-mask, says that of the old man who enacted the leading old man in the comedy should display vexation on the one side and serenity on the other. The same author also says, in speaking of the tragic masks, that they should be characterised ; that the one worn by Thamiris, the famous hero celebrated by his courage and rashness, who was stricken blind by the Muses because he had contemned and dared their power, should have one eye blue and other black.

The masks of the ancients imparted a great air of truthfulness to those admirable pieces in which the plot grew out of an error, in which one actor was taken for another. The spectator, who was himself deceived in striving to discover the two actors, which the masks could render as similar as was desired, would easily conceive that the actors themselves might be mistaken. They gave themselves up to the illusion without difficulty—to the supposition upon which the incident of the drama was founded; instead of which the supposition amongst ourselves seems impossible. In Shakspere's "Comedy of Errors," and in the two pieces of Molière and Regnard, imitated from Plautus, we know, at the first glance, the men who have given rise to the mistake are two different persons.

How, then, can we suppose that the other actors, who see them even nearer than ourselves, should be mistaken? It is custom alone that reconciles us to this absence of all illusion. The ancient masks also afforded the power to men of enacting female characters, more especially when we reflect how vast were the theatres at Rome. The recital of Aulus Gellius of an adventure which happened to an actor named Polus, who played the character of Electra, sufficiently proves that, in the ancient distribution, female parts were enacted by men. Aulus Gellius relates that this Polus, acting at theatre at Athens the part of Electra, in the tragedy of Sophocles, entered on the stage carrying an urn, in which were deposited the real ashes of one of his children, who had but just died. It was in that portion of the piece where Electra believes that the urn contains the ashes of her brother Orestes. When Polus seemed touched, upon apostrophising the urn, the whole assemblage sympathised with his sorrow. Juvenal says, in his criticism of Nero, that there should be placed at the feet of the statue of the Emperor masks, thyrses, and the robe of Antigone, as trophies in honour of the memory of his great actions. This discourse manifestly supposes that Nero had taken the part of Eteocles or Polynices, in some tragedy. They introduced, so by means of these masks, the people of every nation with their special physiognomies.

Julius Pollux, who wrote his work for the Emperor Comodus, assures us that in the ancient Greek comedy, that the actors imitated living citizens, the actors wearing portrait masks of the person represented in the piece. Socrates saw upon the stage at Athens an actor who wore a mask that resembled him, while Aristophanes introduced a personage under the proper name of Socrates in the comedy of "The Clouds."

The same Pollux gives a very curious detail of the different character of the masks, which were worn in comedies as well as tragedies. But on the other side they caused the spectators to lose the pleasure of seeing the expression of the passions, and of recognising them by the features of the actors. Every expression of an impassioned man affects us, and we are moved in a greater degree than where the passions are interpreted by means of action and the voice. Besides, the ancient actors could not render visible in their faces the symbols of the passions. It was rare that they quitted the mask, and there were many who never appeared upon the stage without them. We lose much, it is true, by our actors wearing rouge, which destroys the truthful effect which would be otherwise produced by the change of colour produced by the working of the various emotions, which in nature has a powerful effect upon the feelings. But the mask of the ancient actors still more concealed this than does the comparatively modern adoption of rouge. It may be conceded in favour of masks that they did not conceal the eyes of the actor, and that the eyes speak more intelligibly than any other feature. We must avow that the greater number of the passions, and more especially the tender, could not be so well expressed by a masked actor as by one whose face was visible. The latter may avail himself of all the means to express passion which the actor masked could employ, and cause us to behold much of which the other could not avail himself. The fact is, that it was impossible that the play of the features could have been distinctly seen by the spectators at so great a distance from the actor. The ancients derived an advantage from the concavity of their masks, which served to augment the sound of the voice; this we learn from Antris Gellius, who daily witnessed their performances. Those who acted tragedy covered their heads with masks of wood, and it was the opening which they had the means of managing which enabled the listeners to hear their declamations at so great a distance. While the masks served to convey the voice across so extended an arena, the spectators could have lost but little by not distinguishing the expression of the face, unless assisted by a Rosse's telescope. Though the expression was missed, still could they easily discern the age, and the other marked character of the mask. There is little question but the ancient masks were necessary to the ancient theatres. The Abbe Pachichelli has sought the origin and uses in his treatise *de Marcheris ceu Larvis;* and an erudite Italian, Ficoronius Franciscus, has gathered on the same subject most curious particulars in a later dissertation. But in spite of these literary and antiquarian researches, there is much yet that requires explanation on the subject of masks. Perhaps this would not have been the case, had we not lost the books that Dionysius, of Halicarnassus, Rufus, and many other writers of antiquity had written on the subject of theatres. Plabbius derives the word mask from Masca, which he says, properly signifies a sorcerer in the laws of the Lombards. In Dauphiny, in Savoy, and in Piedmont, they still continue to call sorcerers by this name, because they disguise themselves. Thus we call masks a false face, and hence our masquerades.

It is said that Harlequin owes his origin to a famous Italian comedien who arrived in France in the reign of Henry the Third. As he frequently visited the house of the President Harlai, who patronised him, his comrades called him in derision or through envy Arlechino. Originally he was the established wit of the Italian comedies; he enunciated *apropos* of the time; and spared neither the throne, the pulpit, nor the bar; but the public grew tired—time bereft him of his teeth, and policy of his tongue; and all that now remain to him are his patched suit, his mask, his Italian cap, and his lath. He trips and attitudinizes—leaps through walls—is shot out of cannons, and leads a wandering life. For two months in the year he rejoices in the genial warmth of the foot-lamps; then disappears; and is seen no more till the year has revolved upon its axis. He comes with the winter, and then is lost in the crowd of thirty-shilling-a-week histrions. And thus also with Columbine, who, from being the petted *soubrette* of Goldoni, and scores of Italian farce writers, has in her decadence been fain to exist on Christmas favours, during the run of the pantomime, and then is seen in the front line of the ballet, and is the foremost figure in the picturesque groupings.

Pantaloon belongs to the same Italian family, and derives his name from the drawers formerly worn, to which were attached the stockings. His costume has somewhat changed in this respect, but the rest of his dress is still that which was worn at Venice. He is a servile dotard, who serves as the shuttlecock of Clown and Harlequin.

The rollicking fun of Clown seems to have departed with Delpini and Grimaldi—the thefts now-a-days are the prosiest of petty larcenies—and apart from the conventional "Here we are! How are yer?" and sundry tumbles and flip-flaps, and "Hot Codlins," the true spirit has evaporated. Still we welcome them gleefully, for they bring back to us the bright moments of our "salad days," when all was green, and though "Time has thinned our flowing hair," Christmas would not be Christmas to us did we miss the annual advent of The New Comic Pantomime.

THE TEMPEST.

Along the sea, towards the lea,
  A hoary mist is seen,
Like an airy shroud or snowy cloud,
  O'erhanging the billows green.

'Tis the tempest's car; he comes from far—
  He traverses earth and sea;
And where'er he hath his boisterous path,
  He rides triumphantly.

Upon his throne of clouds, alone,
  He sits like a monarch stern;
And spirits of air to him repair,
  His mighty behests to learn.

The quivering trees resist the breeze,
  But their struggling arms are torn;
The giant oak scarce bears the stroke,
  But stands like one forlorn.

The leaves off rent like dust are sent,
  Scattered sear and red;
They strew earth's face like a wither'd race,
  And lie on the cold ground dead.

The high woods crack, like a world on the rack,
  And the caves howl loud and wild;
The torrent wars as it beats the shores—
  The tempest's favourite child.

Along the plain he extends his reign,
  And ruleth with furious blast;
The streams of each river foam and quiver
  Wherever his spirit hath passed.

Through tott'ring walls, or mould'ring halls,
  Through castle and turret high;
Through cottage and shed, all lonely and dread,
  He whistles and howleth by.

Through the lowly reeds he madly speeds,
  And his voice sounds harsh and shrill;
He breaks the rest of the owlet's nest,
  When he travels uncurb'd at will.

From peasant to peer he worketh fear,
  All tremble throughout the land;
Aghast and pale, their spirits quail,
  To mark his boisterous hand.

O'er the murm'ring deep the low winds creep,
  They moan o'er the heaving wave;
And the waters roll like a troubled soul,
  And tumble, and foam, and rave.

The scudding bark, on the billows dark,
  Like lightning darts along;
For who shall stay His potent sway,
  When the tempest brews so strong?

The bending mast, by the giant blast
  Like a willow-wand is rent,
With a fearful crack, on ocean's track
  The ruins far are sent.

The storm with showers augments its powers,
  Rude darkness lends its aid;
The clouds arise to hide the skies,
  And nature's wrapp'd in shade.

The bright light streams with vivid gleams,
  The thunder booms aloud;
The nations quake, and the wild rocks shake,
  At the tumult of the cloud.

The falling rains plough up the plains,
  And rattle on moor and hill;
'Tis an awful sound as they beat the ground,
  Or swell the mountain rill.

The lowing herd, the flatt'ring bird,
  A sheltering covert seek;
But through their sheds, and round their heads,
  The winds and torrents break.

Ah! who would be far out at sea,
  Alone on the rolling deep,
When the whirlwinds ride on the yesty tide,
  And the billows madly sweep?

Ah! who would be on hill or lea,
  On barren heath or rock,
To grapple there with the powers of air,
  Or meet the tempest's shock?

Ah! where is he, though brave he be,
  Would greet the raging storm;
Nor feel aghast as the driving blast
  Swept onward its awful form?

'Tis a fearful sway, by night or day,
  The stormy tempest wields;
Then praise we that power who in such an hour
  The wretched outcast shields.

LIFE ASSURANCE IN REFERENCE TO BUILDING SOCIETIES.

For the last ten or fifteen years a new feature of industry has arisen in this country, which has the noble object in view of enabling the poorer classes of the community to become independent householders, in some measure like their richer fellow members of humanity. A series of societies have been, and are still being formed in great numbers all over the country, under the name of *Building Societies*, for the purpose of affording to the working classes facilities for appropriating their savings to investment in the purchase of houses. The members principally consist—first, of parties called *investors, or non-borrowers*, who pay in their savings monthly, that they may at the end of a certain time (generally ten or fourteen years) receive back a large sum, representing the compound accumulations of those savings; and, secondly, of borrowing members, who enter for the purpose of at once borrowing sufficient money to purchase a house, the purchase-money being secured by a mortgage of the house for a certain period, which is redeemable by monthly payments during that time. It is almost inconceivable the rapidity with which these societies have multiplied during the last two or three years, and although many of them are formed on a principle of payment which is palpably erroneous, yet all seem to succeed in inducing an amount of subscription which, in the gross, must be estimated at many millions of pounds sterling. Of course the borrowers are in great numbers, and as yet there is no doubt (whatever be the practical objections to the pretended theory upon which the rules of payment are grafted) that a vast amount of economical spirit is promoted, which must have a beneficial effect on the habits of the industrious yet ill-paid portion of this nation. One point, however, of great importance has been until lately lost sight of, which we are glad to perceive is now attempted to be provided for. We allude to the circumstance that, as most of the *borrowers* are men possessed of incomes depending upon their lives, in many instances the object of several years' saving has been frustrated by their sudden death; inasmuch as by that event before the house is redeemed from the building society, it is liable to be seized and sold again for the remainder of the debt; unless the family of the borrower are in a position to continue the monthly payment for the remainder of the time agreed upon. This, unfortunately, too rarely is the case, and great has been the suffering in many families by the sudden loss of its head, and, consequently, the result of his savings. This, then, is an instance of the advantage of life assurance, which, properly applied, can remove entirely the disastrous effect of the painful contingency. Until lately assurance companies have apparently regarded the matter as one not sufficiently important to make it an object of special consideration. In the last year, however, some of the assurance offices have taken it up, and made considerable efforts to arrest the attention of borrowing members to the liability their families are exposed to, in case of their sudden death, unless their lives are assured. Of these offices, the Western Life Assurance seems to be that which has met the peculiar difficulties of the question in the most comprehensive manner. The actuary of that society, Mr. Scratchley (a gentleman of considerable authority in matters relating to building societies), has, with great practical shrewdness, devised two plans, which combine every contingency that can affect a borrower's family, both in respect to the amount of his monthly payments, or the peculiar construction of the building society to which his house is mortgaged. These plans, and others prepared by other assurance companies—as the Great Britain, &c., are very fully explained in the respective prospectuses; and we feel that we cannot too strongly urge upon all borrowers the necessity of their availing themselves of the facilities thus abundantly offered to them of protecting their families from loss; and, in conclusion, we may mention that every information they can desire upon this subject can be ascertained, without expense, by application at the offices.

DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL MIRROR.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.

THE old aspersion that the English is not a musical nation, that the elements necessary to constitute a lyrical composer were absent, that the taste of the people was lacking, we have earnestly and upon all occasions strenuously combated. When England was merry England, she could boast of writers who might proudly take rank with the most accomplished composers of the Continent, and though the refulgence of our stage poets cast all the sister arts into a comparative shade, still did music hold her humanising sway from the court to the cottage. There was not a family of the middle classes that could not join in the madrigal or glee; reading at sight was an almost universal accomplishment, and though the means and appliances for the production of a complete opera were wanting, because they were then unknown, yet did the people languish for the musical interpretation of the drama. In all the loftier phases of the divine art England has ever been foremost—the master minds of other nations have here found a home and an abiding place, when the want of patronage has driven them forth from their native lands. They have been welcomed here, and here have been first heard their most inspired works. When Germany refused to alleviate the necessities of Beethoven, the warm hand of a sympathising friendship was extended to him by our Philharmonic. Here, too, the lamented and greatly-gifted Mendelssohn was, in his youth, warmed into self-appreciation; here the giant Handel produced his mighty musical epics; and here were first heard many of the most exquisite quartetts of Haydn. The strongest proof of a pure love of art is a kindred love for its professors; and in what other nation of the earth have the disciples of the art received a more genial welcome? Music is an universal language—its sounds appeal at once to all sympathies—and albeit the climate may impress upon it a peculiar colouring, still the melody, which to music is as the soul to the body, awakens in all hearts a responsive chord.

It has been said, and truly said, that when the appointed time for any special development has arrived, the means invariably present themselves for its reception and welcome. Operatic music since Purcell wrote—who, it would seem, at one bound reached perfection—had not received any specific impetus; indeed, the true lyric drama, as now understood, could not be said to exist, operas were merely comedies interspersed with ballads, and the intrigue of the pieces and the conflicting passions of the actors were rendered by dialogue. The expression of dramatic emotion by musical means was not dreamed of, and the giving a peculiar musical colouring to the subject did not exist. The *Artaxerxes* of Arne, is the single work built upon the Italian model which had succeeded—some others were attempted, but failed to attract. The foreign operas succeeded somewhat under the management of Mr. Arnold, at the old Lyceum, but from the general poverty of the then Continental *repertoires*, he was fain to have recourse to native writers. The new theatre was opened with *Nourjahad*, the music written by Mr. Edward Loder. In this there was much merit, but the poem was essentially un-lyrical in the construction, and after keeping a short possession was consigned to oblivion. Then came John Barnett's *Mountain Sylph*, which, despite the puerility of the subject, and other poetical drawbacks from the spirit, truth, and freshness of the melodies, and the picturesqueness of the scene, secured an unparalleled popularity. Subsequently, Mr. Bunn opened Drury Lane with the special object of producing opera, and under his management our native composers found a medium for the audition of their works. Barnett, Balfe, Loder, Macfarren, Lavenu, and others, each produced works with more or less success; but the means were not then available to produce them with efficiency, and hence the attempt ultimately failed. M. Jullien has commenced his managerial career under peculiarly fortunate circumstances, for he has been enabled to collect a vocal *troupe* capable of interpreting the most important works. That no effort will be spared to render Drury Lane a grand operatic establishment, even his short management has sufficiently evidenced. From such an orchestra, and such a choral force—the real foundations of lyrical completeness—as have been collected, the highest results may be secured. English composers have now no excuse to render on the score of inefficient rendering—they will have to rest on their own merits, and must stand or fall upon their individual desert.

The opening of the theatre as a Grand Opera will prove an epoch in England. M. Jullien thus far has not kept the word of promise to the ear and broke it to the hope, for the concentration of means is unparalleled in any Continental theatre. It must be kept in mind that the lyrical drama in this country depends on the single unassisted energy of the director. There are no 50,000*l.* advanced by the Government for its culture and duration. The remuneration cannot even be secured by an *ad valorem* duty. The most lavish expenditure may be wasted, the finest judgment exercised in vain, the most accomplished company engaged, and the merest accident may destroy success. There is no special fund to fall back upon for sustenance; commercial distress, inclement weather, counter-attraction, and the thousand ills that theatres are heir to, may crush the best organised plans, and blight the prospects. And then it must be considered that, of all theatrical exhibitions, opera is the most expensive; the elements are so numerous and various, and the period necessary for the perfect rendering of works so lengthened. Still, we think such is the universal love for lyrical art in England, that, despite all difficulties —and these are legion—that the present attempt will be triumphant.

The aristocracy may now listen without fear of having their aurical refinement wounded. They may hear their favourite *Lucia* in an English theatre, without dishonouring comparisons with the Italian singers, and be present at an ensemble equal to any European establishment. Give to the present worthy attempt but the prestige which fashion secures, and we need not fear that English composers will have to veil their bonnets before the much be-praised composers of Germany, Italy, and France. A fitting arena and a general patronage are all that is wanting. Independently, however, of this consideration, a proper school is necessary for its proper culture; let this be once established, and we have no fears. And even if, as has been well observed by a contemporary, that for the present we must have recourse to the works of foreign composers, they must still be our teachers; and if in the long run they teach us to beat them, so much the greater our profit. The French are really less musical than ourselves, but they have a superior musical stage; and it is to their old and constant practice of naturalising in their own national opera, the Academie Royale de Musique, the productions of Italy and Germany that their superiority is owing. This practice is of a century's standing, and ever since the days of Glück and Pacini, whose rivalry as writers for the French stage will be ever memorable in the annals of music, it has been continued without the slightest interruption. Not only the public, but the most eminent men of letters, took a zealous interest in the progress of their national opera, and evinced it by strenuously supporting, according to their taste and predilections, the one or the other of these two great men.

Pacini, upon his arrival at Paris, knew scarcely a word of French, but the great Marmontel gave him lessons. Marmontel's own account of the matter is amusing and instructive. "Imagine," he says, "the trouble I had in giving him lessons! Line by line, word by word, I had everything to explain, and when he had laid hold of the meaning of a passage, I recited it to him, marking the accent, the prosody, and the cadence of the verses. He listened eagerly—and I had the satisfaction to see that what he heard was carefully noted down. His delicate ear seized so readily the accent of the language and the measure of the poetry, that in his music he never mistook them. It was an inexpressible pleasure to me to see him practise, before my eyes, an art of which I had, till then, no idea. His harmony was in his mind—he wrote his air with the utmost rapidity, and when he had traced its design, he filled up all the part of the score, distributing the parts of melody and harmony just as a skilful painter would distribute on his canvass the colours, lights, and shadows of his picture. When all this was done, he opened his harpsichord, which he had been using as his writing-table, and then I heard an air, a duet, a chorus, completed in all its parts, with a truth of expression, an intelligence, a unity of design which delighted both my ear and my feelings." From that time downwards, an uninterrupted series of great German and Italian composers have devoted their talents to the French musical stage. Among them are Sacchini, Wurzer, Spontini, Cherubini, Paer, Rossini, and Meyerbeer—the writer might have added Balfe—and to the emulation inspired by them, we owe the best works of Michael Kreutzer, Le Sueur, Boieldieu, Auber. We feel assured that a similar system will produce a similar result.

It was judicious to open the theatre with the opera of the *Lucia*, for the subject was well known, and the music had acquired a universal popularity. The new singers could be tested by their antecedents, and a fair judgment exercised upon their claims to public estimation. The introduction of foreign *prime donne* upon the English stage is of very ancient usage. Billington, Mara, Storace, Malibran, and others, had each become almost naturalised; and therefore the engagement of so brilliant a vocalist as Madame Dorus Gras was a fine stroke of policy. This lady was greatly esteemed as an eminent concert singer in England, and had created many of the leading characters at the Grand French Opera; yet did M. Jullien, not content with this invaluable acquisition to our stage, avail himself of the admitted talents of Miss Birch; thus affording the opportunity of a generous emulation. To analyse the artistic peculiarities of Madame Dorus Gras would be supererogatory; but we may not pass by her truly wondrous execution and the brilliant quality of her voice. The music of the gentle *Lucia* is admirably adapted to her means, and might have been specially written for her. Her acting is gentle and truthful—there is intensity without exaggeration, and her action is graceful and unembarrassed. Perhaps the exuberance of her ornaments might be judiciously tempered, as it in some respect weakens the dramatic sentiment. One ruling charm of her singing is the certainty of the intonation, and in this respect she imparts greater pleasure than is afforded even by the vocal marvels of Persiani. Her reception was general, and she has established herself as one of the most refined artists that has appeared on the boards of an English theatre.

Mr. Sims Reeves, the new tenor, was engaged some few years back at Drury Lane as a second, but his voice was then immature, and his style uncultivated. Since which he visited Italy, placed himself under the most renowned masters, studied zealously, and is returned to us with an organ rich, smooth, and powerful, and with a style pure, refined, and instinct with dramatic feeling. The conception of the character of Edgardo was excellent—it was shorn of none of its romance—the passion was well depicted—the bounding hope of the opening duet—the vehemence of the curse in the second act, and the deep pathos of the famous "Fra poco," was full of gushing tenderness and tearful grief—the gushing melody of the final scene, were each and all finished with the nicest elaboration, while the art was not visible. A more touching and poetical delineation of the character we have never witnessed. The public felt at once that they now possessed a first-rate tenor, who combined with a naturally splendid voice musical feeling and stage knowledge. We need hardly add that the *début* of Mr. Reeve, was eminently successful; that the recals before the curtain were innumerable, and the ovations genial and enthusiastic. Mr. Whitworth, the new barytone, has also studied in Italy, in which land of song he had appeared on many stages. His voice is good in tone, though not always in perfect tune—but he possesses great advantages by the possession of personal appearance and natural action. The choruses were magnificently rendered, and the orchestra, under the direction of the celebrated symphonist and *feuilletonist*, Hector Berlioz, was irreproachable in its execution and unity. The completeness and correctness of the costumes and scenery were worthy all praise—the old conventionalisms were abandoned, and the entire picture, musically, pictorially, and dramatically, was quite perfect.

One of the promised novelties of the programme has been produced. The new opera by Balfe, *The Maid of Honour* is founded on the ballet of *Henriette*, written by M. St. George, for the Academie Royale, and was performed in London with Lucile Grahn as the heroine. It has been cleverly lyricised by Mr. Fitzball, and is mounted with an affluence of numbers and splendour, and a strict attention to the smallest details. Here, then, a true English opera—the music composed by a native, the poem written by an Englishman, the story placed in the reign of good Queen Bess, and all the characters sustained by the Queen's "true and loyal lieges." The nationality is here indisputable, and the interpretation throughout might bear worthy comparison with any work produced at the most famous Continental theatres. This fact speaks volumes in proof of our capability of creating and sustaining a national opera-house, even without foreign aid. The success will act as an impetus to our "native talent," and must convince them that now there no longer exists any bar to the exhibition of their merits. The story has the requisite simplicity and clearness of construction so necessary to opera. It unfolds itself naturally, and the characters are well defined. There are no wide gaps of time to leap over, nor is the mystery "hid in triple steel." There is no necessity to enter into an analysis of the plot, as it is well known as the favourite French ballet of *Henriette*.

A new opera by so popular a composer as Mr. Balfe necessarily causes some sensation in the musical world. The ballad-singing admirers of that gentleman attend the first night in the hope of hearing some of those sentimental ditties which interesting young ladies love to warble, and to which interesting young gentlemen love to listen. Musicians make it a point to attend, in the hope of discovering some improvement and more serious aim in the mark of a man who is supposed, however erroneously, to represent the state of British musical art in the nineteenth century. That both these classes were disappointed on the present occasion is our honest opinion, for the ballads are for the most part tuneless, and the concerted pieces generally unworthy of the grand opera. The overture is "full of sound and fury, signifying nothing." It has neither design nor connection, and is, to borrow a Teutonic phrase, *Gehaltlas*. Upon the rising of the curtain a madrigal is sung by the chorus. It is written in imitation of the celebrated Elizabethan madrigalists, but lacks the fancy and clearness of design, and contrapuntal effects in which these writers excelled. The scene of the Statue Fair, which is concerted throughout, possesses a clamorousness which is not out of keeping with the dramatic intention. The concluding scene of the first act contains a ballad, "The Red Cross Knight," sung by Miss Birch, in which the composer has striven not unsuccessfully to be original; an effective duet, sung by Mr. Reeves and Miss Birch; a duetino, sung by the same lady and Miss Miran, which is weak even for the situation; and a concerted piece in which the ballad previously sung by Miss Birch is repeated by the tenor, accompanied by three voices. This *morceau* contains some agreeable progressions of harmony, and is on the whole ingeniously constructed.

The chorus of huntsmen and soldiers in the second act has breadth and vigour; the instrumentation, however, is much too noisy. The music allotted to Queen Elizabeth evidences a tendency to observe the characteristic distinctions without which no work can be said to be dramatic. Mr. Balfe, doubtless, desired to impart a certain power and dignity to the music of the Virgin Queen, and we give him full credit for his good intentions. The masque scene is exceedingly good, and the song sung by Miss Miran has abundant merit. The opera concludes with a rondo for Miss Birch, full of vocal difficulties, and some brilliancy, though without the charm necessary to impress the subject on the memory. The hit of the opera is a ballad, "In that Old Chair." It was exquisitely rendered by Mr. Reeves, but we doubt its ever attaining the same popularity as "We may be happy yet," "You'll remember me," &c., &c. Mr. Balfe's score is marked by the same absence of the higher qualities of musical art which is so obvious in his former works. He appears rather to retrograde than to progress. To sum up, the music is deficient in originality and character, the *ensemble* meagre, and the orchestration noisy and colourless. He can embellish a dull thought with a kind of orchestral *broderie*, which may tickle the ears of the uninitiated, but will never satisfy the genuine musician. Who would deck a skeleton in flowers, and think it beautiful? The *encores* were, however, numerous, and the opera received throughout with enthusiasm.

The principals were called before the curtain, as were Mr. Balfe and M. Jullien.

The theatre has been crowded nightly, and we have no doubt that if the same spirit and liberality of the management continue, that the same patronage will be continuous.

THE THEATRES.

Managers, machinists, scenic artists, and costumiers, and all the thousand-and-one animate and inanimate have been on the *qui vive* during the last month. Burlesque and pantomime have challenged each other; and we are fain to confess, despite our old affection for the latter, that the former have conquered. The pantomimes, with the single exception of the Surrey and Marylebone comic annuals, have been but poor in thought and feeble in execution. The Italian Pierrot at the Adelphi has been eclipsed by our English clown; and the burlesque at the Haymarket, concocted by the *élite* of the Punch Club, is scarcely worthy the wit of A'Beckett and his *fides achates*, Mark Lemon. Planche still asserts his potency at the Lyceum, assisted by the graceful taste of Madame Vestris. The various minors have done their spiriting effectively; and the result is, despite fog and damp, full houses and rich treasuries.

LITERARY MIRROR.

TOWN AND COUNTRY. A Novel, in three volumes. By MRS. TROLLOPE. London, 1847.

MRS. TROLLOPE is not a woman of taste. She selects for the subject of her novels incidents the most opposed to the refined, and introduces characters which could not be sketched otherwise than in the most disagreeable terms. One of the principal personages of the present novel is the Prince of Wales, whose gallantries and adventures were not always of the kind most likely to be suitable for the perusal of ladies. The use, however, made of him in the volumes before us is infinitely disgusting. He ought not to have been introduced at all, but when he had been it was unnecessary to make him subservient to designs so infamous. The rage of the novelists of the present day is for disagreeable old husbands with very young wives. In one production, after another we encounter this, and what is still more absurd, the gentlemen are represented as far removed from the confines of humanity as possible. To render them more interesting, they are often crabbed, morose, repulsive in their manners, and possessed of the most peculiar views upon things in general. Mrs. Trollope's old gentleman does not appear under such brilliant auspices at first. No; he is there all refinement, all gentleness, all suavity of manner. But no sooner does he change, than he does so with a vengeance. He is all of a sudden transformed into a monster, perfectly savage and low in his manners. He ill uses his wife, and addresses her in the style of a cabman or coal-heaver. People who were inclined to be severe might say that Harriet, the heroine, only met with a deserved punishment, in thus sacrificing herself in all her youth and beauty upon the shrine of wealth. She married Mr. Cuthbert with her eyes open, she was induced by no romantic ideas of benefiting her family. To exalt self, to become mistress of an establishment, to have many under her sway, to be surrounded by all the paraphernalia of fashion, to see around her gorgeous magnificence of furniture and dress—this was the ambition which slumbered in her heart—for this fancy, this transient feeling, she sacrificed her truest affections and her heart's best interests. Mrs. Trollope may endeavour to impose upon us as she pleases, by telling us that at first she really loved Mr. Cuthbert. We deny that love can exist in such a case. It was a marriage got up upon the spur of the moment. Harriet may have forgotten that she had feelings, but she enlisted none of them on her wedding-day. They were all left in the arbour where she parted from Charles Maitland, the poet, whom she loved all the time. She forgot her feelings, we say, but only while the first dream of show lasted, and remembered them when, after her marriage, she met her early love in London. Her husband, won at first by her beauty, soon makes it subservient to a most shameful end. He throws her in the way of the Prince of Wales,—constantly, purposely, in the hope that in consequence of the affection he hopes to see spring up between them, he may be exalted. Into a further investigation of the merits of "Town and Country" it is by no means desirable to enter. Mrs. Trollope has made a complete failure in the present instance, has displayed her bad taste to the utmost, and gone out of her way for the purpose of bringing us in contact with immorality and levity.

SAVINDROOG; OR, THE QUEEN OF THE JUNGLE. By CAPTAIN RAFTER. Longman and Co. 1848.

SINCE the publication of the "Kuzelbash," we have not read an eastern novel more pleasing or exciting than "Savindroog"—more replete with adventure, or containing more splendid descriptions; but with all these recommendations it possesses a few faults, among which we may mention the introduction of innumerable exclamations and sentences in the Oriental languages, and of those long accounts of various revels. We likewise object to that strange mixture of Asiatic and European conversation which we find scattered about the book; we should have all Eastern or all European, and it is better that the latter should have the preference. It is impossible to create a taste for the Oriental style, we should therefore prefer having their language translated into good English.

To those who admire stirring adventure we would especially recommend this novel, for, from the first scene to the last, we have action. The plot, though simple in construction, contains so many ramifications that it would be impossible for us to follow it. We may, however, observe, that the principal parts are borne by Kempè, the Bheel chieftain, Kistna, the hero, and the Begum, the heroine. The story is rapid, and, with the exception of a few tiresome descriptions, but little occurs to distract attention. The character of the heroine is well sustained throughout, and supports the distinction which the

Ragpootani girls have ever obtained. Without being at all masculine, as they are occasionally depicted, she possesses all that natural firmness, united with the most perfect feminine gentleness, which adds so great a charm to woman. These qualities are not dwelt upon, but we feel them whilst reading. Kempè, the robber chieftain, is a bold, reckless character; brave, but cruel and ungenerous; with many other qualities that excite admiration, but tainted with all the vices incident to the nature of his calling.

Captain Rafter has written a very able book, but we think that he might do better. He has the power in him—let him use it.

TWO LECTURES ON THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF MAIMONIDES. By Dr. A. Benisch, Wertheim, 1847.

THE literature of the Jewish nation is but imperfectly known, even to the learned, and is totally forgotten by the general reader. The very names of those great lights that have shone in Israel have for the most part passed from our remembrance, and the writings of such men as Maimonides lie on our shelves oppressed by the weight of cobweb and dust; but Dr. Benisch has used the brush, and distinctly presented to our view the great Hebrew philosopher, of whom Casaubon said, with more bitterness than judgment, "that he was the first of his tribe who ceased to be a trifler."

The spirit of tradition loves to hover over the lives of great men, and tinge with romance those periods of their histories which seem dark and obscure to their biographers. It is therefore a difficult task accurately to disentangle the truth from that finely-woven texture of tradition spun with the hand of time around the various records that have descended to us. Dr. Besnich has performed this labour for Maimonides, and has presented to us a brief but highly interesting epitome of his life. Several legends are however introduced to add another charm to the lectures. In one of these we are told that the Hebrew displayed in his youth no indications of those qualities which afterwards distinguished his manhood, but from the early period at which he commenced his "Perush Hamishurah," we should be of opinion that Maimonides must have studied deeply during the first years of his life. About this period a change came over the position of the Jews, who had previously enjoyed much freedom in the Mahomedan cities of Spain. Flying from persecution, Maimonides wandered through various countries, and finally settled in Egypt, where he was ultimately appointed physician to the sultan. This post he enjoyed to the day of his death.

We would briefly glance at those productions which have rendered his fame imperishable, and added new glory to the Jewish nation. His principal writings may be classed as sacred, philosophical, and medical; in the former he enters at great length into the various religious questions which perplexed and disturbed the minds of many of his countrymen. Collier quaintly remarks that those who desire "to learn the doctrine and the canon law contained in the Talmud, should read his 'Perush Hamishurah,' for there he discards the greater part of the fables and impertinences contained in the Talmud."

But the work which excited most attention was his "Moreh Nebuchim, or the Teacher of the Perplexer," a most extraordinary book, in which he endeavoured to explain those passages of Scripture which were obscure, or apparently without meaning. The publication of this profoundly philosophical work produced a great sensation in every synagogue, and the unlearned and bigoted of the Rabbis sounded the alarm, and fulminated excommunications against the author. They did not imagine it necessary to give a reason for the faith that was in them, but considered that "belief in many cases was no less free from doubt than perfect and manifest knowledge," and they therefore condemned all inquiry into the mysteries of their religion. Maimonides, however, had no desire to seek to raise that veil which surrounded what is not intended to be known, but endeavoured to place in a clear light what may be examined and explained without touching on those limits placed to human inquiry. The "Moreh Nebuchim" may be studied with profit by readers of all sects, as it contains explanations of many portions of the Old Testament, which must prove of infinite value to the Scriptural student. The following is Dr. Benisch's account of Maimonides' most popular work. "It is divided into three parts; the first contains seventy-six chapters, and treats of the various synonymes, homonymes, metaphors, allegories, and similes found in Scripture, and, moreover, comments on prophecy, heaven, the universe, and angels. The second part discourses, in forty-eight chapters, on God, on the celestial bodies and their influence, and on the law. The third, divided into eighty-four chapters, treats on the vision of Ezekiel, Providence, and the reasons for all Divine commandments." Tellerman says that he manifests in this production "an acute and enlightened understanding,"* which, though high praise, scarcely conveys a proper idea of the power displayed in the Moreh.

With his medical works we are but imperfectly acquainted; they appear, however, to have been treated with undeserved neglect. But if they display any portion of that genius which characterises the other works of Maimonides, much valuable information might be obtained from them. Among his numerous medical works there is a curious one—"The Method of curing those who have been bitten by Venomous Beasts, or have been Poisoned," which, coming from the first physician of Egypt, the land of snakes, would appear to claim some attention. To give our readers an idea of the varied studies of Maimonides, we add the following. He wrote six works on the Talmud, four on philosophy, nineteen on medical, and nine on miscellaneous subjects.

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* Grundriss der Geschichte der Philosophie.

Dr. Benisch has given us, within the compass of two short lectures, much curious information concerning this greatest of the modern Hebrew philosophers. By thus bringing prominently forward the merits of Maimonides to his people, the author will, no doubt, give some impetus to the movement he so anxiously desires. Among a nation so intelligent, so wealthy, and so numerous as the Jews, it is astonishing they possess no distinct literature. Encouragement is only required; the men capable of effecting this revolution are already bracing up their loins for the combat.

The Book of Beauty for 1848. Edited by the Countess of Blessington.

The illustrations in the present volume will at first attract more attention than the text The portraits are many of them representations of the loveliest faces ever beheld in. England, but though not strictly admirable, the crowning beauty of the whole—Mary Queen of Scots, should not have been omitted. It is by far the most beautiful face of which history has spoken, and even Anna Boleyn, Matilda of Scotland, or Eleanor of Provence, lovely as they are, bear no comparison with their unfortunate queen in point of personal attractions. The artists have admirably executed their task, and deserve infinite credit for the skill they have displayed. The Countess of Blessington has contributed a great amount of letter-press in the very best style. The account of the Life of Anne Boleyn is superior to most, if not any, that we have seen.

The Keepsake for 1848. Edited by the Countess of Blessington.

This beautiful volume is full this year of charming tales and poetic pieces. The skill of the talented editress is apparent throughout. She has contrived to assemble a whole host of very supreme stories and sketches. The first narrative is from the pen of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, and is entitled "The Lawyer who cost his Client nothing," and a very amusing thing it is. "Lady Blessington's Own" is one exemplifying the evils of scandal and gossipping, and deserves to be studied by our readers. One of the best stories in the volume is "A Tale that was told me," by Miss Camilla Toulmin. It is full of natural sentiments and truthfulness. The heroine is a beautiful character. We cannot even briefly allude by name to many able papers. Our readers must be satisfied therefore with our recommendation as a whole of this beautiful volume. The illustrations are some of them very magnificent, especially that of the Gallery of Dianes at Fontainebleau.

PERSIAN PAINTING.

Often does it occur that persons who have a taste and inclination for painting, and who feel that could they but once master the elements they should be able to accomplish something creditable to their genius, are deterred by the prospect of the many long and tedious years of steady application requisite before they can hope to attain any degree of perfection in the art. Many young artists are thus lost to the world. They know that they have but a chance among the many; and that if, after having spent the early portion of their lives in the study of painting, their productions do not answer their own expectations and those of their friends, it is too late for them to bethink themselves of turning their talents into some other channel. But Mr. King, the able and ingenious inventor of the new method known as "Persian Painting," has removed this apparently insurmountable obstacle, Some of the paintings exhibited in his gallery are among the most beautiful specimens of this branch of art we remember to have seen. The depth and accuracy of colouring—the boldness of the outstanding figures—the intervening lines of light and shadow—the elaborate finish—the smoothness of surface,—all these, we say, combine to render his invention one of the most extraordinary of the kind that the present age has brought to light. Whether it be for a large historical painting, or for the miniature of a friend, Mr. King's system is equally applicable. More particularly do we recommend it to the attention of ladies and amateurs, who are deterred from painting in oil by the disagreeable odour and touch of the materials, while paper or canvass will receive these colours equally well. But almost the greatest recommendation to this process is the facility of acquiring it. A person entirely ignorant of this method of colouring may attain a competent knowledge of it by taking but three lessons of Mr. T. R. King, of the high order of whose ability his paintings are the best witnesses.

THE MIRROR MONTHLY MAGAZINE

FOR FEBRUARY, 1848.

A BRIEF SKETCH OF ABD-EL-KADER.

The recent submission of this extraordinary African has excited an interest so vivid, that a brief sketch of him may not be considered unattractive, though possibly it may be late; yet even still it may in some degree engage attention, or gratify curiosity,—the more so as the details are not generally accessible, and few particulars concerning his personal history have yet transpired.

The deposed chieftain, though his features do not indicate it, is an Arab of pure descent. His father, Mahi-Aden, was a redoubted leader of a western tribe, and his mother, Zorah-Sidih, is said to have been a woman not only of high caste and rare ability, but also one of the few cultivated females whom Arabia in modern days has produced. She is supposed to have indulged even a *penchant* for the *Belles Lettres;* and most of the nerve and vigour which her heroic son possessed was undoubtedly derived from her, his father being a personage of no remarkable enterprise or intelligence. Abd-el-Kader thus presents another to the numerous instances already on record, illustrative of the remark that great talents are in general derived from the mother. Napoleon, Sir Walter Scott—who, we believe, made the observation,—and a host of others might be named if not foreign to the purpose. Abd-el-Kader, the most recent exemplification of it, was born at Mascarah, on the western coast of Africa, in the year 1808; and from the hour of his nativity, if future reports are to be credited, he was a remarkable child. The peasants throughout the vast range of the northern shore of that division of the globe yet declare and believe that a halo surrounded his head at birth; and though the rumour probably is to be traced to his subsequent celebrity, he appears to have been from his infancy considered as a "holy child," especially designed by the Prophet for great events.

"*Allah! il Allah!* blessed be the Prophet!" resounded throughout the harem at his birth; and it is said that the dervishes of the province announced him as the promised child who was to effect the deliverance of the Faithful. He was consequently educated with peculiar care. Several of the modern languages were familiar to him in his infancy; and at twelve years of age he commenced studying statesmanship. His father, from this period, appears to have been neglected in the household; and when he afterwards became entangled with the Bey of the province at Oran, it was to his son's address that he owed his liberation. The Emir who there presided is said to have been so struck with the youth's intelligence and courage, that he complied with their request, and permitted them to retire to Alexandria.

Mehemet Ali then, as now, governed Egypt; and his vigour and lofty character are said to have made a profound impression on the young Abd-el-Kader, as well as imbued him with a vehement desire to attempt restoring the nationality of his countrymen. The West of Africa was then, as recently, in a state of anarchy; and order was no sooner temporarily restored than again threatened by the inburst of the French. It was in 1830, after Algiers had fallen, that Abd-el-Kader and his father, by the aid of the Pacha, again reappeared in their native country; and the sire being too old or infirm to comply with the desire of the people to assume the post of their leader, the appointment, by his recommendation, devolved upon the son.

This was in 1831 or 1832, when Abd-el-Kader was in the twenty-third or twenty-fourth year of his age; and he immediately evinced all the inherent powers of a general. His quiet, resolute, aspect impressed adherents with hope —his prompt and vigorous measures struck opponents with fear. He had previously been distinguished by a bold attack on a French detachment, in which, though repulsed, he had displayed equal courage and address, and it soon became evident that he was to be the most formidable opponent the invaders had yet had to encounter. The Dey of Algiers, in the estimation of the natives, had pusillanimously deserted his post, and they disadvantageously contrasted his conduct with the young Emir's, who, though he had his horse shot under him and was severely injured by its fall, immediately returned to the attack. All the attachment and the *prestige* which, notwithstanding his barbarities and blunders, had been previously entertained for the chief of the piratical city, were consequently transferred to Abd-el-Kader, and the natives henceforth followed him with confidence implicit.

Their trust and their hope were not misplaced. Since the days of Jugurtha Africa has not produced such a leader. He immediately made the ablest arrangements, military and political; and while thousands flocked to his banner, induced partly by prophetical predictions, but still more by his already acquired reputation, his father and others preached a new holy war, and the whole country was speedily in revolt. Abd-el-Kader directed his attention in the first instance against a few tribes who had opposed his elevation, and on their reduction he concentrated all his energies against the French.

It were idle now to recapitulate his first encounters. In the course of the years 1832—33 he frequently attacked the enemy, with varied success, being sometimes defeated, but oftener victorious. It was not, however, till towards the end of the latter year that he became generally known to the French, when, having made a vehement inroad to recover the body of a nephew who had been slain in a skirmish preceding, he was noted for the vigour and audacity of his attack. He was unsuccessful; but his opponents had reason to remember his fiery assault and resolute courage. His peculiar head-dress, sharp sword, and admirable horsemanship, were ever afterwards held by them in respectful recollection, though they at first felt inclined to ridicule the former— a handkerchief or turban, arranged in the form of a cap, and which, descending on his neck in thick folds, amply protected it against any strokes of the scimitar, a weapon which the Arabs mostly use, as well as broke the shock of many a sabre-thrust aimed at him in the *melée*. The soldiers soon became aware that this *outre* dress surmounted the arm and the strength of a man; and De Michel, the French general who then commanded, after several similar rencontres, was glad to propose or acquiesce in a pacific convention, in the year 1834.

Abd-el-Kader employed the interval in subduing some of the native chiefs, who resisted his evident design to erect an extensive and independent sultanship in Africa; and the knowledge or suspicion of this intent, in the following year, induced the French to excite them against his authority. Abd-el-Kader became aware of this; and the truce, to the satisfaction of all parties, was consequently broken early in 1835. But the resumption of hostilities proved less favourable to the Emir than the French. He had scarcely subdued the hostile chiefs Sideh-Aribeh and Ben-Ismael, when the French under General Trezel were on him; and the subsequent advance of Marshal Clauzel, in overwhelming force, threatened effectually to crush him. The Arabs, also, encouraged or bought over by the French, deserted him; a force of a thousand foot-soldiers, disciplined and, it is said, officered by Frenchmen who had entered his service for the purpose during the recent peace, abandoned him in a body; and the lately-vanquished chiefs being reinforced afresh, the condition of the Emir soon became desperate. He with difficulty escaped from his capital, Mascarah, and had the mortification immediately to find it in flames. Trezel followed up his advantage with savage barbarity; most of Abd-el-Kader's adherents were either induced to desert him or were destroyed; and the hunted Emir was soon reduced to solitude—almost to despair. For a moment he felt inclined to abandon all as hopeless and return to Egypt; but the voice of patriotism—perhaps of ambition,—and the innate sense he appears to have entertained of his destiny, prevailed; and, courageous again, he resolved to renew the struggle.

A few of his own men who had escaped the French rejoined him; others who had been cajoled and deceived by the invaders, repaired to his standard; and he was soon again in a condition to take the field. His wife, and mother, and sister, whom he had with difficulty preserved in the recent wreck of his fortune, were again conveyed to a place of safety; and with a few adherents he watched, and as soon as an opportunity occurred, assailed an exploring column of the French. Clauzel, who had imagined all opposition subdued, soon found his advance arrested, and communications menaced. It was near Tafnah where this unexpected interruption occurred; and the marshal, finding the route blocked up, retraced his course. But he was not permitted to do so with impunity; Abd-el-Kader assailed him in flank, sometimes even threatened him in front, again appeared in his rear; whether he advanced, or retrograded, or remained still, continually harassed him; and after numerous sanguinary encounters, ultimately compelled him to fall back upon his original position at Tlemceen.

Abd-el-Kader pursued his advantage. The tribes of the desert having been attracted to his banner by the sound of his recent achievements, he, early in April, deemed himself sufficiently strong to attack the enemy under General D'Arlages; but his strength being inadequate, he was repulsed with considerable loss. Ten days later, however, having meanwhile been reinforced, he renewed the attempt, and eventually blocked up the French so effectually, that Bugeaud, with a strong division, was obliged to march to their relief. This was the first occasion that the renowned French *sabreur* came in contact, as a commander, with Abd-el-Kader; and the impetuosity of his attack, with his overwhelming numbers, enabled him to gain a decisive triumph. He forced the Arab chief, first to raise the siege of Tafnah, where D'Arlages had taken refuge, and ultimately to abandon that of Tlemceen, in which Cavaignac, who afterwards acquired a reputation so sinister, had been for some time rigorously blockaded. A few actions of minor importance followed, and the forces of Abd-el-Kader again deserting him as rapidly as they had assembled, he was soon once more reduced to his former solitary condition.

But, energetic and indefatigable, he had, ere the spring of the following year, again assembled such a force, as to be able not only to reduce the tribes to his control, but to endanger the safety of Letaing—another general, who had been sent to hold him in check. An overture for peace was accordingly made him, and a treaty concluded towards the end of May. Tlemceen and Tafnah, with two provinces for which he had disputed, were abandoned to him in terms of this convention. But the French retained a few detached points which gave rise to future discord. Bugeaud, too, had again arrived upon the scene; and the Emir having by his alleged haughty conduct especially offended one of the marshal's friends, who had been employed to conduct the recent negotiation, a pretext for future quarrel was soon established. While the Emir was absent, chastising some distant tribes, insurrection was fomented in his territories at home; and when, notwithstanding this, he again triumphed, and threatened to be in a position more formidable than ever, Bugeaud considered it advisable that no time should be lost in strangling his rising power. Several disputes accordingly occurred; and at last, in 1839, when the Emir had ten thousand regular, and nearly double the number of undisciplined troops under his command, it was deemed prudent to find some means of checking his increasing ascendancy. Some wretched pretence for aggression was quickly discovered. The fiery marshal took the field, and the murderous campaigns of 1840—41 followed. The Emir, not slow to meet him, came in conflict with the French at Thenia, Medea, and Miliana, from all of which, though apparently defeated, he invariably arose more powerful than ever. Lamoriciere, however, had, in the mean time reduced his capital, Mascarah; and Changanier, with Bedeau, two other French generals, subdued some insurgent tribes who were approaching to his aid. Tlemceen, also, an important position, had been taken by the latter; and every resource being thus cut off, Abd-el-Kader was under the necessity of seeking shelter within the territories of the Emperor of Morocco.

The war in this exhausted empire followed. The Emir, though he arrived stripped and a fugitive in the dominions of Morocco, found means to enlist Abdheramann in his cause. The emperor is said to have been engaged by Abd-el-Kader's piety, reputation, and address; his profound appearance of resignation and submission to the will of the Prophet; but more probably he was induced to welcome him as one able to aid him against his formidable neighbours, the French. Bugeaud followed the Emir into his new asylum, and the battles of Isly, Tangiers, and the foolish affair of Prince Joinville at Mogador supervened. Abd-el-Kader gallantly distinguished himself in the two former; but in vain. The worn-out empire and its obsolete forces were unable to contend with disciplined troops, and, as a condition of peace, he was once more driven from his refuge to seek shelter in his old retreat of Algeria.

The government of Louis Philippe now surmised they would crush him; one or two of the princes were despatched from Toulon in expectation of securing the easy triumph of taking him; but the indomitable Emir again found means to resume hostilities, and within a year of these vaunted victories he was threatening the French position at Taras. Danger was impending; the princes were recalled; and to Bugeaud was entrusted the duty of meeting him. This, however, was no easy task. Within a period incredibly short the Emir overran the whole confines of Algeria, and the French marshal had no sooner arrived to assail him at one point, than he found his still more alert opponent had threatened him on another. Those menaces were repeated so long and so often that many began to doubt the existence of an Abd-el-Kader. He was supposed to be but a phantom of the imagination, designed to afford an excuse for the maintenance of a large army in Africa; and even the marshal himself pronounced him *imprenable.*

A moment, and the prospects of Abd-el-Kader looked brighter than ever. His reputation, extraordinary career, and the superstitious opinion attached to his name, induced even the inhabitants of Morocco to prefer him to their own Sultan; and for a time it seemed probable he would shake the other on his throne. This appeared especially imminent after the Emir's memorable exploits in the Saharah, when, with comparatively small resources, he kept the whole African forces of France in check. But it was the prelude of his downfal. The jealousy excited in the Emperor of Morocco's mind was sedulously fostered by the emissaries of Louis Philippe, and gave rise, first to the withdrawal of the aid which Abderhamann had long in secret extended, and ultimately to his taking the field against him. Abd-el-Kader himself had imparted new energy and discipline to the exhausted forces of Morocco, and his own weapons were now turned against him. After a struggle of two years, during which he was more the enemy of Morocco than of the French, he fell by the power of the former; and, to escape the usual penalty of defeat, in its barbarous code, he threw himself into the hands of the French prince.

It is confidently believed that large sums were profusely supplied by Louis Philippe to accomplish this result, with the view of obtaining *eclât* for the prince and affording support, if possible, to the dynasty; but the Duke D'Aumale seems to have acted in a manner to frustrate the design, and to deprive himself as well as the Government of any claim to popularity. By the latest accounts from Africa, in the "Moniteur Algerien," it appears that this prince, who has scarcely ever seen a shot fired except on parade, caused or permitted the fallen chieftain of a hundred combats to uncover his feet before entering the French presence-chamber, and deprived him of his favourite horse as a pledge of submission; while the Government at home have treated the captive hero with still more indignity.

In addition to the other claims he presents to attraction, Abd-el-Kader is said to be a poet of no mean order, and to be attached to philosophic pursuits. In the language of his country he is described as possessing a tongue sweeter than the nightingale's, and a mind more profound than the sea. His figure is slender, and in action was generally half veiled; his appearance is modest, and address subdued. His hands and feet are singularly small and delicate; but his features, as already mentioned, do not disclose the pure *caste* of a high-bred Arab. Several Europeans who have been in his camp speak highly of his temper and affability. His eyes are large and soft, denoting little of the fire that reigns within. His face, though slightly marked with the small-pox, and ruffled, is feminine in its aspect; and altogether in his quiet contemplative appearance there is little to indicate that he is one of the fiercest spirits that ever spurred across a field. He is unquestionably the greatest man whom his country has produced since the days of Jugurtha; and we cannot believe that his bright career is yet at an end. The government of Louis Philippe may, in defiance of treaties, detain him at present from the East, and immure him in some fortress in the North, but he will, in all probability, survive its fall.

A DREAM IN ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

BY MRS. BUSHBY.

I stood within yon sacred pile,
Beneath its lofty dome,
And gazed along each vaulted aisle,
On many a sculptured tomb.

The great, the glorious, and the good
(So by frail mortals deemed)
In marble forms around me stood,
Such as in life they seemed.

But the warrior grasped a bloodless sword,
And the poet's eye was dim,
And the patriot—ah, no glowing word
Might startle now from him!

And as I gazed my thoughts *would* run
On what might be the doom
Of those who had earthly honours won
In realms beyond the tomb.

Sudden the mighty organ sent
Its sacred peals around,
Till the bannered walls above seemed rent
With the soul-inspiring sound.

And as the solemn music swelled
In praise to God above,
Awe-struck methought that I beheld
Each lifeless figure move.

Each cold, fixed feature seemed to rouse,
With a strange life imbued;
And oh! what radiance clothed the brows
Of some that round me stood.

What looks with love celestial beamed!
What holy peace was there!
While some, alas! *they* vainly seemed
To struggle with despair.

Dark passions shook each rigid form,
And rage, remorse, and hate,
Seemed rising like the whirlwind's storm,
To tell *their* fearful fate.

Hushed was the organ's latest peal,
When hark! a gentle strain
Of soothing melody did steal
Around the hallowed fane,

Like the angel voices from the sky,
That sang our Saviour's birth,
And chaunted "Glory to God on high,
Peace and goodwill on earth!"

And though this chaunt was still the same,
It seemed to breathe along,
As if from distant spheres it came,
In echo's faintest song.

Then, oh! amidst the lost, methought
Passion to grief gave place;
As if that seraph song had wrought
In hell's own slaves some grace.

Oh! guilt-bound souls! what bitter woe,
To catch these blissful strains;
Then back to Satan's depths to go,
Where gloomy horror reigns.

Each living statue seemed to bend
In reverence to that hymn;
While, as I gazed, all seemed to blend
In one confusion dim.

My dream was past—that distant strain
From other worlds was o'er;
And each chiselled form became again
As lifeless as before.

But in my soul that vision woke
Reflection's earnest power;
And a warning voice within me spoke
Of Death's approaching hour.

Death, judgment, doom—perdition, bliss!
And these no idle tale;
Oh, heedless sinner, think of this,
While thought may yet prevail.

MAXIMILIAN ROBESPIERRE:

HIS LIFE AND OPINIONS.*

BY PERCY B. ST. JOHN.

CHAPTER II.—BIRTH, EDUCATION, AND EARLY LIFE OF ROBESPIERRE.-
1759—1789.

FRANCOIS Maximilian Joseph Isidore de Robespierre† was the eldest son of lawyer of Arras. It has been stated, by almost every biographer, that his famil was of Irish extraction,‡ having come over with the Cavaliers during the gre revolution of 1640. I have not, however, found any authority for this supp sition, while the name is certainly not Irish—the only historical name in a way resembling it, on which I have fallen, is that of Ribaupierre, a corrupti of Pierre Roi des Ribauds.§ The origin of the assertion rests, as far as I can di cover, on a most slender thread—that of the great republican's uncle havi been a member of a masonic lodge at Arras, founded by Charles Edward Stua the pretender.‖ One writer asserts "that he accompanied to France the la remnant of that royal house, and after accomplishing this duty, imposed on hi by his religious and political faith, established himself in Artois. His tom still exists in the church of Carvin, a village near Bethune." All this, how ever, is supposition, resting on no solid basis. The father of Maximili married, against the will of his family, Marie Josephine Carreau, the daught of a brewer,¶ who, however, by her gentle virtues, soon won the affections her husband's relatives. She died young, leaving four children, of who Maximilian, the eldest, was but nine years of age. So great was the grief the father, that throwing up his profession, he took to a rambling life in Ge many, England, and America—keeping once a school at Cologne, and dying Munich.

Maximilian, born in 1759, was thus left with an orphan brother and siste one sister being dead, and early knew what it was to suffer and combat with th world. Their grandfather took charge of them, but he too dying, the childre were protected by M. de Conzie, bishop of Arras, who placed Maximili amongst the choir of his cathedral. Perceiving in him much promise, he us his influence with the Cardinal de Rohan, titular prelate of the *abbaye* of S

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[*] Continued from page 10.

[†] Spelt *Robertspierre* in the *Moniteur* at first. The *Biographie Universelle* carps at h calling himself *De;* but it was his name, and his father's before him, as this writer oug to have known.

[‡] Charles Nodier; "Memoirs" (which I have found wholly apocryphal). Lamarti speaks of him as "of a poor, honest, and respected family, of *English* origin," which e plains his puritanic character.

[§] Jacob the Bibliophile.

[‖] The *Biographie Universelle* asserts that it was a species of secret society, as if it ha been something political. Searching, however, two curious Masonic works, I find the fa clearly stated. In the "*Acta Latomorum, ou chronologie de l'histoire de la Franche maco nerie,*" Paris, 1815, vol. 1, p. 61, I read: "France, April 15, 1747.—Charles Edoua Stuart, being at Arras, and wishing to testify to the artesian freemasons, as well as the officers of the garrison of the town of Arras, how pleased and grateful he was for th kindness they had shown him, granted them a *bulle d'institutions* of a primordial chapte under the distinctive title of the *Ecosse Jacobite*, of which he conferred the governme on the lawyers Lagneau, De Robespierre, and others." See also "Histoire de la Fondatio de la G. O. de France," p. 184. This Robespierre was either Maximilian's father uncle.

[¶] Let none learnedly compare Robespierre, son of a brewer's daughter, with Cron well. The brewer story is exploded.

Wast, who had a purse at Louis le Grand in his gift, and obtained for him entrance to the college. The young Robespierre accordingly came to Paris in 1770, residing with an uncle, the Abbe de la Roche, canon of Notre Dame, who however, also died shortly after. Our youth's success at college was equal to the efforts which he made, he having carried off the first prizes in nearly every class. He was, moreover, a great favourite with the professors, particularly with M. Herivaux, a classic scholar, who imbued him with much of that classic lore which made him so Roman and Spartan in many of his ideas. So early did his predilections develop themselves, that at college he was known by the nickname of the Roman. On completing his studies, Robespierre waited on the Cardinal de Rohan to thank him, and begged that prince—so famous in the collar affair—to give the vacant scholarship to his brother Augustin. The cardinal, after passing many compliments on the talents and assiduity of Maximilian, readily acquiesced.

The young man now devoted himself to the study of law, while his leisure hours were consumed in the reading of philosophy and politics, particularly Rousseau, his favourite writer, whose "*Contrat Social*," in a measure, formed the character of this celebrated personage.* Having been at length received as an *avocat* by the Parliament of Paris, Maximilian returned to his native city, and took his sister from a convent to reside with him. His father's name at once opened up a connection for him in Arras, and very shortly he found himself fully employed, at an age when lawyers in general are briefless.

The life of the young lawyer was now happy and enviable, very different from that stormy career which afterwards made of his days and nights one continued fever. His time was divided between his legal business and the society of his sister and friends. Robespierre and a number of ardent spirits founded a club under the name of *Rosatis*, which, seemingly devoted to the song and wine-cup, to suppers and riotous meetings, was in reality a political association in which all the more important questions of the day were freely discussed. This society, had, no doubt, considerable influence on the career of our young advocate. But despite his duties, his studies, and his engagements, the indefatigable Robespierre accepted the offer which was made to him to become a member of the academy of Arras, into which he was received on the 15th November, 1783, being then twenty-four years of age—six years after he was its president.

In 1784, however, occurred an event which enables us to give an idea of the literary talents of Robespierre at this early stage of a life which was finally to terminate ere he had gained the full age of manhood. The Royal Society of Arts and Sciences of Metz offered during this year, a prize for the best article in answer to the following question:—"What is the origin of the opinion which extends to the individuals of a whole family a share of the shame which is attached to the infamy of the guilty? Is this opinion injurious or useful? If the first be decided, what measures can be taken to ward off the inconvenience which thence results?" Robespierre sent in a paper, and though Lacretelle was declared to have won the prize, a medal of four hundred francs was awarded to Maximilian.† As the opinions of this celebrated man will explain his character as much as his actions, a fragment or two may not be out of place. The whole will repay perusal. The following view of *prejudice* will show the tendency of Robespierre's mind at five-and-twenty:—

"In what place does it rule? In monarchies; it is there that, seconded by the nature of the government, upheld by manners, fed by the general spirit, it seems to have established its empire on an immovable basis. Honour, as has often been before remarked, is the soul of monarchical government—not that philosophic honour which is nothing but the exquisite sentiment which a noble and pure mind has of its own dignity, which has reason for its basis, and is blended with duty, which would exist even far from the eyes of men, with no witness but Heaven, and no judge but conscience; but that political honour the nature of which is to aspire to exclusiveness and privileges, which causes us not to be satisfied with being estimable, but to seek to be esteemed, to be jealous of showing in our conduct more grandeur than justice, more *eclât* and dignity than reason; that honour which makes us value vanity more than virtue, but which in the body politic supplies the place of virtue, since, by the simplest of mechanisms, it compels the citizen to promote the public good, when he thinks he is serving but his own private passion; that honour, often as strange in its laws as grand in its effects, which produces so many sublime sentiments and so many ridiculous prejudices, so many heroic *traits* and extravagant actions; which piques itself generally on respecting the laws, and at others considers it a duty to break them; which imperiously requires obedience to the will of the prince, and yet induces any man who thinks another unjustly preferred to withdraw; which directs us to treat our enemies with generosity, and bids us cut the throat of an offending fellow countryman. In nothing else can we seek for the source of this prejudice in question."

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* Lamartine says: "The philosophy of J. J. Rousseau had profoundly moved his intellect, falling upon an active will, it remained not a dead letter; it became in him a dogma, a faith, a fanaticism. In the strong mind of a sectary, every conviction becomes a sect. Robespierre was the Luther of politics."

† See, in the *Mercure de France*, 1785, an article by Lacratelle himself, reviewing the paper of Robespierre, which was published at Amsterdam in 1785, and in Paris the same year.

Robespierre thus writes upon the consequences of a man of rank and respectability being in his day accused of crime:—

"What will take place, when families have not had recourse to a fatal precaution, and the crime of an individual shall have awakened the attention of the police? Then shall we see all who are linked in any way to the guilty one leaguing together to tear him from the punishment with which he is threatened. All that can be done by influence, favour, riches, friendship, good-will, zeal, courage, and despair, is put in practice; every human passion, magnified by the most powerful of all interests, is lavished to silence the law; in presence of every fault it would suppress it finds leagued against it a new conspiracy, more or less to be feared, according to the credit and consideration enjoyed by the family of the criminal. And who can blame these unfortunate beings for uniting their whole strength to escape such a disaster? Public commiseration is theirs. What a strange contrast! The interest of society demands the punishment of the guilty, and yet society feels compelled to wish for his escape. A host of irreproachable citizens are placed between the judges and the accused; to strike him they must plunge the sword with which they are armed into the bosom of crowds of innocent beings. I pity a judge reduced to this cruel position, in which he cannot use the just severity of his office, without immolating also virtue, innocence, beauty, and talent."

In another place he supposes a far distant traveller speaking after the following manner:—

"I have seen countries where there exists a curious custom. Every time a criminal is condemned to punishment, a number of citizens must also perish with him.* It is not that they are reproached with any fault; they may be just, beneficent, generous; they may possess a thousand talents and a thousand virtues; but they are none the less *des gens infames*."

This is not the production at five-and-twenty of a person wholly without native power and information, as his detractors pretend. In the following year he wrote for the academy of Amiens an Eloge on Gresset, which contains some really fine passages. He says:—"The true eulogium of a great man are his actions and his works; every other praise is futile for his glory; but still it is a magnificent spectacle to see a nation rendering solemn homage to those who have made it illustrious; contemplating, so to speak, with just pride the monu-

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[*] Robespierre might have added that we do morally what the Chinese do physically. We shun the relatives of criminals; they execute them with the guilty.

ments of its splendour, the title-deeds of its nobility, and awakening a salutary emulation in the heart of its citizens, by the public praises bestowed on the virtues and talents of those who have honoured the land."

I make no excuse for the following extracts; they show Robespierre as no mean writer and critic, and will, I think, somewhat surprise those who have hitherto considered him as a mere dry demagogue. The first is a comparison between Voltaire and Gresset; and though the former be popular and the latter almost forgotten, that is no proof that Robespierre's judgment was erroneous. It must be recollected that this Gresset, so much praised, was almost universally ridiculed, because he had become sincerely pious in the latter part of his life:—

"A contemporary poet seemed to offer Gresset a more formidable rival. Drawn by ardent ambition towards every species of glory, Voltaire had striven in every literary field; but of all the styles in which he was practised, the lighter kind of poetry was that in which he had gained most success and displayed the most decided talent. Victorious over all who had preceded him in the same career, he had attained a degree of reputation most hopeless—for who would contend with him?—when Gresset stood forth to dispute the prize. This young writer, whom his own amusement and the instinct of genius rather than ambition seemed to lead to glory, was perhaps himself astonished to partake with his brilliant rival the attention and suffrages of the public. It would perhaps be bold to decide between these two great poets, whose productions are distinguished by a different character. Perhaps we may find in Voltaire more wit, more *finesse*, more correctness; in Gresset more harmony, richness, and nature; we feel in him more of that amiable negligence, that happy *abandon*, which is the charm of this style of poetry. The graces of Voltaire will appear more brilliant, more adorned, more lively, more sparkling; those of Gresset more simple, more *naïves*, more gay, more touching. The one amuses, enchants, and surprises my mind; the other yields a soft voluptuous delight. If I may be allowed to paint by sensible images the impressions produced on me by the works of these two great poets, I would say that the fugitive pieces of Voltaire yield me a pleasure like that of the aspect of a delicious garden, adorned by the taste of an opulent proprietor; I would compare the sensation excited in me by Gresset to the gentle emotion derived from the sight of those enchanting landscapes where nature has lavished all her charms, and wafted to our very soul the sentiment of her touching beauty."

It is difficult to believe that those who describe Robespierre as lowly and meanly ambitious, devoured by jealousy and hate of genius, can have read this passage, which is the production of a generous mind, warmly appreciating the talents of his fellows—the more that Robespierre was a poet himself. But when calumny has degenerated into system, writers have no leisure to inquire minutely into truth. It is enough to search for the dark side, without troubling themselves about the bright. I conceive that the above is not without talent, while his view of dramas is very clever:—

"We have, in our day, seen the domain of the theatre enlarged by the birth of productions called dramas. But I know not what mania induces a host of critics to declaim against this new style with a species of fanaticism. These fiery censors, persuaded that nature only knows tragedy and comedy, take every dramatic work not coming within one or other of these categories, for a literary monster, which must needs be crushed at its birth, as if that inexhaustible variety of interesting *tableaux* which man and society present to us must necessarily be confined within these narrow limits; as if nature had but two tones, and there were no medium for us between laughter and the transports of furious passion."

The following passages are too full of noble sentiments to be omitted:—

"It is not for me to decide between those philosophers who have condemned the stage and those who have praised it; neither will I examine if Gresset was right when he composed able dramatic works, or when he repented having written them. The lover of literature may regret the productions with which he might have enriched us; the citizen will sigh to see the stage so often perverted into a public school of corruption..... The eulogium of many writers ends with the list of their works, those of Gresset are his least merit. Why can this not be said of all who have shone by their great talents? Are not genius and virtue destined to be united in an immortal alliance? Have not one and the other their common source in the elevation, in the pride, and in the sensibility of the soul? By what fatality, then, have we so often seen genius declaring war on virtue? Writers, more celebrated for your disorders than your talents, you were born to lighten the evils of your fellow creatures, to strew flowers on the passage of human life, and you have come to empoison its flow; you have made it a cruel game to let loose on us all the terrible passions which make up our miseries and our crimes. Dearly have we paid your vaunted masterpieces! They have cost us our morals, our repose, our happiness, and that of all our posterity, to whom they transmit from age to age the licence and corruption of ours."

Never were the men who then, as now, in France, made literature a vehicle of corruption more pitilessly and ably scourged. But we must leave our young author to follow the career of the lawyer and politician.

When Benjamin Franklin came to France, he brought with him his splendid invention of lightning conductors, or *paratonnerres*, as they were called. They were immediately adopted in various parts of France, but not without a rude struggle. Ignorance and superstition was hard at work to prevent their introduction. It was represented to the credulous countrymen that it was an invention of the devil, that it was outraging the Almighty to seek protection against his thunders, and that, moreover, the conductors were dangerous, as tending to draw the both upon the devoted district in which one existed. A Monsieur Vissery de Boisvallé, a rich landowner of St. Omer, erected one on his property; the people took alarm, amongst others, one whom Robespierre thus describes—"In a subterraneous cavern, which receives the light of day through an air-hole, dwells a man well known in St. Omer as Bobo, who has, for a long time, with honour and credit, carried on a trade in salad, which has not enriched him. The *paratonnerre* of M. Vissery has troubled the repose of this honest citizen, who fears that the thunder will come and crack his humble *penates* at the very bottom of his asylum." But Bobo and others succeeded in inducing the *echevins* of St. Omer to order the demolition of the rod. In this predicament M. Vissery applied to young Robespierre, who undertook to appeal to the superior court. We shall see that our lawyer is not a bad hand at a story.

"Nature and education had inspired the sieur Vissery de Boisvallé with a decided taste for the study of science; a considerable fortune gave him the means of carrying out his ideas...... Every public journal announced to him some new miracle of electricity; he saw, above all, with pleasure, the use of *paratonnerres* justified by experience and spread over all Europe. He then conceived the idea of arming his house with this salutary preservative. As a *savant* it was to him a prospect of delight to see his dwelling become a monument to the power and utility of the sciences he so loved; as a citizen, he rejoiced in setting an example of adopting one of his brightest inventions. In the month of May, 1779, this idea was executed...... But soon a formidable conspiracy was organised against it. A lady of St. Omer, whose name I will not mention, recollected that the sieur de Boisvallé had defended several actions against her about a party-wall, and at once conceived the great design of overthrowing the machine which frowned upon her chimney; she proposed to herself to league the whole neighbourhood against it, and even to arm justice itself. To carry out this bold plan, she first had a petition manufactured, a masterpiece of good sense, reasoning, and erudition, in which it was set forth that the sieur de Vissery had erected on his chimney a machine to draw down thunder on his own house, and the fire of Heaven on the whole locality; it was therein decided that the invention of rods is pernicious, and, to prove the assertion, we have quoted *the tragic end of the celebrated Bernouilli*, who died a natural death.

Armed with this document, the dame flew to each of her neighbours, taught them the new doctrine of lightning conductors, related the adventure of Bernouilli, showed them the fire of Heaven ready to fall on their houses, and presented the petition for signature. The vivacity of her eloquence carried not all away; some refused to share the glory of her enterprise. Five or six only, more complaisant, or more timid, affixed their names. Adorned with these, worthy of being transmitted to the latest posterity, the noble document was presented to the municipal officers of St. Omer. Its success was prodigious. The petition of the inhabitants of the *rue Marchè aux Herbes*—such was their pompous title—decided the fate of the *paratonnerres*. The *echevins* pronounced their ruin, enjoining the sieur de Vissery to destroy his, and as the *republique* was menaced with imminent danger, it was condemned to be removed within twenty-four hours; this time elapsed, the little *bailli* was himself to fall upon the fatal machine, and deliver the town from its formidable enemy."

I regret much not to be able to give the whole of his statement, which is admirable in its quiet humour and satire, while his serious investigation on electricity is full of learning, eloquence, and truth, by no means discreditable to a lawyer of five-and-twenty, the matter having been finally decided in favour of Robespierre's client, on the 31st of May, 1783.

This at once raised him to a high position, and his hands became full. "It was," says the *Biographe des Contemporains*, "after this success that the Bishop of Arras named Robespierre judge of a jurisdiction which depended on his bishopric. A person guilty of a capital crime was brought before him, and condemned according to law; but returning to his house, sad, pensive, he said, that though his conscience in no wise reproached him, he would not again be compelled to condemn a man to death, and he sent in his resignation." This is not the place to enlarge on the causes which brought up a summoning of the states general, but no sooner were the *Etats Generaux* announced, than Robespierre appears to have seen that his part was there. It is clear that he at once aimed at being elected, and considering his youth, the vast amount of other ambitious men around him, his comparative insignificance in all Artois, he, a young and rising lawyer, who gave promise, but had not yet performed much, the very aspiration was proof of his genius and consciousness of what was in himself. The faulty nature of the *Etats* of Artois was a subject of universal complaint. To the *tiers Etats*, it was derisive. It was composed of the provincial municipalities, who were chosen by the deputies of the states. The deputies of the states were nine individuals, chosen, three by the nobles, three by the clergy, three by the *tiers;* and these were to elect the municipalities, who were to send the deputies to the states general. It was clear that the popular members would thus be mere tools of the other two orders. Robespierre saw the danger, and boldly attacked the system in a pamphlet.* It is a masterly production. It shows how the effect would be to exclude the curés in favour of bishops, the popular members in favour of nominees, the nobility in general in favour of a small minority, and is a stern and uncompromising exposure of the evils of exclusive legislation. One passage is important. It proves that Robespierre was the advocate of the people before the actual revolution was dreamt of. Speaking of a sum of £20 voted for the poor, after thousands had been spent in wasteful prodigalities, he says: "Poor, if this sum does not suffice for your wants, take care you do not murmur. Before softening your struggles, must not your tutors collect out of your patrimony wherewith to show their zeal for the rich and great? Unhappy agriculturists, if some of your cottages be stripped of their wretched furniture to pay your fiscal debts, console yourselves, for your contributions will be employed in a worthy manner. Just God! the administration of the province, already exhausted by all the rapines of fiscal genius, is reduced to neglect the objects most interesting to the public well being; it cannot find funds to make and repair roads, or for indispensible public works; agriculture languishes, commerce and industry are annihilated, because it is incapable of making them any advance, another calamity finds them powerless to assist the people, ... and we find sums for vain expenses or luxury, or largesses, as indecent as ridiculous."

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* *"A la nation artesienne sur la necessite de reformer les Etats D'Artois."*

Now began on one side that popularity which was always his with the people, and that intense hatred which aristocracy, monopoly, hypocrisy, and every vice which lives and feeds on the body politic, vowed against Robespierre. Now began that system of calumny which pursued him to death, and hunted him when no man knew where lay his bones. The secret of Robespierre being so vilified is that the people are, with him, all in all—classes nothing. He looks to the happiness of the masses, not of orders, and hence the cloud of falsehood which hangs over his memory. Despite the prodigious effect of his pamphlet, however, his enemies would have crushed him, had not a most romantic cause been placed in his hands.

I gather the facts from Robespierre's own statement* that Antony Alexander Dupond had three children; Joseph, Antoine, and Louis. Antoine enlisted, was no more heard of, and his relations seized his property, under pretence that he had deserted. Louis also took service at sixteen in the regiment of Rohan-Rochefort; was at the taking of Antwerp, at the siege of Namur, at the battle of Raucoux, at the sack of Ghent; he also fought at Sarrfeld and Bergen-op-zoom. In 1748 he entered Maestreicht with the victorious army, but peace arriving, his regiment was sent in cantonment to Affeld. Tired of this inaction, he deserted, and as was pretended by his enemies, took service with Holland, then at war with France, but in reality with Sweden, which was in alliance with his native country. In 1765 he returned towards France covered with honour, by virtue of an amnesty. Falling ill on the road, and being without means of subsistence, he entered the Danish army, from which he retired in 1771. After six-and-twenty years' foreign service he was now free, and he hastened to Mouchel, where had dwelt a curè de la Vacqueire, his uncle. This uncle was dead, and his eldest brother, Joseph, a sieur Cressel iron merchant and his sister, wife of one Denaux, had shared the succession, which was in part the wanderer's. The restored was ill-received, but at first great interest was pretended in him. His brother and relatives pretended to fear that his desertion six-and-twenty years before would affect his liberty, and engaged to gain his pardon. With this view he was induced to give up all his papers, and pending the decision to reside with his brother, the *procureur*, who also held all their father's and mother's property. It is believed that his brother would have acted honestly, but he was a weak-minded man, governed by his wife and wife's relations, who united to annoy and ill use the sieur Louis. At length, wearied by their insults, the retired soldier, being denied his share of the property, appealed to the law. But his relatives, aided by their local friends, secretly applied to the minister of the day, who, without inquiry, granted a *lettre de cachet*, in virtue of which Louis Dupond was twelve years incarcerated in a provincial bastille. At the termination of this period he escaped, but for many years vainly strove for justice, until Robespierre took up his cause. The subject was most happy for our lawyer, who treated the whole question of the rights of the subject, and denounced the infamous system of the *lettres de cachet* in the most energetic and eloquent terms.

His success was most wonderful. The *memoire*, printed and widely circulated, had an astonishing effect. It was not only calculated to win the sympathies of all for his unfortunate client, but to gain high laurels for the writer and politician. The boldness with which he alluded to the evils of partial and unjust legislation—the learning he displayed—the just appreciation of the duties of governors and governed—combined with the popularity of an attack on the iniquitous *lettres de cachet*,—to call eyes upon Robespierre. He won his cause; the ill-used Louis was reinstated in his rights, and his prosecutors forced to repay their pilferings, while the advocate was returned member for Arras, to the first real Parliament which France had ever seen. One extract from the *memoire*, alluding of course to D'Epremesnil, will show the character of Robespierre when on the verge of becoming a legislator:—

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* "Memoire pour le Sieur Louis Marie Hyacinthe Dupond, detenue pendant douze ans."

"You! whom I shall not name, because all France, and even all Europe, has its eyes upon you; you, to whom a great soul and a great character assure at the same time the mission and the means of commencing the happiest and most interesting of all revolutions. I seek in history—in all history,—a trait of heroism fit to satisfy at the same time a sublime courage and an enlightened spirit; I think of that Roman consul who so resembles you by his eloquence, and who delivered his country from the ruin which menaced her from an audacious and horrible conspiracy; but he was the first magistrate of a free people, and was constrained to purchase public safety by a blow struck at the rigour of the law: you have ensured ours by summoning the law to the assistance of your country, struck by consternation at the prospect of a dark and sinister future . . . . To what more august title can a man aspire than to be *the saviour of his country and the defender of the people?*"

Robespierre is now a legislator, and with him we must quit the quiet home, the literary society, the academy, the delights of a provincial residence, to seek the stormy neighbourhood of the capital, whence soon his name was to spread over France, over Europe, over the world, as another word for cruelty and ferocity—how justly will shortly appear.

It will be seen that Robespierre carried to the *Etats-Generaux*, as elements of success, much learning, no mean talents as an orator, an ardent love of free institutions, a passionate sympathy with the people. His personal appearance is thus described by a virulent enemy:—"The figure of Robespierre, ill-formed, without justness in its proportions, without grace in its outline, was below the middle size. There was an habitual convulsive motion in his hands, in his neck, in his eyes, in his shoulders; his physiognomy had no expression; he bore on his livid face and forehead, which he frequently wrinkled, the marks of a bilious and sanguinary temperament. His manners were brutal, his port *brusque* and heavy; the inflexions of his voice, sharp and squeaking, struck the ear most unpleasantly; he cried rather than spoke, and his provincial accent destroyed all melody."

I have before me, as I write, a medallion of Robespierre, by his friend, David of Angers. It is said to be the man himself. It presents a lofty, but prominent forehead, a straight nose, a small mouth, and altogether a rather engaging face. There is a tone of energy about it, certainly; which is, however, far from unpleasant. His voice, which is painted by some as like the cry of a hyena, was in reality somewhat shrill; pale and bilious he was from study and long sedentary habits, but while expression, shape of head, are perhaps indicative of character, I doubt if colour be. He had small grey eyes, and was short-sighted, often wearing spectacles. His dress was always scrupulously neat, his linen white, and his hair particularly cared for.*

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* Lamartine says—"Ce qui dominait dans l'ensemble de sa physiognomie, c'etait la prodigieuse et continuelle tension du front, des yeux, de la bouche, de tous les muscles de la face. On voyait en l'observant que tous les traits de son visage, comme tous le travail de son ame, convergeait sans distractions sur un seul point, avec une telle puissance qu'il n'y avait aucune de perdition de volonté dans ce caractere, et qu'il semblait voir d'avance ce qu'il voulait accomplir, comme s'il l'eût eu deja en realité sous yeux."—As general authorities for this chapter see "Conspiracy of Robespierre," by Montjoie: "Papiers de Robespierre;" "Crimes de la Revolution," a most curious book; and the "Girondins" of Lamartine, so incorrectly translated in the English edition, however, as not to be safely relied on. The following biographical dictionaries give some slight account of the early life of Robespierre, but the details I offer have not hitherto been given; "Universelle," "Conversation," Jouy; also "Vie et Crimes de Robespierre," Nodier, Brougham; see also the "Montagnards," by Alphonse Esquiros, a clever production by an enthusiastic young French historian, and published within the last few weeks; also, "Dict. Hist. de la Rev."

THE LILY OF DERWENTWATER.

"Das ganze Leben als ein Edelstein
"Am Halse hängt der Neugebornen Liebe!"
Grillparzer.

PART THIRD.

A young girl crept mournfully into the sunlight. Her eyes were heavy, her step slow and trailing; listless her air, preoccupied and sad, and young as she was, she had lost all youth's elasticity—all its buoyancy and keen delight. Broken in spirit, crushed and weary-hearted, fair Lucy Carr dragged on her lonely life; a sacrifice to the pride and vanity of one who was too cold to know a real love, too selfish to regard the fate of others. Oh! what penalty of life, what pain and sorrow, for those who recklessly ruin the happiness of youth! Let it come from either man or woman, the sin is equally the same; though kinder, gentler hearts would frame excuses, for her beauty's sake, for the thoughtless levity of a coquette. Ay, that may be well pardoned, that thoughtlessness and levity! We would not rob youth of one ringing laugh, mindless as it may be—we would not bring one shade of sorrow, even to add to it reflection, over the clear brow; for the thoughtless, merry, glad-hearted coquette, we have nought harsher than a gentle admonition—a loving rebuke; she hath no evil in her! Merrily as a young bird she wings through her sunny life, beautifully as a summer flower she adorns her little place, and flings brightness and odour around her. But it is for that deeper, darker, deadlier sin—that false assumption of passion—that love of supremacy and conquest, not from affection, but from pride—that diligent exciting of the heart's fondest feelings, all in mockery and deceit—that worst and fatallest of vanities, which has such fearful results—for this no condemnation is sufficiently harsh, no abhorrence too severe! To feed their own vile vanity on the destruction of others—to heap rose leaves on their way, strewing their hapless victims' path with thorns and briars,—to offer them the poisoned chalice, that their beauty may be more apparent in the act,—to allure and to destroy, for nought holier than a foul, fierce pride—such is the career, such the doings of these Lamias of our world!

What had been Ellen Craven's work in these few months? For vanity she had gained young Frederick's love, to sport with the toy she wearied of when hers; and then what came? His misery and despair, which changed the gladsome boy into the pale and saddened man—which slew the bounding life, and laid it in the cold and narrow grave. An angel came wandering by—pure, serene, and spotless; asking nothing from fate, save one fond heart which should love her well. That heart she might have found—that love she might have known. Though given to her, at the first, in all the falsehood of disappointment, her gentleness and ingenuousness would soon have taught a truer and a fonder esteem: and Lucy Carr, as the wife of Lascelles, must have won his every passionate appreciation. As a constant companion, her peculiar virtues would have won upon him until she had become the true goddess of his salvation. Her sweetness of temper, truth, serenity, and patience, would have shone in all their purest lustre, by the holy light of home. In the crowd and the ball-room—before the stage lights of society, all gaudy colours, and all dazzling paste and tinsel are the best; but out in the calm moonlight of our own dear sacred home, there God's good gifts are best seen and known!

Two victims Ellen's pride had offered up,—the dead boy, the gentle broken-hearted maid; and yet another waited for the crushing chariot wheels of her vanity's triumphal car. But the day of retribution comes on, soon or late; and men must learn that they cannot infringe Nature's hallowed law of charity without, themselves, bearing the penalty they inflict on others.

Lucy had returned to her father's house, the wreck of her former self. But still patient, still amiable and gentle,—nothing told how deeply she was suffering, except her languor, depression, causeless sorrow, and increased debility. She was threatened with consumption. At her father's request, I hastened down to Borrowdale, and found all too true the sad account I had hoped exaggerated from fear. Without a moment's delay I took her back with me to town, to consult the best physicians on her case; and then I went with her to Clifton, where she was recommended by the doctors.

She was improved by the change: the colour came back to her pale cheeks; and, as the fresh winds upon the downs blew over her, and stirred the dancing ringlets on her brow, I have fairly wept with joy to see that brighter sparkle of her blue eye, and that fresher glow upon her lovely face. Oh! I could have knelt there, upon the sod, out beneath the sky, and thanked my God that he had given it to me to be the minister and the saviour of that sweetest one! My own child, had she been still in life, would never have been loved more tenderly than gentle, virtuous, Lucy Carr! I was old, and my ways were formed; and I had ever been taught to love and honour womanhood for its womanly virtues, —its modesty, its humbleness, its unselfish devotion, its chaste purity, its unquestioning obedience. I knew nothing of the new school of intellectual and moral amazons, who are strong to brave the shapes of all foul vice,—who care not through what dangers and temptations they pass,—dangers at which most virtuous men would blush;—who, mighty in their devotion for the truth,—that esoteric evanescence which evades all men's grasp,—neglect the homely feminine duties to which they were born;—I knew nothing of these, and cared nothing for their knowledge! But a simple maiden child such as Lucy,—this was ever dear to me, and none the less so because rarely found in this age.

I scarcely remember a happier time than these few weeks at Clifton. She herself became even gay; her stronger health gave more power to her mind; and she was able to repress, if not to extinguish, that fatal sorrow which had gone so nigh to slay her! For myself, it was more delight than I thought life still reserved me, to see her gradually improve,—gradually shake off her disease, and regain the old cheery look, the kindly smile, the gentle, mirthful affection, of former days. Like a miser, I hoarded each faintest mark of improvement, counting the smiles, measuring the blushes,—and thinking, fond fool, that I had done well to keep that lovely soul from heaven! And how rich I felt; when I saw her step become as light and bounding as it used to be on the Borrowdale hills, months ago, before that fatal, fatal friendship! It was a time, it was a happiness, which excelled any that youth had given me; for joy, when it comes to the aged man, is more dear, because more understood, and arising from a deeper source, than any, even the most exquisite, sensations of boyhood.

Ellen Craven and the Graysters yet remained in London, though the "season" —that gregarious time, when folly is more foolish, and vanity more vain,—had nearly ended. Of late Mrs. Grayster had, at her husband's earnest request, thrown off some of that first, excessive, and secluding grief, which is the natural expression of a sorrow such as hers. During the time of her *chaperone's* mourning, Ellen Craven, who boasted on "never going out of her way," let what would betide, had been much abroad with Lady Ann Marlow,—a vain, pretty, frivolous, and bold-eyed woman of the world;—a woman whose fortune, dinners, and position, kept her within the pale of society, though many another dame, more innocent, has lost caste and character for imprudences less culpable than hers. She it was whose dice rattled loudest at the German gaming-tables;—she it was whose laugh was merriest, and whose jest was raciest, when champagne and claret had flowed round her table;—her equipage was the most elegant and dashing, her dinners the most delightful and sumptuous, the society that she gathered round her the most agreeable and lax of any woman in London. In person she was small, well made, piquante, always beautifully, but often fantastically, dressed; a vixen, coquette, amazon, and fine lady, by turns.

Perhaps it was not without the intention of affording herself a strong contrast that Ellen Craven, so perfectly ladylike as she was, had chosen Lady Ann Marlow as her *chaperone:* and surely, not even Lucy was more strikingly in opposition than this small, quick, volatile, dissipated little woman, with the dignified and haughty Ellen! Both looked to advantage in their peculiar styles, when thus mated together; and no two guests were more in requisition than Lady Ann and her beautiful young friend. And during all this mad revelry, this ceaseless gaiety, Frederick Grayster's mother sat weeping in her bereavement, and Lucy Carr struggled yet between life and death,—both victims to that cruel, fatal pride!

"Can I never find you alone?" cried Lascelles, in a piqued tone, as morning after morning he came, by appointment, and found his mistress either deeply engaged with Lady Ann, or with milliners, jewellers, and all the harpies of London life about her; or else prepared to be whirled to some morning amusement, which should dissipate the languor of last night's gaiety.

"That tone to me?" said Ellen, haughtily, raising her dark eyes, and fixing them upon her lover, with a cold, impenetrable look. "You forget yourself, Captain Lascelles!"

"Forget myself!—when you have tried my patience to the utmost!—tried it more than any man but myself would have borne! Have I not come repeatedly—each time by your own desire—in hopes of finding you alone and disengaged for one short hour, and each time have you not, purposely, disappointed me?"

"Your jealousy and suspicion says purposely!" returned Ellen, with indifference.

"My fears, Ellen—my love—my devotion."

"Here comes the carriage!" she exclaimed, yawning; "I must go, Lascelles."

The young man bit his lip with vexation. "You go, I presume, to that new friend of yours, Lady Ann Marlow!" he cried, turning pale. "It breaks my heart, Ellen, to see you so intimate with such a woman! It is disreputable for any modest person to be seen with her! How can you ally yourself to such a horrible character?"

"Captain Lascelles! hear me, if you are not mad, or determined that I end our acquaintance at once," began Ellen, her figure drawn up to its full height, and her haughty brows contracted, as she gazed indignantly on her lover. "I would have you to understand that my actions are perfectly free, and that neither you, nor any one, has the power, or the right, to interfere with me in the smallest degree. I allow of no questionings. I brook no command. Lady Ann is my friend, and it is my pleasure to be much with her. This is your answer; the only one that I shall give. If it is not enough for you," and she shrugged her shoulders contemptuously, "I can but regret your exacting temper, for your own sake!"

"Are these the principles, these the feelings, you intend to carry into the married state?" asked Lascelles, his lip quivering.

"Married!—thank God, I am not married yet!" cried Ellen, with indescribable fervour, raising her beautiful eyes to the ceiling, as if she did indeed feel the power and the existence of a God.

"I understand you!" cried Lascelles;—"But no, I will not judge you hastily, Ellen; you do not mean all you say—you do not mean to wound me so cruelly."

"I am not in the habit of speaking falsehoods," Ellen answered, withdrawing the hand that Lascelles had seized: "Do you intend your words as an insult?" And she again fixed her eyes upon the young man, with a strange, cold gaze, more expressive than any words—expressive of the death-hour of her love.

"Do you mean that you would regret your marriage with me?" Lascelles asked, in that calm, still voice of wounded feelings stifled and subdued.

"I do," she answered.

There was a dead silence. Lascelles leaned against the pedestal of a Cupid and Psyche, endeavouring to control his outraged heart; and Ellen sat, drawing on her glove, feeling excessively thankful that the explanation had come at last, and that she was now free to accept Lord Henry Hardwicke's proposal.

"You are released, Ellen—Miss Craven,—" then said Lascelles, "from an engagement which has become wearisome to you. Farewell! May God above bless you, and may you never know the anguish which this morning you have caused to me. I do not blame you: perhaps, when too late, you will think of your work, and repent it."

"Thank God it is over!" said Ellen, with a relieved sigh, as Lascelles left the room; "And now I am once more free—free to raise myself to the place and the position to which I was born, by a brilliant marriage. I wonder if Lord Henry will be at Lady Ann's!"

And as she leaned back in her luxurious carriage, visions of wealth and splendour, of place and influence, arose before her, dazzling her with their brightness, and obscuring by their false light the pale mild glory of virtue. Virtue against the world?—place a reed in the hand of a crippled pigmy, and expect him to conquer a mail-clad Titan, rather than look for the victory of this over the brilliant seductions and the glowing allurements of earth!

"You have made me wait just seven minutes and a half!" cried Lady Ann, as Ellen entered the room: "What has kept you, so tortoise-like, at home?"

"What can I say?" Ellen answered, smiling; "I have been engaged—*c'est tout!*" She shrugged her shoulders as she spoke—a new and favourite action of hers.

"And pleasantly, I can see. Come, tell me what it was—love or revenge? I know nothing else that would make Ellen Craven's eyes shine brighter! And they are both true luxuries, my dear; they warm your blood, like wine, or hunting, or *rouge et noir*, or any other of those naughty things which you—virtuous proprieties!—call excesses."

"It was not love," said Ellen, flinging herself upon a couch, "nor yet revenge."

"No? And yet you can be so gay!—what, then, was it? Come, tell me, dear! I am as fond as an old maid in a country town of gossip, when it has anything piquant in it. What was it, Ellen?"

"Nothing particular, the simple recovery of liberty."

As she spoke, Lord Henry Hardwicke entered.

"The recovery, and the loss, in one breath," whispered Lady Ann—"the captain's epaulettes exchanged for a future coronet? You are a sad gambler! Your play is high enough, at any rate!—you have staked a franc, and won a Napoleon!"

"It is not won yet," thought Ellen; "but if I know anything of the game the prize falls to-night."

And her thought was true: that very night, fired by Lady Ann's expressive hints, and charmed with the soft impassioned beauty of Ellen Craven, Lord Henry Hardwicke said those few, but momentous, words which decided their fate for ever. To what result? How much of good, or happiness, or virtue, could be the consequence of deeds begun in such wickedness and sin? Treachery, vanity, coldness, and selfishness,—these were the laughing loves that drew Ellen Craven to the altar—these were the beaming virtues which smiled upon her there, and heralded her steps to the sanctuary of God! But was she alone in her career? Are there none others, it may be in higher, it may be in humbler, stations, who enact her part,—and sell for vanity and gold those dear affections and caresses which belong to love alone? Are there no wives who, forgetting vows and duties, lure, to an unlawful passion, for vanity, nought warmer? Are there not maids, whose sole endeavour it is to bring around them blind trusting fools, each one of whom thinks himself the only favoured? And others, fair and lovely as a morning dream, do they not barter themselves, their souls, and bodies, for base foul gain, indifferent to all but the largeness of their prize? These are things that pass around us, and have become so common that we have ceased to wonder at them! And of these was Ellen Craven.

Even more culpable than Lady Ann was that queenly, haughty lady; for she had as her excuse a warm and quick temperament; a nature full of swift, if not of strong, propensities; a craving for animal excitement; herself her own worst injurer, but doing little harm to others. Ellen had none of these to frame her apology. Her self possession and serenity no passions ruffled, her coldness no fierce warmth could fire; calmly she laid her plot, and calmly watched its unrevealing; and all in cool deliberation, she prepared the sacrifices, and marked the victims to her pride. Alas! alas! that such moral deformity should ever be mated with such glorious beauty! It cannot be! Or the mind, or the sense is deceived; beauty and sin—oh! they may not, must not, dwell together!

The preparations for the marriage went on with vigour and splendour. Lord Henry, intoxicated with the grace, beauty, and passion of his bride, seemed as if he could not sufficiently express his love. By all the most devoted attention, by all costly gifts, by a slave's humility, a woman's unselfishness, he strove to make her feel how thoroughly he was hers. Had he known her better he would have died ere he laid himself thus at her mercy! he would have died ere he had let her feel herself the superior! It is the self-controlled but warm, unyielding but loving, man that alone can master such a character as Ellen's. The slave is despised where the tyrant is respected; and a victory that needs skill, and strength, and superiority, is more prized than one which the very weakness of the foe, and not the own mastery, grants.

Mrs. Grayster, aroused by her husband, and interested in the fate of the beautiful, but wayward and ill-advised girl, shook off the passionateness of her grief, and once more assumed her rights of guardianship. But Ellen was too proud, in her success, to heed much that the gentle lady spoke of warning, and advising, and loving, kind reproof. At first she listened silently, then with impatience; and at last Mrs. Grayster's appearance was the signal for her flight. She had just enough of heart and virtue left to hinder her from committing any flagrant breach of propriety in her intercourse with one who had been as a very mother to her. Mrs. Grayster understood all that Ellen intended to express, and the subject of her late conduct was never mentioned between them.

At last the day came on, and Ellen was made Lord Henry's wife. It was a splendid assemblage—rank, wealth, fame, all were gathered to those brilliant nuptials; and the proud heart of the bride, for the first time, was sated with its glory. Queenly she looked, queenly she trod—her regal beauty eclipsing all the loveliness that beamed around her, as the sun shines out the stars, until the whole atmosphere seemed filled and penetrated by her splendour. Lord Henry wondered in his heart, what virtue he had ever done—of what good he was possessed, that he should call that woman his—that such a luxury of happiness should be poured upon him—he so unworthy all the while! Such the blindness, such the patient trust of men in fate! He was a good, simple, weak man—easily led, easily persuaded; one who believed in his kind, for sorrow had not yet awakened him to the truth, and who had passed through the ordeal of the world little scathed: he was too simple and too foolish to read the lessons which it taught; he accepted things as they seemed, and not as they were: contenting himself with the surface, afraid to examine deeper.

Such a man as this was never meant to be Ellen Craven's husband; it was never meant by nature that the weakest should be the strongest—the subjected the subduer. From the first she had felt her superiority over her lover, but his position, title, riches, dazzled her; and she forgot that the hour must inevitably come when she should loathe the nature which a false glare now concealed. She would grow accustomed to his rank, but not to the weakness of her husband. For a proud woman this is a festering wound which never heals; and Ellen was one who would rather have preferred vice with strength and mental manliness, than this pale, timid, virtue, that owed its existence or to weakness or to cowardice.

The consequences were such as a very child might have foreseen. From two such opposite natures, thus inharmoniously bound together, what but disunion must result? Ellen soon learnt to despise what she did not love; and her husband woke slowly from his brief, but delightful, dream to find himself disregarded, contemned, unloved, when he had looked for all dear affection, all sympathy, and friendship, and respect. Ellen was too proud to conceal such feelings as these. While she had her game to play, she could assume the falsehood of an affected passion: that game played and won, she threw down her mask and appeared as she really was. And no spectre could have scared that hapless husband more than his proud wife in all her regal loveliness, as she stood by his side, her looks confessing that she loved him no longer—perhaps had never loved him from the first! It was a hard trial for any man—a bitter hour through which to pass; to Lord Henry doubly so, while the influence lasted; for he had not the power of many—to free himself from the tyranny of others, or of his own heart.

Things were in this state—no outbreak, no quarrel, merely the death of coldness,—the silence, best understood of all, which broods over the grave—when Lord Henry and his wife returned to London. They had been absent some nine months, travelling on the Continent; and now came back just as the fashionable season commenced.

The first person who called upon them was Lady Ann Marlow. A year had added to her audacity, improved her beauty, increased her knowledge of the world, deepened her excesses, and made her thrice the "dangerous woman," that all London—except her husband—confessed her last season. Her quick eyes soon discovered the respective positions of this ill-matched and brilliantly-mated pair; and with more of good feeling than might have been expected from her, she took the weakest, because the injured, part, and gave all her sympathies to Lord Henry. She was a passionate, free-spoken little vixen, with all her loveliness; and she was not long in telling Lady Hardwicke her own most vehement opinion. This Ellen could scarcely be expected to brook. She returned answers haughty and defiant; and it ended by Lady Ann rushing from the house in a paroxysm of rage, swearing horribly, and vowing revenge on the haughty woman who had dared to thus oppose her, after all that she had done for her advancement.

This interference only made matters worse. Ellen, indignant at such "impertinence," and "presumption," revenged herself upon her husband,—like all indignant women;—and he, exceedingly grateful to Lady Ann for her warm-hearted sympathy, would not see that any insult had been intended, but declared that all had been kindly meant, and that Ellen ought to go on the instant and apologise for her impatience.

This was too much! Forgetting herself and her position, and annoyed beyond control, the lady haughtily commanded her husband to leave the room, —bidding him seek with Lady Ann that love which she withdrew from him for ever. Lord Henry accepted the challenge;—quitted her presence; and that evening he might be seen in Lady Ann Marlow's opera-box, talking earnestly to her—his face deadly pale, hers brightly flushed—until they ensconced themselves behind the curtains, till the ballet was over;—and then he went to sup with her, *tête à tête*. A portentous reply to that indignant challenge! It would soon be a declared *guerre à l' outrance* between that noble pair!—and when one spirit is too haughty to give or to receive quarter, Heaven's mercy be over them both!

While these things were being done in London, sweet Lucy Carr,—her health restored, though her happiness had fled,—once more formed the ornament of the Lakes, and the delight of her father's house. It was in May—just two years since first the Grayster party had wandered by that lonely cottage,—when one evening Lucy and I,—she my support, for I had been ill, and was much enfeebled,—went out upon the terrace to watch the sun set behind the Basanthwaite hills. She was more pale, and pensive, and silent this evening than I had seen her for a long time; and her eyes were so mournful, and her whole air so depressed, that it filled my heart with sadness to see her thus. She had, too, that indescribable expression which threatens consumption;—the blue eye, the pale fair skin, the vivid blush, the thin hand,—all as I used to watch, how tenderly!—for hours long at Clifton. I knew well the meaning of this change, for I had seen the depression come gradually, but surely, as the summer deepened, and brought with it such mingled memories of bliss and grief. The last year she had spent this fatal month at Clifton; and though she had suffered much, there was nothing there but the beaming sun to recal the past: here, everything spoke of that bygone time, when first she had awakened to the knowledge of herself,—when first love had been the talisman which had unlocked the fairy casket of life, and shown her the jewels it contained.

Though two years had passed since Lucy had first known Lascelles, yet his memory was as vivid, and her love as strong, as though they had been parted but an hour. Time is nothing to the young heart; and in the country, where so little occurs to distract the attention, affections once formed are lasting as the life. It was so with Lucy. She had seen no one whose image had taken the place which her earliest lover, and her dearest, had made his own; no excitement had swept away the pure remembrance of her wakening hour; none other than Lascelles was loved! But still she would not have acknowledged, even to herself, that she yet cherished this love for one who had so cruelly betrayed and deceived her. She knew that Ellen had married Lord Henry, but she would not have confessed what hidden emotion made her cheek flush so bright, and her blue eyes fill with such glad tears, when she heard that he—he, her own beloved one, was free!—free to love her—free to make her his; and she free too—free to pardon him and be blessed!

Whatever might have been Lucy's secret thought, nothing was expressed; and whatever might have been the silent wish, the hidden impulse, that made her so often turn her eyes towards the road where she had first seen him, as if watching for his return, his name never passed her lips. She might have drank of the waters of Lethe, and become dead to all her former life, for what of phrase or word she spoke concerning it! Yet we do not always need these words to tell us what we would know; I have too much faith in the intuition of love and the teachings of self-knowledge to feel the need of them: and in all my intercourse with my kind—and it has been an intercourse neither scant nor short—I have ever found that this intuitive perception is even a better hierophant, or Revealer of the Holy Mysteries, than formal speech. With Lucy it was ever correct; but little praise to him who could read that fair unsullied book! He had but to bring to his task purity and love, and he would know her—as the angels above tell out their thoughts—by the sympathy of likeness.

This evening—whether the day was hot and sultry, or whether my late illness had left me more than usually anxious, or whether Lucy's palor and depression weighed heavily on me, I cannot tell; but I was restless and uncomfortable, unable to define my own uneasiness. One thing haunted me; and though I am not superstitious, the strange pertinacity with which the image of Lascelles clung to me that day, seemed as a harbinger of something in which he should be included. The only palpable form which my feverish expectation assumed was his appearance; and I felt myself, as Lucy, watching the main road, as if I looked for his handsome, manly figure to appear with each fleeting shade.

But the hours wore on; the evening saddened into twilight, the twilight deepened into night; and then the moon arose. The day had been intensely hot, and Lucy and myself were both refreshed with the cool breeze that sprang up, lightly, from the lake, as the moon-queen came forth. All was still: not a sound broke through that holy silence—not a voice of earth destroyed that moonlight spell. The birds had ceased their song, the insects stilled their hum; not a ripple broke upon the shore, not a leaf stirred in the grove. Then came up the breeze—lightly, playfully; and the trees shook their green ringlets with joy at its coming, and the young waves leaped up, laughing, in the moonlight. Healthful and gay, the light breeze fled onward, till it kissed the maiden's cheek, and crept among her golden locks.

Something glided noiselessly across the long bright line which the moon made upon the lake. It was a boat, guided by one man. Lucy caught her breath, and I felt my own hand tremble as I took hers to my heart, unable even to whisper aught of encouragement or love. The boat came swiftly and noiselessly to land; and the man leaped out. Soon we saw him pace the green walk among the trees,—come up through the copse,—cross the road,—and now he stood by the cottage gate. The shadow of a beech tree fell over him: we could only see his form.

The gate slowly opens; the figure advances. Up the gravel walk it comes, treading lightly, and keeping ever in the shade. Lucy clung to me; and her heart beat quick and loud. We both knew the thoughts of each,—and both expected the same revelation of love. The figure advances nearer. We see it look around, as it seems, lovingly: we see it stoop to pluck the flowers, then fold them to his heart, as if they were diamond gems. Yet a moment longer; —the man turns as if to go;—but another thought strikes him, and he comes upward to the terrace where we stood. He crossed into the light, and we saw his face. Lucy uttered a cry of joy and fear together, and then I saw her clasped in the arms of Lascelles!

An older man, and a wiser,—taught in no gentle school, he had returned for peace to the angel whose comfort he had once rejected: and she,—what could she do, but weep and smile, and give all liberally the love which she might not deny? He had suffered much; and sorrow oft makes men wiser, gentler, and more kind. It had taught *him* to appreciate the love whose value he had so bitterly mistaken, blinded by the glare of a false passion! Whatever of youthful levity he might have had, was now gone: a man, conscious of the worth and dignity of life,—conscious of the duty owed to others,—his past follies repented of, and all his excesses sobered, he was only now fit to be the husband of Lucy Carr, though the world might have named such a marriage mean or foolish. It is not the virginity, but the dignity, of a heart which makes it worth,—it is not the freshness, but the truth, of a love which gives it value; and Lucy found that Lascelles, as the duped and betrayed lover of Ellen Craven, was a better, wiser, and truer man, than he would have been, without that purification of suffering.

And now my task was ended! I had guarded the young lamb long as I was able—long as I was needed; and then I gave her to a husband's care; and I never repented the hour when I stood upon the terrace, and blessed the lovers in the moonlight. Bright days were theirs; sweet hours of confidence and love, a life of harmony, and peace, and truth! No shadow crossed their way, save one, when they read of Lord Henry's desertion of his wife and his elopement with Lady Ann. Stern justice to the haughty Ellen; for this was but the first of a long series, which dragged her down, low, low, to poverty and shame! Tongues were busy with her name; and virtuous women turned away when she approached. Her wanton cruelties, which, as rich and powerful, had been but her sweet graces, now became shameless vices; and the virtuous women, who gathered flatteringly round her, when she could pay them with her brilliant balls and routs, and *soirées*, at which it was a stamp or passport to be "seen," deserted her with blushing shame and indignation, when the divorce was passed—her title gone—her fortune spent. And though she had been the innocent and the oppressed in this, yet society is never keenly alive to the distinctions of right and wrong. Much that was reprehensible, and truly so, in her palmy days, was now remembered to her ruin; and Ellen found herself deserted, shunned—nay, even pointed at, as she who had ruined her husband, and forced him to leave her, and whose coquetries and wanton ways had long been the scandal of her society.

I do not say that the sentence, of itself, was unjust. It was not so; but the reasons which brought it down upon her now, were criminal and bad,—yet befitting her. She had sacrificed her all,—virtue, honour, womanhood,—to the world, and it was just that the world should be her judge. She had ruined, for her vanity's sake, the happiness of many;—it was just that through her vanity she herself should be next ruined. But her judges were none the less guilty in their sentence: nor were their feelings the less base and mean. Yet their time also will come in its appointed hour, and then they will be found, when fallen, wanting in all the requisites of humanity, which, when prosperous, they had adorned by their participation! No pity for them! They have chosen their path;—but they had a better way before them, if they had so willed! Leave them there!—and perhaps they, too, may come out from pain, purified to virtue:—perhaps they, too, may learn life's better value,—and lay to heart its dearest lesson, of love, and gentleness, and justice unto all!

A NIGHT WITH THE M.P.'S.

By ANGUS B. REACH.

It is a bright afternoon in the height of the season. Parliament-street is thronged with vehicles and passengers. The grey towers of the Abbey, and the bald-looking church of St. Margaret, and the plain business-like facade of the law courts—are lighted up in the full blaze of the summer's sun. Groups of men now hurrying on, now lounging in idle clusters, occupy the broad foot-pavement. Barristers, bewigged and begowned, saunter hither and thither, in earnest conversation with sharp-looking Parliamentary solicitors. Clerks are hurrying to and fro with blue bags. Reporters come dropping down one by one on their way to the gallery. Knots of provincial ladies and gentlemen, marshalled by policemen into lines, upon the pavement, are eagerly looking out for Parliamentary notabilities; and crowds of that idle, seedy class of people who are always to be found when anything is going on which can be seen gratis, are disposed in rough rank and file on the Abbey side of the way. Just before them parade a whole troop of saddle-horses, every second one ridden by a smart groom. Quiet comfortable-looking broughams go gliding up and down with that peculiar species of unpretending, sneaking motion peculiar to broughams. Flashing cabs are occupied by diminutive tigers; while about Poets'-corner you see huddled up together a multitudinous array of curricles, family coaches, phaetons, clarences, and led horses, presided over by a host of chattering grooms and lackeys.

And it is one shabby little yellow door, just at the corner of the law-court facade, which seems the centre of attraction. Two or three men with porters' badges, and as many police constables stand about it. There is a sort of longitudinal stepping stone before it; and here carriages and cabs pull up in quick succession; the door of each vehicle is hastily opened by one of the porters aforesaid—one or more gentlemen jump out and vanish into the shabby portal; others come quietly on foot, singly or two or three abreast; but all who enter at the corner door are greeted by the uplifted hats of porters and policemen; for the shabby entrance is the portal of the House of Commons, and the gentlemen who disappear within it are the wise M.P.'s who rule our land.

You can only, unqualified reader, catch a passing glimpse of the interior. You will see a low whitewashed room. A double line of cloak-pins runs round it, and from each pin dangles a label, setting forth the name of an M.P.—consequently there must be 656 pins in the room. There is little else to be seen within it. The floor is covered with thick matting. A couple of baize covered tables stand on either side—at that on the right, half a dozen clerks are writing—that on the left is occupied by heaps of evening papers, wet from the press.

Not being M. P.'s, we proceed round the corner to gain the lobby by another entrance. Observe the respectable old dame who sells oranges, apples, and pears, in the porch. Now we are in the lobby. 'Tis an odd place—with its whitewashed walls—and labyrinths of passages, and openings, and doors, leading you know not whither—and its ranges of buckets along the walls—and the matting on the floor, which makes you think you are walking over a succession of door-mats—and its trap-door gratings, from whence puffs of hot wind come surging up. And then you observe the rank and file of strangers, waiting their turn for admission to the gallery—and the black-coated white-cravated officers of the House, each decorated with a brass label, worn by a chain round his neck—and lastly you see those wise *patres conscripti*, the sacred, bailiff-tabooed M.P.'s themselves, swaggering backwards and forwards; and you catch waifs and strays of their lofty and patriotic talk :—

"I say Wiggins, what are to be the numbers?"

"Our people make them forty-five."

"Bet you three to one they're under thirty?"

And Wiggins and his friend pass on.

"What way will Lubbers vote?"

"Oh, we have him safe. Mrs. Redde Taype asked his wife to her *matinée musicale* this morning."

Another couple of senators appear.

"I say, Sawyer, let's have a pair, till twelve; there can't be a division till late, for Nolan is going to talk at eleven for two hours, to give the men time to come from the ballet?"

"All right then, till twelve."

By this time, if one of the white-cravated gentry has not espied and turned us out ignominiously, we have turned a corner, and see before us, flanked by two porters' chairs, a glass door, which is continually being swung backwards and forwards, and through which you can only catch occasional glimpses of a distant sort of shabby gothic throne, with the Lion and the Unicorn on the top, and a man in a big wig below—that is the Speaker.

So much for the precincts of St. Stephen's.

It is the night of a grand debate, the house is crammed; on either side rises a black sea of hats, groups are talking eagerly at the bar, and behind the Speaker's chair—members are continually running across the floor to confer with some one opposite, and amid the loud gabbling hum, you can see—but you cannot hear—the three or four individuals who, with papers in their hands, on either side of the table, are hurriedly running over the clauses of a private bill. Only two or three places are vacant on the principal benches on the Speaker's right and left. These are the seats of the ministers and the leaders of the Opposition. Presently the latter are filled by gentlemen who deposit bundles of documents upon the table and then lean back, with pleasant, smiling faces which seem to say, "It's all right; wont we puzzle them?"

The clock now points ten minutes to five, when two or three gentlemen successively appear, each bearing an oblong little morocco-covered box, with a brass handle, and the heads and tails of folded papers peeping out from either extremity. These gentlemen sit down on the Ministerial bench, and solemnly address themselves to open their boxes with little keys hanging from their watch chains. This accomplished, they deposit the contents upon the table, and await in silence the opening of the fight.

And now the House is becoming every moment more eager. All preliminary business is gabbled over at railroad pace; and when the industrious Mr. Gloom rises to ask eighteen questions of the Vice-President of the Board of Trade, relative to the commercial treaty lately concluded by the Duchy of Saurkroutwaggenberg with the Tolverein, he is assailed by a volley of "Oh's and Groans," which would have prostrated any less potent champion. But it is not until the Vice-President assures the hon. member that no official information, &c. &c. &c., has been received by her Majesty's Government, &c. &c. &c., that a sudden hush makes itself felt—that the hon. M.P.'s compose themselves into listening attitudes—that the occupants of the members' galleries lean attentively over the railings—and the voice of the minister is heard enunciating, amid the deadest silence, the first sentence of perhaps a three-hour speech. The debate is now fairly on. Dinner time, indeed, brings a lull—the notabilities take flight, leaving only, perhaps, a single first-rater on either side, just to watch the proceedings. Then comes the era—in the reporters' gallery slang—of "little men," and the newspaper scribes are thankful to find they can bundle a whole oration of bad grammar and worse sense up into—"After a few words from Mr. Tomkins;" to the unbounded indignation of that senator, who has the papers brought him in bed next morning, and who vows that the press have entered into a special conspiracy to put him down. The evening wears on, however, and the house begins to refil. White waistcoats and patent leather boots increase and multiply. An increasing warmth and spirit show themselves in the proceedings. The "big men," finding they have got a full and excited audience, get up and explode one after the other; speeches get more and more peppery—party hits more and more stinging; the feeble "hear, hear!" of the early part of the evening becomes a volley of cheering shouts; every one is thoroughly roused—thoroughly warmed to his work; party leaders turn round and address their followers behind them rather than the House, and every enthusiastic supporting cheer from one side is answered by loud derisive bursts of "Oh, oh's!" from the other. Perhaps a "scene" adds additional cayenne to the dish. One hon. member insinuates very broadly that another hon. member is no better than he ought to be; on this, all the second hon. member's friends groan and shout "Oh, oh!" and one of them gets up and says he rises to order; and then both parties shout and yell, and both the hon. members stand making pantomimic speeches in the uproar. At length it is partially stilled, and the first hon. member says he reiterates his statements, and then there is what the reporters call "renewed uproar," and the hon. member alluded to contradicts the first hon. member to his teeth; and, in the midst of a torrent of groans and shouts, the hon. member who has risen to order bawls out that he throws himself on the House, and wishes to know whether this disgraceful scene is to be allowed to continue; on which the Speaker, amid a dead silence, proclaims in a sonorous tone that the words used by both hon. members are unparliamentary; whereon the first hon. member retracts his, and the second hon. member retracts his, and each proclaims the high individual esteem in which he holds the other—and then all the hon. members cheer, and things go on as before.

At length the hand of the clock in the Speaker's gallery points to after midnight, and the Premier is on his legs making the closing speech of the debate. Now comes the "whip" preparatory to the division. Urgent messages are sent to Bellamy's and the smoking-room, and confidential agents of the "whippers in" fling themselves into cabs and tear off to Pall-mall, rushing from club to club to pass the word that the division will take place almost immediately. The House is now all impatience: M.P.'s who have come from parties and want to get back roar "Divide!" till they are hoarse; and at length a Secretary of the Treasury having whispered to the Premier that all their men are ready, the orator winds up in an impassioned peroration; and then—amid the burst of hurrahs which hail the last twanging sentence,—you hear the Speaker's burly voice, shouting, "Strangers must withdraw!" echoed by the Serjeant-at-Arms and his officers, screaming at the top of their voices, "Clear the gallery!" And the gallery is cleared—and the division takes place—and one-half of the next morning's papers say the country is saved, and the other half say that it is lost.

Such is a great night in the House of Commons. Happily for the readers of newspapers every debate is not such a monster one. The impracticables—the riders of hobbies—give the Speaker many a holiday. Tuesdays and Thursdays, it ought to be known, are appropriated to the motions of individual private members; and on one of those days the "Notice Paper" containing the business for the evening will probably begin as follows:—

Mr. GLOOM—To move for returns of every pint of porter drunk in the metropolis from the 1st of April, 1800, to the 1st of April, 1847 (inclusive)—specifying in what cases the chill was off; also whether the liquor was served in pewter or glass tumblers; also how each pint was paid for, whether in pence or half-pence; also in the case of a pint being scored, how long it remained unpaid for, and how often the customer was dunned for the amount.

Mr. Luke Warme—To call the attention of the House to the case of John Poddle, a scholar in a national school, who was flogged in the year 1833, for taking sights at the master.

Mr. Dennis O'Dowd—To move for leave to bring in a bill to do away with the necessity of the descendants of the ancient Irish kings paying their debts.

Mr. John Jones.—To move for a committee of the whole House, to inquire into the condition of things in general.

Mr. Gloom—To move for a committee of the whole House, to take into consideration the policy of abolishing the import duties on Circassian cream, Tartar emetic, and Prussian blue.

Mr. John Blethers—To move for leave to bring in a bill for the abolition of capital punishment, and for the maintenance for life, in a comfortable respectable, and in very aggravated cases—in a luxurious manner, of individuals convicted of murder.

And so on for three octavo pages of close print.

The Speaker is of course at his post at the usual hour—shortly before four o'clock. About a dozen of members, consisting of Mr. Gloom, Mr. Luke Warme, Mr. Dennis O'Dowd, Mr. John Jones, Mr. John Blethers, and their peculiar friends and seconders, are present. The Speaker cannot take the chair until there are forty members present, and he sits in the chief clerk's place, counting the M.P.'s as they drop in one by one, with the corner of his cocked hat. The dial marks two minutes to four, and the eager legislators are well aware that if the magic hour be actually attained without the presence of the requisite forty, the House stands *ipso facto* adjourned. The glass door is kept open, and the anxious eyes of Mr. Gloom see a couple of dozen members laughing in the lobby; out he flies, and by dint of persuasion and cajolery manages to induce the best natured of them to enter.

Meantime Mr. Toppe Sawyer is just as busy keeping everybody he can out. "Don't make a house, my good fellow; the Speaker wants a holiday, and no wonder; there's nothing on the paper, only a lot of stuff of these bores inside. Don't humour them—it would be a positive sin."

The hand of the clock stands at a minute to four. The fate of the day is trembling in the balance. The Speaker has counted thirty-seven, ha! one more —"thirty-eight,"—"confound him," groan the reporters, in an under-toned chorus —three seconds more, "thirty-nine,"—another mute groan in the gallery—never mind, there is hope yet—the minute hand is on the first figure of twelve, no house! Yes!—No!—Ah! confusion—in the very nick of time—"Forty!"

The Speaker mounts to his chair, and Gloom and the Bores are delighted.

"Never mind," mutters Toppe Sawyer, "they can't keep a house"—and he is right.

By the time the clock points to a quarter past five, Gloom is humming and hawing, and correcting himself, and repeating himself, and committing frightful ravages on the harmless Mr. Lindley Murray, to about a couple of dozen listless auditors, one-third of whom are stretched out full length on the back benches.

Toppe Sawyer sees that his time is come.

"Mr. Speaker: Sir, I beg to move that the House be counted."

Gloom sits down; looking like a grisly bear forced to squat on broken bottles, and in five minutes thereafter the house is empty and silent, and the Speaker is being dragged off by his spanking greys rejoicingly to dinner.

PAUL PEVENSEY;

OR, THE MAN FROM BELOW.*

CHAP. XXVII.—THE FRUITLESS SEARCH.

FEW things in nature are more startlingly different than the eve and the morrow of crime. The approaches to it are so often disguised by excitement and the influence of the more turbulent passions, that they appear rather pleasing than otherwise. But when the deed has been done—when blood, for example, has been shed—when the immortal soul has been dislodged violently from its mansion of clay, a strange revulsion of feeling takes place. A veil seems to drop from before the eyes of the criminal, and where he could previously discover nothing but the encouraging forms of vengeance and punishment, he discerns the dark encircling flames of hell shooting up into the lurid air, filled with spectral apparitions, ready to start forth and drag him to his doom; and to escape from visions of the mind so appalling many deliver themselves up to justice, preferring an ignominious death to the perpetual stings of conscience.

The night after the murder numerous colliers were collected together at the Jarrow, the small public-house in the hollow where Paul remained a sort of prisoner on parole. Among them appeared one man of most dismal and dejected aspect. He drank, he smoked, he made an effort to talk loud and appear as jovial as his companions; but there was evidently a weight upon his brain which he could not shake off. The brandy-and-water would not make him drunk; it seemed to have lost its strength, and went down his throat as harmlessly as so much puddle. To a casual observer this individual would have appeared to be much courted; all the colliers made a point of shaking hands with him and asking him to drink, while several of them patted him on the shoulder, and said he had done good service to his marrows.

But those rough vagabonds, in whatever other vices they might excel, were no great proficients in jesuitry. Their mirth was easily discovered to be forced, and their sympathy to be affected. An expression of loathing involuntarily sat on their grim countenances; and when they had shaken hands with the individual in question, they unconsciously wiped their palm against their corduroys, as if to remove some stain of pollution. With the quick perception which guilt imparts, the man penetrated into their thoughts, and his soul became wrapped, as he did so, in tenfold darkness and horror. He was the murderer. The farce of drawing lots had proved useless, for being unaccustomed to the trade of blood, he immediately betrayed himself, whilst seeking, by all the sophistry of which the rude heart is master, to reconcile his mind to the wild act he had performed, by falling back on the supposed purity of his motives, and the magnitude and goodness of the object he had in view. His efforts, however, proved unavailing, and to obtain some respite from mental suffering he swallowed a quantity of raw spirits, which at length procured him the temporary oblivion he coveted. With a half-smoked pipe in his hand, he fell back, pale and ghastly, in his chair, and dropped into a deep sleep.

While he continued in this state the other colliers all retired, leaving no one but Paul and the murderer in the room. It was some time past midnight when he awoke. The candles had burnt low in their sockets, and the wicks made winding sheets and coffins, under the direction of those malevolent sprites which love to terrify and bewilder unhappy human beings, by fore-showing evils to come. How aghast looked the wretched man, as his eyes wandered round the empty room in search of some one whose company might deliver him from his own thoughts! At length he perceived Paul, curled up fast asleep in an arm-chair; and starting up, made over—half reeling, half walking—towards him, that he might enjoy the satisfaction of hearing a human voice, without which life now appeared to be insupportable. He had risen the day before one of the gayest and most reckless of the pitmen; his energy knew no bounds, and he did his work in the court-house with a resolution which would have done honour to a Spanish brigand. But then came the collapse. The world, which had seemed to him so material before, now appeared to lose its solidity and shrink away, leaving nothing but an agglomeration of unsubstantial vapours, upon which his spirit could find no footing. With a gentle shake he roused the slumbering boy.

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* Continued from page 63.

"What is the matter?" cried Paul, who had now grown so accustomed to the uncouth manners of the colliers, that he experienced neither alarm nor annoyance.

"Nothing," replied the man, in a soothing voice; "only I want to talk with you."

"I'm nation sleepy," cried Paul; "but fire away, I'll keep myself awake if I can."

"You're a good boy," answered the murderer; "but tell me, now, did you ever kill anybody?"

"Yes, seven or eight," replied Paul.

"What! men?"

"I don't know as they were all men, I think there was some children among 'em."

"How did you do it?"

"Why, I left the trap-door open, to be sure, and blowed 'em up."

"Did you do it on purpose?"

"No: I was nation sleepy, as I am now, and dropped off into a good sound nap; and when I came to myself again the mischief was done."

"And don't you feel very miserable?"

"No, I can't say as I do; it was an accident—I couldn't help it; and some day, perhaps, I shall be blowed up myself by the carelessness of some little devil, just such as I was then."

"But what would you say to a man who had killed another on purpose?"

"Do you mean a murderer?" inquired Paul.

"No—not exactly that," answered the man, with a sort of panting voice; "not exactly a———, but a man who had killed another for the good of the public."

"Do you mean a sodger or a hangman?"

The man put his hand to his neck, as if he felt the rope already about it; and then said in a low voice—"No, no; I don't speak of sodgers or hangmen, but of a person who kills rich and wicked men, that try to oppress the poor."

"That's God's business," answered Paul; "we should leave it to Him: He knows best about them things; and, as Mr. Link used to say, no good ever comes of our meddling with his duty."

"Ay, but Providence is slow, and when you're suffering you don't know what is best."

"No, you don't; but it's always best, at all events, not to do nothing that you can't account for either in this world or the next."

The murderer's only reply was a deep groan. Paul started.

"Arn't you well?" inquired he.

"Not very," replied the murderer, in a subdued tone; "but tell me this: supposing you saw a murderer before you, would you shake hands with him?"

"I'd rather not," answered Paul; "but if it was likely to be of any service to him, I'd do it."

"Would you give him up to a constable?"

"No, that I certainly would not."

"Why?"

"Because I ain't a thief-taker or a policeman, and I don't like to get people scragged, even when they deserve it."

"But supposing they offered you money?"

"Well, they might offer, but they wouldn't be none the nearer the mark; I am rather obstinate in my notions, and what I think is right I'll do, whethe people like it or not—but, hark, what's that, I hear feet shuffling about th window?"

"Where—which side?" exclaimed the man. Oh, God! they'll take me."

"For what?" inquired Paul, as his companion made towards the back window.

"I'm a murderer!" he replied, as he opened the casement and leaped out int the dark.

"Well," muttered Paul to himself, "I guessed as much;" and then closing an fastening the casement, and blowing out the candles, he returned to his arm chair and curled himself up as before.

Several men were now heard thundering at the front door, and demandin instant admittance. They knocked for some time, however, because the landlord having taken a stiff night-cap in the evening, could not be easily waked and no one else was disposed to perform his duty. At length, however, min host crawled out of bed and opened the front door, upon which a posse of constables with staves and dark lanterns rushed in, fastened the door after then and immediately began to search for the murderer, whom they affirmed to b concealed somewhere in the house. Well enough did the landlord know he ha been there, but affecting the most complete ignorance, he invited them to loo everywhere, being, he said, perfectly sure they would find no evil-dispose person in his domicile. It is, in fact, every man's duty to stand up for th honour of his own premises. How should there be anything bad under hi roof? And we have all of us a gentle way of interpreting ourselves and ou own actions, and are apt to imagine that people catch goodness by associatin with us, as they do another complaint by coming into too close contact wit Scotchmen. The event quite justified Mr. Tosspot's prediction, as the only individual, besides the family, whom the constables were able to ferret out, wa Master Paul Pevensey. Him they questioned with much pertinacity, bu without becoming much the wiser. They had noticed, they said, a light in th window on first coming up to the house—"why was it put out?"

"Because I can't sleep properly when there's candles in the room."

"But hadn't you been asleep before?"

"Yes."

"Why didn't you put the candles out at first?"

"Because there was people here when I went to sleep, and they would hav pitched pretty handsomely into me if I had attempted to leave them whe Moses was when his candle went out."

"You're a saucy little vagabond," said one of the constables.

"Ditto," answered Paul, "minus the little,"

"Neighbour," observed the leading man among the posse, "this lad is no the person we've come to seize in the Queen's name, be civil, therefore, and w may fish something out of him."

"Oh, oh," thought Paul, "don't you wish you may get it?"

The interrogatories were then resumed.

"Tell us, my little man, have you been sleeping all the evening by yourself?"

"No; I told you there was a great many people here when I first went t sleep."

"But afterwards?"

"Why, when I waked I found only one man left."

"And who was he?"

"Don't know."

"How long has he been gone?"

"Can't say—haven't got a watch."

"How was he dressed?"

"I was too sleepy to notice."

"What size was he?"

"Big enough to make a constable and a-half."

The superior functionary, who was very short, here stood in need of his philosophy. He bit his lips and proceeded.

"Did he talk with you?"

"Yes."

"What did he say?"

"A great deal too much to remember."

"Did he hint anything about killing any person?"

"Why," answered Paul, "you must be witty people here in the North if your murderers go about pot-houses telling their secrets to little boys."

This produced a hearty laugh among the whole party, and Paul was asked no more questions. The constables soon afterwards departed, and Paul resuming his arm-chair, at length fell asleep again; and did not wake till late in the morning.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—THE GIBBET IN THE JARROW SLAKE.

It is altogether unnecessary for the purposes of the present narrative to trace any further the progress of the murderer; suffice it to say, that on the very day after he had effected his escape from the Jarrow, he was apprehended on the high road—conveyed to the county town, and there found guilty and executed. Considerable apprehension was felt during the whole course of the proceedings, that the insurgent colliers, numbering nearly five thousand, would burst into the town, and attempt at least the rescue of their marrow, which would have led to much confusion and slaughter. No effort could properly be said to have been made to pacify them; on the contrary, they were treated with peculiar harshness—driven forcibly from their cottages, and compelled to encamp in rude tents upon the moors; so that their feelings were exasperated to the highest pitch, and there was every day reason to fear an outbreak and collision with the military.

But it has often been remarked, that colliers habitually exhibit above ground little of that daring which distinguishes them in the pit. The glare of day, the bustle of ordinary life, the unusual sights and sounds by which they are surrounded, the vastness of the earth, and overhanging skies, literally bewilder them. Accustomed to a confined space, and to combat with invisible enemies, such as fiery gases, and pestilential miasmata, they feel out of their element when brought in contact with soldiers, or the servants of the law. Tamely, therefore, and patiently did they endure the execution of their unfortunate instrument, whose death broke up the association of assassins, which in its entire nature was foreign from the character of Englishmen. They assembled in dense masses on the plains; their tents rang with noise and shouting—they put themselves in menacing attitudes and marched wildly hither and thither, without any positive result. Conscious of their own weakness, they soon began secretly to regret the turbulent course they had adopted, and to wish themselves safely back at their subterranean employments.

The authorities, however, to give the last stroke to their humiliation, and prove to them the utter contempt in which they were held by the ruling classes—caused a lofty gibbet to be erected in the midst of the stream called the Jarrow Slake, and there hung the murderer's body in chains, to be torn and lacerated, and borne away piecemeal by the fowls of the air. The place they selected for this barbarous exhibition was exceedingly well adapted to the purpose. It was a spot where the river ran between two black rocks, which shelved somewhat abruptly on either side to the water's edge; while numerous gloomy ravines and gulleys brought down in rainy weather the additions made to the Jarrow by momentary tributaries. Here and there a few stunted bushes tried to grow on the ungrateful soil, but they looked sad and blackened, and their leaves dropped off long before they had felt the touch of autumn.

As the river in that place has little fall, the eye could scarcely detect in what direction it flows, so that in short reaches, it had the appearance of a stagnant pool. In its broad and sluggish bed, however, there are several small islets, flat, slimy, and slippery, and upon one of these the gibbet was erected—a monument little creditable to the civilisation of our times. We know, of course, that the corpse of a malefactor feels nothing, and that, therefore, excepting so far as the sentiments are concerned, it signifies little whether you suspend a bundle of rags upon the gibbet, or the clay which has contained the human spirit. But to the feeling of humanity it signifies very much. We attach a sort of veneration to the frame of man, and are saddened and displeased when we behold it thus thrust forward in the face of the open sky, to be preyed upon by kites and ravens, and as decomposition takes place, to drop like offal into the stream. The idea of such a punishment is unworthy of any period of civilisation, and proves, wherever it takes place, that the savage is not extinct in that community. It was with a mixture of dejection and fury that the colliers beheld the remains of their late companion thus gibbeted within sight of their tents; and the creaking of the irons, as the heavy corpse swung to and fro in the breeze, struck painfully on their hearts.

Paul was still kept a prisoner among them, though for what reason scarcely appeared; they had no longer anything to dread; the law had done its worst in the case of the only real crime committed, and they designed not to continue the contest; but they were highly indignant that their wretched comrade had been denied the common rites of humanity, and treated like one of those vermin that infest our rural districts. Fierce, therefore, and fiery were the denunciations which they uttered against those whom they styled their persecutors. Sometimes they congregated in vast masses, and with tumultuous shouts and yells uttered vows of vengeance; sometimes they met in little knots, and spoke together with hushed voices, discussing plans and projects into which Paul became initiated by degrees. He had now been removed from the public-house to the tent of a man named Daniel Filmer, who, though of a rude and boisterous character, was highly communicative, and seemed to experience some sort of interest in conversing with his little guest. He was somewhat advanced in years, had no children, and lived with his wife, a woman of about his own age, on those terms of rough sociability which might be expected from persons who, though attached to each other, were both ignorant, uncouth, and incapable of giving vent to their feelings, such as they were. Mrs. Filmer scarcely differed from her husband in appearance, being brawny and masculine by nature, and having worked all her lifetime in the pit. Paul almost fancied she had a beard; and her voice was as harsh and rough as her husband's. Why he was placed with this couple, except that they had no children, he could never learn; they wanted no services from him, though Mrs. Filmer did ask him occasionally to stir the pot, or fetch a little water from the Jarrow. When the gibbet, however, was set up, most persons felt an invincible repugnance to drink of that stream, especially from below where it stood; and you might therefore all day see colliers and their wives making weary journeys to distant rivulets, rather than resort to the polluted river.

One evening, as it was getting dusk, Mrs. Filmer asked Paul to fetch her a pitcher of water. He was not naturally lazy, but as the next rivulet was at least a mile and a half off, he determined to take his way to the Jarrow in preference, as the distance thither was not many hundred yards. Of approaching the gibbet he had no fear; it served him as a sort of land-mark, and he edged away to the right so as to reach the margin of the stream, which he did through a narrow gully a little above where it stood. It had been a fine day, and the evening was peculiarly delicious and balmy. A tinge of saffron still coloured the western sky, though the stars on the opposite side of the hemisphere had already made their appearance. A gentle breeze was blowing, just sufficiently powerful to give motion to the corpse on the gibbet, so that he could hear the creaking sound, which sent a sort of superstitious thrill to his frame. As he stood on the rocky edge of the river, he put down his pitcher and, with highly-excited imagination, turned round towards where the ghastly object stood relieved against the sky. There it was, in constant undulating motion—swing, swing; creak, creak. His heart seemed to beat audibly, yet he advanced a step or two in the direction of the gibbet. He knew not why he was attracted towards it, yet still he advanced, till he fancied he heard a murmuring sound issuing from the rocks, and borne out slowly over the waters. Paul started—listened—what could it be? He was naturally brave, and late circumstances had rendered him doubly reckless. His curiosity urged him forwards till he observed something like the figure of a woman crouching amid the rocks. Paul, it may have been observed, always felt himself strongly attracted towards everything that belonged to the female sex, whom he respected generally, not being yet of an age to make distinctions or exceptions. He beheld something of Kate Pevensey in all other women, and secretly reverenced them for her sake. They seemed all, as it were, a part of his mother, whom he would at this moment have given his little life to clasp in his arms. As soon, therefore, as he saw the petticoat, all fear and hesitation were thrown aside; and walking boldly up to the crouching and moaning figure, he said—

"Ma'am, can I do anything for you?"

The woman started; and, lifting up her eyes, stared wildly in his face.

Paul repeated his question, in a most respectful and kindly voice:—

"Can I do anything for you, ma'am?"

It was an old woman, dressed meanly, but not sordidly. She was not what, in the insolent language of prosperity and the heyday of life, is denominated a beldame or a hag; she was a quiet old woman—poor enough, but neat and tidy. She burst forth into no wild imprecations as Paul addressed her—did not blaspheme God or utter curses against all mankind; she was a bereaved and desolate mother, and felt like one. Her only son swung on the gibbet before them, and her sorrows, it will readily be believed, were such as a mother's heart can only know. Yet she did not rave, but touched by the gentle accents of Paul's voice looked up, as I have said, and gazing rather wildly at him—in surprise, not in anger—replied to his second question as well as her sobs would let her:—

"God bless thee, my son; thou can'st not help me. I am a wretched old woman—hard upon threescore years and ten. I had a son, and nursed him myself; tenderly too, my boy, as thy mother nursed thee; and there they have hung him, and I am come here to cry and break an old woman's heart. But when I am dead we shan't be laid in the grave together, for they won't take him down, though I begged of them to do it—on my knees."

"By God, mother!" exclaimed Paul, his emotion betraying him into an oath, "but they shall take him down."

"No, my boy; thou can'st not make them."

"I wouldn't have you answer for that, ma'am," said he: "I tell you they shall, and that this very night, too, as sure as my name is Paul."

The old woman looked incredulous; but Paul, taking her by the hand, said—

"Wait awhile, mother, and you shall see what can be done. I will be back with you presently."

He then ran up along the margin of the river, filled his pitcher, and returned by the way he had come to Daniel Filmer's tent.

"What's the matter with thee, boy?" cried Dame Filmer, as he entered; "thou seemest quite flustered."

Paul related what had happened to him.

"Ay, ay!" cried Mrs. Filmer; "go out and call Dan, and we shall see what the men will say to it."

CHAPTER XXIX.—PAUL ENGAGES IN A DESPERATE ENTERPRISE.

When Paul Pevensey left Mrs. Filmer to go in quest of Dan, the night had fairly set in; and calm and beautiful it was. Boys have seldon much notion of anything save the circumstances by which they are surrounded; but Paul had, somehow, acquired the habit of turning his eyes upwards and looking into the heavens. Had he been a disciple of the astrologers, he could scarcely have cast more reverend or curious glances towards the stars. What they were and what their aspects imported to mortals, he could not tell, and perhaps never thought of inquiring; but his unsophisticated spirit appeared to be refreshed by gazing at their cold pearly light, which entered into his soul like a revelation from infinity. He might almost be said to feel twice as strong by night as by day. The sun's burning and brilliant rays, flooding the whole face of nature, seemed to eclipse his guardian angel, which reappeared as it were with the dews of evening, and came to him like one ever cherished and beloved by starlight. He now felt that he was bound on a good errand, and beholding a blazing fire out upon the moor beyond the tents, he imagined the colliers were gathered and gossipping round it, and that he should find Daniel Filmer there. His idea proved to be quite correct; Daniel's figure was among the first his eye lighted on, and calling him aside, he told him his wife wanted to speak with him immediately.

"Wait a minute," cried Dan, "I have just two words to say to Bob Lewis, and then I'll gang with thee."

The picturesque has long ago abandoned the polished and refined circles of society to take refuge among the lowest; with colliers, gipseys, trampers, beggars, smugglers, and banditti. Nothing could be more striking than the scene on which Paul gazed, while waiting the pleasure of Mr. Daniel Filmer. A vast fire, kindled and kept up with heath and furze bushes, was burning brightly on the moor, and around it in an irregular circle made up of innumerable small groups, some standing, others sitting, others couching, some talking and gesticulating, others lying down at their ease, with their arms crossed under their breasts, and their heads raised just to get a glimpse of the flames, were distributed some hundreds of colliers. Nothing could be more grotesque than their costume, or more outlandish than their countenances and the jargon they spoke. They were brawny, dusky, fierce-looking figures, with broad slouched hats, leather gaiters, Dutch breeches, and long jackets, thrown loosely back over the shoulders; most of them had large sticks in their hands, with which they played as they talked, or lay stretched in listless reverie. Several were seated cross legged, like Turks, upon the turf quietly smoking, and their pipes, the bowls of which now looked red, now dark, as the tubes were acted upon by the breath, sent forth numerous fragrant clouds into the air, which appeared to produce a soothing effect on all whom they enveloped.

"Now, my little man," said Filmer, when he had finished his argument, "I'll go with thee to my wife."

Paul was careful not to forestall by the way the communication of the dame, but walked on in silence beside his equally taciturn companion. When they reached the tent Mrs. Filmer related in her own way what Paul had seen, and repeated the promise he had made to the poor old woman, with whom they were both well acquainted. Dan reflected a while, and then said,—

"Some such notion has crossed me once or twice; I'll go out and see what the lads think of it, and be back presently.

Paul made as though he would have gone with him, but to this Daniel objected, saying—

"Nay, nay, thou art not a collier; stay here with my good dame, and I'll be back soon; what can be done shall be done for the poor unfortunate lad that's hung."

Mrs. Filmer now interposed:

"Eat thy supper first," said she to her husband. "Here it's all ready, smoking hot, and it will be spoilt by the time thee com'st back."

"I can't," cried Dan, "my stomach's full: what thou hast told me will do instead of supper. I must away to the lads, and after that I shall be hungry enough, I warrant thee."

The poor are often sparing of their breath, either because they have not much to say, or because hardships render them churlish. The dame made no reply, but stood with Paul at the tent door, looking after her husband as he slouched away, and disappeared in the distance. He was a long while absent; the broth boiled over into the fire twice or thrice; the embers below grew dull; and it seemed likely that the whole night would thus be wasted in expectation. She therefore took the ladle, filled two basins, one for Paul and one for herself, and putting a spoon into each, sat down on a stool close to the open door, and, beginning to eat, invited Paul to follow her example. Our hero immediately commenced, nothing loth; few things took away his appetite, he could eat sleeping or waking, sick or well, in bed or out of it; he therefore pitched into his broth in great style, and having cleared a first and a second basin, felt quite in the humour for an adventure. Presently they heard the tramp of many feet coming down the broad avenue between the tents, and soon Daniel Filmer appeared at the head of some thousand or fifteen hundred men, armed with pickaxes, crow-bars, bludgeons, and some few muskets. There were those also who carried pikes, but their number was exceedingly small. One individual bore a long ladder on his shoulder, the use of which Paul could not fail to understand. Slipping between the tents, and getting out upon the moor considerably in advance of the cavalcade, he ran with all his might to inform the old woman that his promise was about to be fulfilled. He found her sitting where she had sat before, and when he had said his say she repeated her former words:

"God bless thee, my son."

"I hope he will, ma'am," said Paul, "and it's a good sign that I have your blessing. I've a mother myself, I believe, ma'am, though I never had no father, and if I can't do her a good turn I hope somebody else's son will do it for me. But here the men come, and you will see if I don't keep my promise."

And sure enough as he spoke the colliers approached in dense masses, covering the rocks like swarms of bees, and creeping down with a low suppressed murmur to the water's edge. As they drew near the spot opposite where the gibbet stood, on its small island, far out in the river, an involuntary imprecation burst from the whole multitude; they wished the law and its functionaries in the bottomless pit, and had it been in their power would forthwith have sent them thither. However, the point now being to defeat their purpose, they consulted about the best means of traversing the stream, which in that place was of considerable depth. Six or eight good swimmers soon volunteered to undertake the task, and stripping in an instant, plunged into the water, one of the most powerful dragging the ladder after him. I have already remarked that there was no perceptible current in this part of the Jarrow, so that the multitude could observe the heads of the swimmers advance in a straight line towards the gibbet. The old woman had at first stood like one stupified by the unexpected arrival of the multitude, but when her voice returned to her she showered blessings on all around, shedding at the same moment tears of bitterness and joy.

"What a while!" cried Filmer—just look! They are reaching the rock,—they are landing upon it; and see they are putting up the ladder—it will soon be done. But what!—the man comes down, something has happened; he sees the sodgers, or else his heart fails him. What can be the matter?"

"I wish I could swim," said Paul, "I'd go over and see."

"Look," observed a bystander, "Here's a man swimming back from the rock; we shall soon learn what's amiss."

The colliers, eager and excited, crowded down to the river's brink, each straining his eyes to catch a glimpse of the swimmer's head, and torturing his imagination to conjecture what it was that brought him back. He swam well, but the distance was considerable, and minutes under such circumstances appeared to be expanded into hours. The unhappy mother of the murderer pressed forward, and literally stood in the water, advancing as far as the depth would allow her.

"What is it? Oh, what has happened?" exclaimed she; "they'll not take him down, they'll leave my son there to be eaten up by kites and ravens. Oh, God! they'll not take him down!"

"Yes they will, ma'am," answered Paul; "and if they can't I'll go over and take him down myself, if any one will carry me to the rock, for I can't swim."

It is curious to analyse the feelings of men: at such moments every one appears to give himself a different explanation of what he sees, and the throng of doubts, guesses, hopes, and fears which takes up the mind, can hardly be described. Very few minutes were really consumed by the swimmer in his passage from the rock to the shore; but every stroke of his arms as he plunged forward seemed to be performed with a slowness which their impatience regarded as almost supernatural. At length, however, he came within hail.

"What's the matter?" cried hundreds of voices at once.

The man murmured some reply, which no one caught distinctly.

"What is it?" was again shouted by them all; and the swimmer's answer was again lost.

"Damn the fellow, why doesn't he speak out?" exclaimed Filmer, with vehemence.

"He does speak out, sir," said Paul; "but you make so much noise that you can't hear him. However, I think I caught a glimpse of his meaning; he says the ladder's broke."

"The devil it is," cried Filmer; "then what's to be done?"

Presently the man came close to the shore, and called out distinctly—

"The ladder's broke."

A consultation was now held, while he landed and sat down on the bank, to rest himself. Upon inquiry, it was found that the ladder had not actually snapped off, but merely cracked, so that it could not support the weight of a man.

"But it would hold me," cried Paul.

"So it would, my boy," cried Filmer; "so off with your things and leap in."

"I can't swim," answered Paul.

Several swimmers now came forward, each offering to bear him over on his shoulders. It was at length agreed, however, that he should lean his breast upon a piece of wood, and that two men should advance, one on either side of him, and push the spar along. This was done; and Paul, keeping firm hold of the plank, was by degrees floated to the foot of the gibbet, where the naked colliers stood shivering on the rock; for though it was a warm, balmy night, they were so little accustomed to be exposed unclad to the external air, especially after having been soused in cold water, that their teeth chattered as if it had been a hard frost. As Paul landed on the slimy rock, he could not avoid casting a hurried glance at the extraordinary scene around him—the broad, placid river reflecting from its surface the images of the stars, the gibbet above and the rocky shore on either hand, covered on one side with masses of human beings, the sound of whose voices came wildly across the stream. A file was now put into his hands; the slender ladder was turned the cracked side outward; and having been planted, almost upright, against the gibbet, Paul was directed to ascend cautiously, and when at the top to file away the links of the chains by which the body was fastened to the cross-tree; a cord was likewise given him by which to ease down the mass, when it should be fairly detached from the gibbet.

It is greatly to be feared that our hero, at this point of our narrative, will sink lower than ever in the estimation of fastidious people; but what is to be done? I have pledged myself to relate the truth, and if he really was engaged in detaching a corpse from a gibbet, it is not my business to conceal the fact. I have all along felt the difficult situation in which I have placed myself, by undertaking to follow the fortunes of a young wayward vagabond of this description, a slave to all his impulses, good or bad, and always ready at the bidding of one of the opposite sex to hazard anything and everything. He now fancied himself to be doing a good action, because he was endeavouring to console a poor old woman, whose only child had degenerated into a malefactor, and paid the last penalty of the law. Paul was, of course, a wretched casuist; he thought it could do the law no good to hang the corpse of the poor creature's son in chains; he therefore cheerfully ran the risk of breaking his neck, for the gratification of his philanthropy, whether mistaken or not; and I trust that if the reader be disposed to find fault, his sense of justice will induce him to visit the blame on Paul, not on me.

With this caveat, I proceed to say that our hero, after climbing cautiously up the shattered and trembling ladder, which was held in its place by five or six colliers, reached the top, and began to stretch his hands out towards the chains which supported the murderer's corpse. He was unfortunately gifted with a keen scent, and the stench which issued from the decomposing body almost caused him to start back; in which case he would have fallen headlong from the ladder and been dashed to pieces. He therefore held on by the chain and began to file away, the men from below exhorting him to use all diligence, for they were almost perishing from cold. At length the near chain snapped under the file, and swung off with so much violence towards the extremity of the cross-tree that it made the gibbet reel again, and suggested to Paul's mind the idea that the whole mass might give way and tumble with him into the Jarrow. What he had begun, however, he determined to complete at all hazards; so climbing up upon the projecting beam he crawled out towards its extremity and began to file away as before. In his haste he forgot to fix the cord to the body, and indeed had he thought of it, his strength would have been unequal to the task of lowering it gradually; he therefore proceeded without thinking of the consequences; considerably hastened by the unsavoury smell which constantly assailed his nostrils. While thus engaged he heard a slight noise behind him, which made his blood run cold; it was a rustling, odd, indescribable sound, which evidently did not come from the earth or from the water, but proceeded from the gibbet itself. For some moments he could not muster courage to turn round, but sat still, while the cold sweat burst forth over his whole frame; at length, however, his natural intrepidity returning to him, he faced about, and there beheld an immense raven standing on the crest of the gallows. His apprehensions now forsook him.

"If that's all," said he, in a low whisper, "you may stay there, old fellow, and amuse yourself, while I get on with my work." Two or three vigorous efforts more severed the chain, and down went the body of the malefactor bang into the river, while the colliers both on the rocks and the shore involuntarily set up a loud shout. Paul descended the ladder, the raven slowly making way for him as he moved towards it; on the rock he received all manner of thanks from the colliers, who immediately conveyed him on shore in the same way that they had brought him, while two of their number having recovered the corpse with the cord which had dropped from Paul's hand, towed it slowly towards the expecting multitude, who continued to express their triumph by shouts and acclamations. The law had so far been defeated; but now that they had got the body, what was to be done with it?

THE INFLUENCE OF AMBITION ON HAPPINESS.

AMBITION is one of those feelings of the human breast which may become a virtue or a vice. It contains within itself in most cases, the elements of discontent, since it never leads a man to rest satisfied with his condition in life. There are, of course, various kinds of ambition: there is the ambition to be wealthy—to be great and powerful—and that ambition without which man is not an estimable being, the desire to excel in goodness; to be considered a Christian member of society, fulfilling his duties with honour to himself and the Almighty. But it is that kind more especially which teaches man to grasp at an indefinite amount of power and greatness with which we have at present to deal. There is doubtless something ennobling in the feeling of ambition—something which awakens our admiration, in spite of the evil effects which it often exercises upon society. It is naturally kindled in the mind of youth by his very earliest studies. He looks back on the records of the past, and cannot fail to perceive that through its influence the greatest deeds have been accomplished; by it the fate of empires has been swayed; by its concentrated efforts the rise and decline of nations has been brought about. Over the whole world lie scattered monuments which speak of the ambitious nature of man; history is full of brief allusions to wild and restless spirits, who grasped at ALL and obtained not half of what they desired. Over the gloom of the past, in whose bosom lie enrolled the records of the deeds of so many millions, some brilliant rays are scattered which cannot be obscured. They are the memories of those who dared to step forward and proclaim by their actions their soul's desire to rise superior to the common herd of mankind. They have most of them accomplished something, but could their silent spirits step forth from the grave and speak once more, they would still tell of some half-accomplished desire, some uncompleted task, something of which they had dreamed, some favourite project yet unperformed. The life of an ambitious man is too brief; from the cradle to the grave he lives in the notion that eternity of action is before him. He forgets that, when at the summit of his earthly glory—when, radiant with hope and bounding with energy, he is surrounded with the gilded halo of power, that a cold form must soon brush by, and cast a shadow upon all the glittering scene. Then there is no more attraction for him; a bitter taste is in every joy, and the picture of the past presents only a series of laborious steps—to what?—Half-accomplished aims.

Let, however, the past show what pictures it may of unfulfilled wishes, the future will infallibly unfold the same. As long as the race of man shall inhabit the earth, there will be found ambitious spirits among them. History will display the same records of desired aggrandisement and hopes unfulfilled. The nature of man inclines him to imitate the actions of his ancestors, or rather he is inspired by their example to do similar deeds himself. The young man's heart pants for the same eulogiums as have been bestowed upon others. He hangs on the relation of their deeds, witnesses with a kind of pain the non-fulfilment of their hopes, and is readily persuaded by the sophistry of his own heart that, if he attempt to rise, and accomplish great things, he will not, cannot fail; "For," he argues, "fortune has made an exception in my favour." Nor is he undeceived until, after long years of aspiration, long years of toil, he finds himself in the same situation he was at starting.

We must, however, before we proceed further, decide what ambition is. The word is generally used in a bad sense for an immoderate or illegal pursuit of power. It also signifies a passion never to be satisfied, to which each trifling success offers a further incentive, until it magnifies into an overpowering degree and becomes the master passion of the heart. Like the grain of mustard seed, it is a small thing at first, but it grows and ripens, and spreads, until it forms a fine tree, beneath whose shade many may repose. Its branches extend around to the east and to the west, to the north and to the south. Its rounded top shows no decided tendency upwards, but spreads over the things of the earth.

What is it but a chase after a vain thing? The ambitious man is restless, brooding, discontented. An undefined hope urges him forward to something shadowed forth in the unformed future, something which he imagines will satisfy him. There is a goal to be reached. A fever agitates his veins. The point is gained. It is well. But—there is a but—what is that brighter goal still beyond? What is that glorious spot far away? A pleasant landscape spreads beyond. The position he occupies is full of the elements of happiness; but there is something higher. On once more he flies. Thus for ever! Position after position is gained. Still there is another step. Arrived at the summit of one mountain, another and another is discovered, rising one behind each other; some burying their lofty summits in white mist, others whose giddy height cannot be even guessed at.

We are far from contending against the principle, the mere passion of ambition. To do so would be to seek to produce a wrong impression upon our readers. To a certain extent we admire ambition. We pity the man utterly devoid of it, and consider him a poor weak thing, incapable of exertion, incapable of enjoying the benefits which God has mercifully placed within his reach. We admire the aspiring tendency of the mind which aims at securing some higher position from whence to shed down its light upon the world. There is something morally elevating and praiseworthy in the desire to rise. But what we blame is the folly—nothing else can it be called—which urges a man to that desperate kind of ambition which leads him to grasp at what can never be his. He takes too lofty a point of elevation. Those born in a moderate station may possibly rise, and often do so, to a very high eminence. But there are certain concomitants required in most instances to make it practicable. In this country patronage, friends, money, are required; and proudly as the ambitious man would scorn the idea of patronage, he must take home to his bosom this unwelcome truth, that without a certain amount of patronage he cannot accomplish his desires. A few examples may be culled from the past—nay, from the present, too, of a person having risen by his own unaided efforts. Many rise from a poor station to a very comfortable one, but in most instances some fortunate chance has presided over the dawn of those who come to greatness—some accident which the next generation may not witness again.

Ambition, tempered by reflection, is a very good thing; but without it, it is a feverish chain, dragging man forward to an unprofitable goal. Hundreds of examples may be brought forward of its ruinous consequences. No one who has had an opportunity of witnessing its all-powerful effects can fail to perceive the truth of what we urge.

To check the disposition to too great an indulgence in their feelings young persons should at a very early age have instilled into them the lesson of content. Could they but feel how calm an influence it exerts upon the mind, they would look with little concern upon the temptations offered them by ambition. It is, carried to extent, a most dangerous feeling; spreading by degrees, it exerts for a time an almost imperceptible sway over the soul, and instead of bringing young men to habits of settled study, sways them to and fro; they lean now to one thing, now to another. Now history claims their attention, now they have a passion for poetry, now huge doses of philosophy are swallowed with avidity, now rhetoric, logic, are devoured. They contemplate all mankind, all greatness, all power, all study, all learning, envy all these things, and desire to embrace them in one grasp and concentrate them in themselves. They must excel every one else; they must unite the student with the polished gentleman. The lonely inhabitant of the library, the watcher by the midnight lamp, must be the observed of all observers whither soever he goes. Relieved from the confines of study, or rather tired of the restrictions it imposes upon him, he seeks his books with less delight. His ambition has taught him to grasp at too much, and he is disappointed. What restless fever is it that consumes him night and day? 'Tis no longer learning but power he aims at. He is not sought as he imagined, fortune does not select him for its favoured child, and moroseness settles upon him, blighting his energies, and chilling his best feelings. Let us take from the numerous instances at hand one only, which offers as striking an example as any we have ever met with.

Henry Vere, was a young man, of poor but unexceptionable family. An University education bestowed upon him aroused his most ambitious feelings. The son of a clergyman, who had stinted the rest of the family in necessaries in order to send him to Oxford, the church had been his destiny from infancy; but Vere had inherited from his father an ambitious spirit, and though in him he had seen fully exemplified the hollowness of indulging it, he suffered his mind to take a still more stirring bias. Political aggrandisement was his aim. If ever he had asked himself what happiness was, he would have answered that it lay in attaining the summit of political power. Of obstacles he never dreamed. His spirit was untiring, his energy indomitable. To gain the goal for which his soul panted he would sacrifice health, rest, comfort of every kind. There was the goal—how was it to be reached? In his young dreams a wealthy alliance floated before his imagination—this was the first step; and to doubt that he, with his accomplishments, his manners, his conversation, even without fortune, was to be resisted, was a thing that never entered his head. A situation procured by favour for him in London as private secretary to a gentleman of rank threw him much into the very circle in which he wished to move. This was one step gained. But where was the welcome he expected? Cold looks greeted him from high-born dames, who with daughters on their hands, were anxious to obtain for them a more splendid alliance than Lord G———'s private secretary, be he never so fascinating or so accomplished. Beauty floated by him. He gazed upon one fair face after another, and sighed as he beheld the crowd of admirers which thronged around them; he was not undaunted, however, he trusted to his own power too much to be downcast. At length, one day, he beheld a beautiful girl glide under the protection of her father into Lord G———'s drawing-room; she was a fair, sweet, mild, young creature, robed in white, with a profusion of golden ringlets. Many sought her hand in the dance, and he among the rest. She was as intelligent as she was lovely, yet mild as a Madonna. For the first time Henry Vere felt that he was in love; he saw her again and again; she must be of the highest rank, he said when he first saw her, and, in his favour be it spoken, he never thought of it again. For a while ambition was forgotten, the best feelings of his heart were enlisted, and she became his daily, hourly dream. Time went on; emboldened by his apparent success, he sought her society more and more. At length he inquired concerning her family of some one likely to know; she was the daughter of a retired officer in the army, and almost *as poor* as she was lovely. Here, then, was the *finale* to his hopes; he could not compromise his future by such an alliance—no, it was impossible. He absented himself from her society, but the struggle was vain. Every future scheme was at last given way to; he forgot ambition, forgot his brilliant hopes, returned to the pursuit of Annie Seaton, and at length their marriage was agreed on.

Now was a change made in Henry Vere's fortune; a situation abroad was offered him, and with his bride he quitted England. For a while all went well, he was devotedly attached to his young wife, spent his whole time in her society, wondered how he could have ever dreamt of ambition, and made a thousand domestic plans. But the crisis was coming; a friend in England hastily wrote to offer him a government appointment at home, once more dreams of aggrandisement floated over his mind, domestic happiness was become less attractive—a stirring picture spread itself before his excited imagination, the whole circle of society in England was awaiting him with open arms; he must return, he would be *fêted*, received as he deserved, and in a few years be made prime minister of England!

He returned. The appointment was given. It threw him into a new circle. Society was fascinating, his wife was more occupied than she had formerly been, and he found himself plunging into a giddy vortex of fashionable society; he argued, "It is necessary that I do this for her sake—for the sake of my children." He was in a comfortable position; his villa at Richmond was the most tasteful in the world, and yet after a year or two it seemed too small; still his circumstances did not permit him to change. His wife was satisfied; she was happy with her children, and he put up with it still; but Vere was a changed man—his ambition had slumbered; it now awoke with redoubled vigour, he became restless, uneasy, morose; he aimed at being considered the first whither soever he went. Society, he thought, scarcely appreciated him. The happy, peaceful, domestic, hours he had spent with his wife in the early years of their marriage were fled; in vain was a return of these hoped for by her, society absorbed him entirely. A higher post was vacant, he applied for it—weeks flew on—no answer; at length a negative came. Here was the first blow, but it only made him more eager; he was ever on the watch—he was feverish, restless, discontented, no peace was in his mind, content was banished, day and night his dream was aggrandisement—others rose, why should not he? His wife's health became delicate, her form wasted visibly away; but his eye saw it not. Consumption had taken a firm hold upon her before he understood the change; she concealed it from him while she was able; she saw and pitied his weakness, and forbore to remonstrate with him. At length two situations were offered him, one abroad, one at home, infinitely more lucrative, and more likely to lead the way to future fame. Blinded by his desire to rise, he did not perceive the anxiety with which his wife watched his wavering between the two. She hoped that away from the busy scenes of politics his mind would be at ease, and that he would pass the few last years of his life at peace and in quietness. As might be expected, he chose the one in England. Now nothing seemed to stand in his way—the goal once gained, he would quit the busy scene and return to his home. Day after day brought fresh attractions; he was in constant communication with his friends; society had more charms for him than ever. But the story is soon told. Suddenly his wife died; and, one by one, her three children; and thus he was left alone to contend with his greatness. Had he an object now? No; the ambitious man, when he beheld these household gods fade, one by one, felt that he only knew their value when they were gone! Grief, however, passed—the wound closed—and he found himself again seeking after excitement. Suddenly came a change of ministry, and in one night all was over—the ambitious man was restored to his first position in society! He was without hope; the friends who had supported him were powerless, and nothing was to be expected from them. Suddenly renouncing all his schemes, he retired into the country on a small annuity; and there he remained, a peevish, discontented, soured old man, to the day of his death.

What did he gain? The answer is soon given. Nothing—but lost much; for though he once yielded to the dictates of his heart, he sacrificed afterwards all the purest feelings of his nature upon the shrine of ambition. He sacrificed his home, his happiness, his wife, his children—all to his one absorbing passion. And when the hour of death came, unwelcome thoughts must have intruded—vain regrets must have filled his mind—memories of opportunities neglected, time thrown away, must have arisen. Earthly riches he had sought—perishable baubles!—and earthly sorrow and remorse was his reward. A temperate pursuit after position would have left him worthy of esteem.

No ambitious man was ever a domestic one. Imperceptibly the former dries up the less vehement feelings. Let him flatter himself in youth as he may that he is capable of uniting them together, of blending opposite principles of action, he cannot, will not do it. He must give himself wholly to the pursuit of ambition—forget all else. It is the bane of domestic happiness. There is not, cannot be, continual excitement round the domestic hearth. The light that shines there is a pure but steady one. Virtues flourish peaceably.

Year after year fresh flowers are added to the parterre—blue eyes and su
brows reflect the images of the fathers and mothers; sweet voices mingl
harmonious concert; lisping words break the silence. The mother is among th
and gentle counsel flows in streams of love around. And this picture from
to day repeated is too quiet for the ambitious man. It is beautiful but
The sight that would kindle the man of more contented disposition into grat
and love to God falls coldly upon the heart of the busy seeker after po
He looks, he smiles; sometimes a struggling ray of affection calls him am
them. But it is over in a moment. There are things to be done; work t
done. He must not be found at home idle. Thus, though at first he may
a certain degree of happiness in the consciousness of loving and being loved,
ambitious man may rest assured such happiness cannot last. He must ch
between domestic joy and the pursuit of his favourite passion. One or
other must be given up. He should be satisfied with what yields him such
mixed delight, and should pass singly through the world, divested of all ties.
live from day to day in the discontented and unceasing pursuit of a distant temp
prospect is incompatible with home happiness. Those who understand
the pernicious influence of the passion laud it most earnestly.

Certainly, we once more repeat, a certain amount of ambition is desir
It urges man on in life to obtain that station most befitting his energies. W
we inveigh against, is that inveterate pursuit of an unattainable object w
runs through every action of a man's life, urges him to renounce the p
delights we can call our own, neglect those bound to him by the nearest
forget the mission with which he is charged, and imagine that he is sent
this world solely to minister to his own gratification, pursue his own co
unmindful of the high and important functions he is called upon to exe
towards his fellow men.

THE ZINGARA.

PART THE FIRST.

The gipsy maiden sat reclin'd
Upon a grassy mound,
Her hood of silk was backward thrown,
Her dark eye sought the ground.

The orange trees unheeded deck'd
Her hair with blossoms sweet,
Unheeded did the mountain stream
Run bubbling at her feet.

A nightingale, who long had fill'd
With melody the wood,
Now fearless perch'd upon her hand,
So thoughtful was her mood.

O, is it of the silver crown,
That soon shall bind her brow,
When wedded to the gipsy king,
On which she ponders now?

And of that gorgeous festival,
Which she so soon shall grace,
Held with the wild barbaric pomp
Of the Zingari race?

Or dreams she of the gallant knight,
Who haunts this spot of late;
And of the ruby ring he gave
When last she read his fate?

And does she think of the abyss,
Which yawns so fearfully,
Between a young Zingari maid,
And a knight so fair and free?

No!—strange and unconnected forms
Are flitting through her brain;
She kens not why they hover round—
Those visions dark and vain.

Vaguely they come—by day, by night,
Still ever varying;
And scenes half hid in clouds of mist
Before her mind's eye bring.

Once she essay'd the witch-wife's art,
And her young blood ran cold,
As o'er her face the sybil's eye
With hellish meaning roll'd.

“Is it thy transmigrated love,”
She said, with hollow tone,
“Which pines and lingers o'er the past?—
And now, rash maid, begone!

And is it so?—did she once dwell
Within that marble hall,
With those grim shades of warriors
That now her soul appal?

And did she sit beside that fount,
And watch its falling showers;
Then steal amid the scented groves,
And pluck the orange flowers?

And did she hang, with sobs and tears,
Upon a mailed knight,
And clasp his knees in wild despair,
As he went forth to fight?

The maiden press'd her little hand
Upon her throbbing brow—
“Those wild illusions of the past,
Would they were banish'd now!

“And that young knight—why comes he thus
For ever at my side?
Must I not, ere this moon has wan'd,
Become the gipsy's bride?”

The startled bird was scar'd away—
What meant the thrill she felt,
When at her feet, with sparkling eyes,
The young Count Claros knelt?

“Maiden! upon this spot yestreen
Thou read'st my destiny;
I want no wealth—no high-born dame,
Give but this hand to me.”

PART THE SECOND.

The gipsy maiden stands within
An arch'd and lofty hall,
And accents of contempt and wrath
On the Zingara fall.

And murmurs of her hateful crime—
The crime of sorcery—
And how her dreadful punishment
The stake and brand must be.

Her crime was, how she had enthrall'd,
With spells of fearful might,
Egyptian arts, and love potions,
A young and noble knight.

She stood entranc'd—she scarcely breath'd—
She felt as in a dream—
Yet *all* familiar to her love,
In that old hall did seem.

'Twas strangely wild—she could not tell
She had been there before,
And seen proud knights and warriors
Tread on that marble floor.

And what to her was death? To fly
The hated gipsy king;
To be perchance a butterfly,
And soar on painted wing;

Or prison'd in some gladsome bird,
To spend her little hour
In hov'ring round her much-lov'd knight,
Or warbling near his bower.

Thus ponder'd she, while on her ear
The fatal death-doom rung;
A heavy step approach'd, and then
The portal backward swung.

A knight, accoutred from the wars,
Pass'd through that portal wide;
“Now, welcome, welcome, brother dear,”
The Lord Montalban cried.

“Long hast thou sworn a deadly hate
To this Zingari race;
A child—thy lovely, only one—
They tore from thy embrace.

And now this curs'd Egyptian maid
Shall dearly rue the hour
In which she held my noble son
Beneath her demon power.”

The gipsy maiden rais'd her eyes—
One wild, one phrenzied shriek—
The memory of things gone by
Upon her seem'd to break.

She sprung and clasp'd the warrior's knees,
And kiss'd them o'er and o'er;
Then in a deadly swoon she lay
Upon the marble floor.

“O give her air!” the knight exclaimed,
“Undo her silken vest.”
'Twas done—and lo! upon her neck
A red rose was impress'd.

“It is my child! my Inez dear!
Of whom I was bereft;
My only pledge of early love!”
And the stern warrior wept.

One year within a convent's walls
The Lady Inez pray'd,
While offerings to each holy shrine,
And vows for her were made.

Another year—she knelt before
The altar as a bride;
The fairest one in proud Seville,
And *Claros* by her side.

THE REVELATIONS OF A MESS-TABLE.

BY W. H. MAXWELL, ESQ.,

AUTHOR OF "LIFE OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON," "STORIES OF WATERLOO," &c.*

CHAPTER II.

THE COLONEL'S STORY.

It was a sweet June morning when the quick step of a military party was heard at the entrance of the village street; and presently, the light company of the —— th entered the market-place, halted, and piled arms. The first sounds of the bugle, which told the near approach of the expected detachment, peopled the doors and windows of every house with the whole of its inhabitants; and when the videts, who preceded the main body, wheeled round the corner, there was not an absentee from inspection of the new comers as they marched past, excepting a bed-ridden old gentlewoman, and the parson, who was *hors de combat* in the gout. The village senators wiped their spectacles to enjoy a better stare; and the tears that still lingered in the eyes of beauty were hastily dried, to enable divers of the fair sex, severely crossed in love, to determine whether the fresh arrivals could hold a candle to the dear fellows, whose drum and fife had heralded their departure at cock-crow, by playing them out of Willesdean with that afflicting air called "The Girl I left behind me."

The village which this military party came to occupy consisted of a single street. It was straight, broad, and at either side, furnished with a row of full-grown lime trees. The situation of Willesdean was extremely pretty. Standing in a cultivated valley, it was partially surrounded by a mountain range, changing by degrees from green pasturage to brown heath, until the summit of the heights was topped by moss-hags and grey shingle, marking that sterility which refuses sustenance to any animal but a goat.

The village itself was much neater than Irish villages generally are. The houses were well thatched, the windows glazed, the walls whitened, and their wood-work in good repair. It had its church, its mill, its river, and its bridge; and all were picturesque and in good keeping. Altogether, Willesdean was a superior quarter; and, compared to Ballaghnagran—a collection of sooty cabins with a mass-house, situated in a boundless bog beyond the mountains,—and garrisoned (as Willesdean was) by a company of the same regiment, the similitude might be considered favourable to the former, as Canterbury to Kamschatka.

Only one local remark will be necessary, the military occupation of both villages was recent and temporary. The violence of a wild mountain population, engaged in the demoralising trade of trafficking in, and distilling illicit whisky, having rendered the civil power unequal to repress it, the Government granted military assistance—and two companies were detached to protect the guagers in their forays, and discharge a duty harrassing to a serious extent, and ruinous to the morals and the discipline of a soldier. In Willisdean the detachment were billeted on the inhabitants—while their officers had a private lodging in joint occupancy.

Wild as the people and the mountain district were, the neighbourhood was fortunately uncursed by any party associations. Although the heavy impost placed by the revenue on spirituous liquors, had offered a temptation to the peasantry too great to be overcome, and the drunkenness attendant upon private distillation, had too often led to riots, which usually terminated in bloodshed, and sometimes in loss of life, still the character of the population was the reverse of being truculent. No deliberate act of assassination was even dreamed of, and, with a generous feeling creditable to the mountaineers, the magistrate who, the week before, in discharge of duty, had made a conviction that consigned a dozen of their kindred and companions to the county jail, if wayfaring or grouse shooting in the wildest gorge among the hills, would be treated with respect, and welcomed to rest and refresh himself in the cabin of the delinquent he had sent to prison.

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* Continued from page 47.

About mid-distance in their march the relieving and returning companies met, and they halted for ten minutes on the road; two officers were attached to either party, and when they stepped apart to hold a passing chat, the light bobs made numerous inquiries from their companions touching the new quarters they were marching to—and the battalion men gave their comrades all the information in their power, enumerated by name and description such young ladies that evinced a *penchant* for military life, declared Willesdean an earthly paradise—asserting that for beauty and poteeine whisky its equal could not be found beyond the Shannon. Kind remembrances were sent by the new comers to divers too-confiding women, who had listened to these false levanters, and, as a consequence, been left lamenting; while rough badinage and hearty laughter were joyously interchanged on all sides.

Apart from the soldiery, and at a distance which secured their conversation from being overheard, the four gentlemen of the sword in command of the halted companies, were making and receiving answers to similar inquiries.

"Are the natives tolerably civilised?" inquired Captain Talbot of the commander he was *en route* to relieve.

"You will find, in the only two with whom you may hold intimate relations, in their respective walks, a couple of jewels above price; and were I upon corporal oath called upon to estimate their relative merits, between the parson and the guager, a feather would turn the scale. A better impersonation of genuine hospitality never waddled up the aisle of a country church than the worthy vicar—and the exciseman is an excellent fellow, with whom you can do anything you please. If there be within a day's march one jar of poteeine better than another, count upon its being slipped into your lodgings quietly after dark; and the beauty of the thing is, that nobody can even guess where these faery favours come from. As to his reverence—dine with him four days in the week, and he will feel obliged; make the number six, and I'll take long odds but you figure handsomely in his last will and testament. The holy porpoise is laid by the heels at present—but the moment he can mount a gouty shoe, take my word that you will be under his mahogany instanter. As to the rest—the bourgeois are extremely civil, and the priest is inoffensive. There is an attorney located in the place, but, thank God! he is ruined for want of practice; while the salubrity of the village has prevented its only medical practitioner from investing any property in the stocks."

"The men will be comfortably billeted, the colonel mentioned to me this morning, as we left the barrack; but what sort of a den, in right of succession, are Egerton and I fated to take possession of?"

"Den!" exclaimed Barrymore: "Saints and angels, was there ever such profanation! Out with thy tool, Tom, and no matter the loss of the commission attendant upon drawing on a superior officer," he said, addressing the young ensign who accompanied him: "Den! Holy St. Anthony, to call the home of beauty—the two-storied thatched house in which loveliness is located—that domicile, compared with which the Paphian Bower would have proved a dog-kennel—to call that a den! Draw, Tom; out with thy fox, man—the offence must be obliterated in blood!"

Egerton laughed.

"Does Willesdean indeed contain such beauty? I think, Talbot, if it be so, after this warning, we had better not venture into this bower of Calypso. Cannot another and a safer lodging be obtained?"

"Why, not conveniently. Poor Edwards, as you may remark, is inconsolable—you could have heard his sighs a musket-shot off, as we passed the house—and while the weather-cock was visible on the steeple-point, he looked dolorously back, and muttered Rosabella! I should not be surprised, through the witcheries of that blue-eyed girl, that our friend Tom desperately resolved on matrimony at seventeen—immediately sent in his papers, and was called next Sunday in the parish church. What a loss the service would thus sustain!—a future Field Marshal extinguished for love of an apothecary's daughter."

"And who may this beauty be?"

"The old man's only child whose habitation you are about to occupy. Talbot, as I strongly suspect, has passed the age of folly, and cut his wisdom teeth—but take heed, Egerton; none, at thy inflamatory stage of life, will look on Rosa Barlow with impunity. Come, we had better be toddling on. Fall in, men!"

In a minute both companies were under arms, and resumed their march—each with the usual addition of two or three baggage-carts, heavily loaded with miscellaneous property, chests, camp furniture, carpet-bags, and portmanteaus, women, children, setters, greyhounds, a most venerable goat, and a tamed eagle.

Leaving the detachments on their march, we will briefly introduce the *dramatis personæ* of a melancholy tale, premising that the whole are located under the roof-tree of the village doctor. To the soldiers we will give precedence—and simply state that the commanding officer, Captain Talbot, was a stout, straightforward Irish gentleman, slightly given to duelling, considerably to poteeine punch, but tremendously attached to tobacco. His lieutenant was a person altogether different—Egerton was of high family, and he had much latent ancestral pride and pretension, which, however, he had good sense enough to keep out of sight. For one holding his high position in society, he was poor; while to rare personal advantages, he united polished manners and an insinuating address. Far from being a *roue*, he was nevertheless a spoiled man—and although scarcely twenty-two, had Egerton been what he was not, a braggart, he might have plumed himself on a long list of early conquests.

Doctor Barlow was not a native of the Emerald Isle—but for some twenty years Ireland had been his adopted country. In middle life he had crossed the Channel, assistant surgeon to a Scotch fencible regiment—and, upon its reduction, married a young woman of lowly birth, whose pretensions were confined to personal beauty and exemplary conduct. His own exterior was not prepossessing—his figure was tall, thin, and bony—and the hardiness of feature peculiar to the Highlands, would have, at a single glance, betrayed his birth-place. Cold in his manners, almost to sternness, he appeared one of those unsocial beings who hold no kindly community with their fellow men. But "sweetest nut has sourest rind—" and under a repulsive covering, a feeling heart was latent. The humblest villager had never been refused the professional assistance of Doctor Barlow; and poverty, were the call urgent, always took precedence of more profitable patients. The Doctor was well stricken in years, for he had passed middle life a bachelor. He never left the village but when his services were required elsewhere—a few miles bounded the extent of his wanderings—his heart was in his home—for that home held one in whom his affections were entirely absorbed—the young, the artless, the beautiful Rosabella.

How shall we describe the village beauty? Fancy a fair girl of eighteen, with ripening charms enhanced by health and innocence. To "lips of coral, eyes of blue," add nut-brown hair in rich profusion—while cheeks, tinted with nature's carmine, would crimson to the brow at "man's approval." Unite to these a figure full, but exquisitely rounded, and a voice, that "excellent thing in woman," so sweetly modulated, that every tone went to the heart, and its every accent, "the listener held his breath to hear." Such was the flower that blushed unseen in the seclusion of Willesdean—such the old man's daughter, under whose roof-tree Talbot and his subaltern were sheltered.

Never was a more dangerous inmate introduced to the abode of one, young, warm-hearted, and unsophisticated, like Rosa Barlow. Never was more trying temptation imposed upon a man just entering on the path of life, with all the ardour of youth, untempered with the prudence which sobered manhood generally brings with it. Rosa fancied no injury, and feared none; Egerton had to guard against the latitude of principle not discouraged in the upper castes; while the *prestige* of early success was to be carefully resisted. To do him justice, he devised no mischief against the gentle and unsuspecting girl; but the ordeal that waited both was more than hazardous.

A month passed—and in another the light company of the —th quartered at Willisdean would be relieved. To guard against the demoralising consequences attendant upon still-hunting, under which even the steadiest of the soldiers fell; the best remedy was considered at head quarters to lie in an abridgment of the term of the temptation—and to effect it, the replacement of the detachments with fresh reliefs, as quickly as regimental convenience would allow it, was resorted to. What had that one brief month produced? In Egerton, a passion, such as may be fancied at twenty-two—in Rosa, the deep, ardent, soul-felt, all-engrossing feelings, known only once in woman's life; created, existing, and extinguished with first love—first love alone. Unhappily, the avocation of a country practitioner called Doctor Barlow frequently from home. He was a botanist—and when his medical duties were discharged would waste hours among the mountains searching after useless plants, when,

"The fairest flower
That ever bloomed in any bower,"

was left unguarded. Did love ever forego his opportunity?

It was nearly dusk—the Doctor had returned wet and weary from a distant visit, and his daughter was sedulously engaged in attending to her father's comfort; for never did an orphaned child bestow upon a parent more devoted love. Captain Talbot and his young companion were seated *tête-à-tête* beside a cheerful turf fire, which, on a wet evening, even in the merry month of June, is not objectionable in the Kingdom of Connaught. The Captain had disposed of four tumblers of mountain dew, correctly fabricated—and having made a fifth investment of the *poteeine*, he knocked the ashes from his meerschaum, and proceeded to recharge it from a huge bag of nigger-head deposited at his elbow. He gave a couple of preliminary puffs, and then addressed his young companion.

"Frank, you will take in good part what I am about to say. You know that I have a regard for ye—and faith, I would go farther to serve you than even my eldest brother—bad luck attend him! to let the majority go over my head—the sneaking hound! when he should have come down with the money. I tell ye what, I don't like matters as they are going on at present."

Those who are acquainted intimately with national character may remember that when an Irish gentleman becomes excited, whether his mood be grave or merry, the reckless indifference with which he pours out his anger or his badinage, is conveyed in expressive language, unequivocally marking, by intonation, breath, and originality, his feelings without concealment—and his country without mistake. Of this order was Captain Talbot—a very candid censor and adviser—and, of course, at times, a devilish disagreeable one.

Egerton felt a private foreboding of what the captain was driving at, but affected a look of indifference, and carelessly inquired, "what were the matters he alluded to?"

Nature had not designed Captain Talbot for a casuist. He was a man who jumped to a conclusion in a second, and plunged *in medias res*, before another would have had time to bless himself.

"What matters do I allude to?" he inquired, in plain English. "Do you intend to marry, or only amuse yourself with the old man's daughter?"

"Marry, Talbot!—are you mad?"

"Sane as the Lord Chancellor," was the reply. "There are but two characters your conduct towards young Rosa can entitle you to claim—a husband's or a scoundrel's"—and the captain, after an enormous inhalation of his favourite weed, emitted it again with great deliberation—a long interval occurring between every puff.

Egerton coloured to the eyes.

"I cannot suppose, Talbot, that you mean the gross and unprovoked insult that your words convey; or—"

"Arrah, never mind that OR," said the captain, with perfect coolness. "It's a nasty word, and one that has brought many a private gentleman into trouble. Now, I can fancy you ready to fly into a passion, because I told you a bit of the truth. Wouldn't that be silly, Frank? Here I am—any one can rason with me; and, as the song goes, I'll continue 'mild as a dove.'"

Piqued and irritated as Egerton felt at the home thrust the captain had delivered, he could not refrain from smiling at Talbot's modest description of his own placidity of temper.

"A beautiful specimen of the dove tribe!" he said, looking his companion full in the face. "Now, I ask you, on corporal oath, did your grandfather insinuate broadly that you were a scoundrel, would you not shoot him for the same?"

"I won't swear that I would not," returned the captain, laughing. "The best intentions, you know, may fail; but faith, I would do my best to drill the ould gentleman for his incivility. But, bear with me, Frank; you know that what I would say to yourself and privately, no man, were your back turned, dare utter in my presence, if for the integrity of his carcase he had the slightest care. I speak to you now as I would speak to a younger brother. What are your intentions regarding that sweet and gentle girl, over whose affections—and, I fear, unfortunately for both—you have gained an absolute ascendancy?"

"Nonsense, Talbot; you have got some crotchet in your head." And Egerton coloured.

"No crotchet, Frank; I wish to God it were. You have gained poor Rosa's heart—what, let me repeat, are your intentions?"

Pat Talbot was a querist not to be goaded; and the young soldier, in homely parlance, was driven into a corner, and must necessarily show fight.

"Can a slight flirtation not be indulged in, Pat, but the parish clerk must be consulted instanter, and the parson called upon to publish the banns? You are a stout advocate for matrimony. Why not set the regiment a good example, and make Rosa—Mrs. Talbot?"

The captain took the meerschaum quietly from his mouth, deposited it on the table, stirred his tumbler with great deliberation, raised it to his lips, discussed a moiety of the contents, and then, with perfect coolness, responded to the young lieutenant:—

"I will answer your question first, and give you my private opinions afterwards. I am—should I live until next Lady-day—forty-eight; and Rosa, as she tells me, bordering upon eighteen. Have you noticed anything lately in my conduct that bespeaks approaching dotage? Why, then, propose an act of idiotcy? Love does not consort with wrinkles: and as I never could conveniently visit Master Hymen in the morning of my life, I won't trouble him with a call in the afternoon. To be serious, Frank—I fear that you are not in a position to marry, and I estimate you too highly to suspect for one moment that you dream aught that could compromise Rosa's honour. But have you any right to play with her affections—any excuse to tamper with her heart? I love you as a brother; and, by every better feeling of a gentleman, I warn you against impending danger, and call on you to desist before it be too late!"

Egerton, in his soul, felt the truthful appeal which the captain had made to his better feelings; and, unable to gainsay it, he looked sorrowfully into the fire, and remained silent.

"Frank, *can* you marry? and if you *could*, will you make Rosa a wife?"

Egerton's first feeling was offended pride—and the look he directed at the commander was pugnacious. The cool, unmoved, immoveable bearing of his rough but faithful monitor, showed that he, honest man, was impassive to all consequences—while conscience, which makes cowards of us all, utterly changed his own mood, and after a moment's indecision, he admitted that a matrimonial engagement would, at the present, be impracticable—ruinous in the future.

The captain rose—popped his hand across the table, and shook that of Egerton most heartily. "That's right, Frank—always be above board, and now my mind is easy. Never shy a fact; for what the devil is the use of men beating about the bush, instead of bolting the truth at once. When I shot Denis O'Dowd through both thighs, and found next morning that it was his cousin, and not himself, who had said that a respectable tailor would not be seen in my company at a bull-bait—didn't I go to his bed-side, and give him an ample apology? Well, now that you have made a free confession, I can advise you how to act—you must be off to head-quarters—and absence may remedy matters, which intimacy, were it continued, would confirm. I'll manage all. But, hark!—some one knocks. 'Tis the guager. The party is in readiness—go, Frank—and think coolly over what I have been preaching, till my tumbler's not worth drinking, it's so cold."

Talbot's character was a singular composition. It was alloyed by some moral infinities, and it had more good ones to redeem them. His failings were rather educational than natural—he was a duellist by precept and practice; but every hour the kindliest sympathies towards his fellow men broke out. The man whom he shot at yesterday, could a pilgrimage benefit him, Pat Talbot would undertake it on the morrow. His chief peculiarities consisted in an utter disbelief that death by a duelling pistol could approximate, in the most remote degree, to murder; the second, and a very common error with his countrymen, was the rapidity with which, at first sight, he formed a friendship, or took a dislike. With this man, and after but an hour's acquaintance, he would share his last shilling—and to that, and without any cause, he, to use his own phraseology "presented his aversion during life." Egerton he had fancied from the first, and subsequent intimacy confirmed an early predilection. Rosa, from the moment he saw her, became an object of his warmest regard. He loved her with perfect singleness of heart, and would have traversed the world to render her a service. He had a friendship, and a most sincere one, for his young lieutenant; but had Egerton devised, or attempted aught against the purity of the unsuspecting fair one whose happiness Captain Talbot had been pleased to take under his especial care, in a gentlemanlike manner he would have qualified his friend for a *post mortem* examination; and that with as slight compunction as he would feel in shooting a woodcock.

The party was told off under the gallant captain's supervision—and, with trailed arms, they departed from their quarters with their officer and the exciseman to execute the midnight foray. Talbot poked the fire, flung on more peats, fabricated a fresh tumbler, and proceeded, as was his custom, to "think aloud."

"I have done right," he said, recharging his meerschaum with nigger-head; "I will write, 'private and confidential,' to Colonel Crossbelt, and, as Holman has returned, get him sent out to relieve Egerton at once. Poor fellow, how quietly he took my lecture! Heigh-ho! Well, I'll sleep the sounder, for my conscience tells me I am right."

"Talbot speaks truly. Would to Heaven, Rosa, I were thirty for thy sake," thought the young lieutenant, as he marched down the street, "and wrong-headed as he may be in other matters, in this case his judgment is correct. I cannot, will not marry—and, but as a wife, could I dream, between myself and Rosa, of any alternative but an eternal separation. Rosa, I will tear myself away; my heart may wring, but my honour shall pass the ordeal untarnished. I cannot wed thee, Rosa,—and he who would mean thee worse,—may curses light upon him! He would be indeed a villain."

THE ECLIPSE OF THE MOON.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF JEAN PAUL.

By JOHN OXENFORD.

On the lily fields of the moon dwells the mother of mankind, with all her countless daughters, in quiet eternal love. The celestial blue which flutters high over the earth is there sunken into a snow composed of flower-dust—no hatred gnaws the gentle souls; but as the rainbows of a waterfall are intertwined, so do love and repose combine all their embraces into one; and even in her silent night the earth hangs, spread out, and, glittering beneath the stars, the souls who have known human joy and sorrow upon it look with sweet longing and remembrance upon that island which they have left, and upon which beloved ones are still dwelling, and resting their outstretched limbs; and when the earth, heavy with slumber, approaches the closing eyes with dazzling nearness, the former springs of the earth sail by in glittering dreams; and when the eye awakens it hangs full of the morning dew of joyful tears.

But when the dial of eternity points to a new century, then does a lightning flash of hot pain dart through the heart of the mother of men; then do the beloved daughters, who have not been on the earth, proceed from the moon into their bodies, as soon as the earth has touched and benumbed them with its cold shadow, and the mother of mankind weeps as she sees them depart, because not all of them, but only the unsullied ones, return back to her from earth into the pure moon. Thus one century after another takes the children from the impoverished mother, and she trembles when, on the appointed day, she sees our despoiling sphere close to the sun, like a broad firm cloud.

The hand of eternity was approaching the 18th century—and the earth, full of night, moved towards the sun—the mother, burning and oppressed with anguish, clasped to her heart all those of her daughters who had not yet worn the veil of a body, and, weeping, implored them—"Oh! fall not, you dear ones; but remain pure as angels, and return again." The giant shadow nearly touched the century, and the dark earth stood over the entire sun;—a thunder-clap struck the hour;—a comet-sword, through which light was gleaming, hung down from the dark sky—the milky way was shaken, and a voice from it cried —"Appear, thou tempter of mankind."

The Infinite One sends to every century an evil genius to tempt it. Far from the little eye the plan of the Infinite One, studded with stars, and encompassing eternities, stands in the sky as an *insoluble nebulous spot.*[*]

When the tempter was called, the mother, with all her children, trembled; and the soft souls wept—even those glorified ones who had been here below. Now a giant serpent raised its monstrous form upon the earth, together with the earth-shadow, and, stretching to the moon, said, "I will seduce you." This was the evil spirit of the 18th century. The lily hills of the moon bowed and drooped; the comet-sword waved about like a sword of justice, which shows that it will execute; the serpent with sportive, soul-murdering eyes, with a blood-red crest, with lips licked and bitten through, and with tongue darted out, insinuated itself into the soft Eden; its tail trembled hungrily and maliciously in a grave of earth; and an earthquake upon our sphere made the twining folds and the various poisonous juices move like a liquid glittering storm. Oh, it was the black genius, who long ago seduced our wretched mother. She could not look upon him, but the serpent began:—"Knowest thou not the serpent, Eve? I will seduce thy daughters, and gather them together in the marsh. Look, sisters, these are the baits with which I lure you all." (Then the viper-eyes imitated the forms of men—the mottled rings looked like bridal rings, and the yellow scales like pieces of money.) "Therefore do I deprive you of the moon and of virtue. In the snares of silken ribbons and the net of costly stuffs I will catch you; with my red crown I will lure you, and you will desire to wear it; within your hearts I will begin to speak and to praise you, and then I will creep into a man's throat, and give confirmation to my words. To your tongues I will give the sharpness and venom of my own. It will not be till all goes wrong with you, or shortly before your deaths, that I shall give your hearts the sharp, hot, and useless bite of conscience. Take an eternal farewell, Eve. What I have told them they will fortunately forget before they are born."

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[*] An insoluble nebulous spot (unauflöslicker Nebelfleck) is a starry heaven thrown back to an infinite distance, in which the individual suns cannot be seen by any telescope.—*Jean Paul's note.*

The unborn souls shrunk together trembling before this cold exhaling upas-tree now so near them, and the other souls, which, pure as the fragrance of flowers, had reascended from the earth, embraced each other, weeping with timid joy, and sweetly trembling at a past which they had undergone triumphantly. Maria, the dearest of all the daughters, and the mother of all mankind, clasped each other heart to heart, and kneeling down in the midst of their embraces, raised their supplicating eyes, and the tears that flowed from them, praying thus: "Oh, thou All-loving One, take charge of them!"

And behold, when the monster shot over the moon its long thin tongue, cleft like the claw of a lobster, and snapped the lilies in twain, saying, when it had made a black speck in the moon: "I will seduce them,"—behold there arose the first sunbeam behind the earth, scattering light in its course, and the golden radiance illumined the forehead of a tall fair youth, who unobservedly had stepped into the midst of the trembling souls. A lily covered his heart, a laurel wreath full of rosebuds was green upon his forehead, and his raiment was blue as the sky. Mildly weeping and beaming with the warmth of love, he looked down upon the mournful souls, as the sun upon a rainbow—and said, "I will protect you!" It was the genius of religion. The rolling giant-serpent seemed congealed before him, and stood petrified upon the earth and against the moon—a powder magazine filled with black silent death.

And the sun flung a greater morning upon the youth's face; and raising his eye, which opened wide to the stars, he said to the Infinite One—"Father, I am going down into life with my sisters, and will protect all that will endure me. Crown the ethereal flame with a beautiful temple! they shall not disfigure and destroy it. Adorn the fair soul with a bower formed of earthly charms; this will only protect, not darken the fruit. Give it a beautiful eye—I will move it and bedew it; place a soft heart in the bosom—it shall not fall asunder before it has beaten for thee and for virtue. Unspotted and unbroken I will bring back from earth the flower converted to a fruit; for I will fly up to the mountains, and the sun, and below the stars, and will remind it of thee and of the world above the earth. I will change the lily in my bosom into the white light of this morn, and the rosebuds in my wreath to the red of a spring evening, and thus remind it of its brother. In the tones of music I will call upon it, and will discourse with it of thy heaven, and open that heaven to the harmonised heart. With the arms of its parents I will clasp it to myself—with the voice of poetry I will conceal my own, and beautify my own form with that of the beloved one. Yea, with the storm of sorrows I will pass over it, and cast the glittering rain into its eyes, and direct the eyes to those elevated regions and the kindred from which it has descended. Oh! ye beloved ones, who do not repel your brethren—when, after a noble deed, after a hard victory, a sweet longing is diffused over your heart, when in the starry night, and the red glow of evening, your eye fades with inexpressible pleasure and your whole being raises itself, and presses upwards, and loving, and calm, and uneasy, and weeping, and languishing, stretches out its arms,—then I am in your hearts, and give you a sign that I am embracing you, and that you are my sisters. And then, after a short dream, and sleep, I will break the rind from the diamond, and let the gem fall back as light dew into the lilies of the morn. Oh! tender mother of mankind, look not with such pain upon thy beloved children, but take a joyful leave of them—thou wilt lose but few."

The sun glowed uncovered before the morn, and the unborn souls proceeded to the earth, and the Genius of Virtue went with them; and as they flew towards the earth the sound of a melodious flute echoed through the blue, as when swans fly on a winter's night, and leave tones instead of waves in the breeze.

The giant serpent, in the broad curve of a glowing, flying bombshell, and finally bent into a torch of burning pitch, sank back to earth; and as a waterspout bursts to atoms over a ship, so did the serpent fall upon the earth; and shrivelled into a thousand ties and knots, wound itself—slaying and despoiling—among all the nations of the world. And the sword of justice again trembled, but the echo of the ether, through which the passage had been made, lasted longer.

MEMOIR OF A MODERN CRIMINAL.

"One man may steal a sheep with impunity, while another is hanged merely for looking over the wall."—*Old Proverb.*

I HAVE read casually in a modern novel or antiquated magazine, a lacrymatory notice of some interesting youth, who shuffled off this mortal coil at Tyburn tree, who *exited* with a nosegay in his hand; and, like Larrey O'Brien, of Irish song,

"Tho' he kick'd, it was all out of pride,
And he died with his face to the city;"

and yet, notwithstanding his elegant and spirited departure, I could not squeeze out a tear. I belong to an obsolete school—hold drivelling philanthropists to be fools—fancy that a murderer should be hanged, and a pickpocket accommodated on the treadmill—in short, to felony I cannot extend the slightest sympathy. I disown all fellowship with a cut-throat—and repudiate a gentleman who frees himself "*e vinculo matrimonii*" with a phial or the knife, as emphatically as the "Little Dustpan" in Holborn declares against all connection with the larger utensil at the other side of the street.

Not many years ago the penal code of Britain was so sanguinary—the severity of punishment so far exceeding the extent of the offence—that criminals generally obtained commiseration—society became surfeited with daily exhibitions on the gallows—the call of humanity became every day louder, and was at last listened to—and the criminal laws were most properly relaxed. Two or three crimes only were considered as meriting death; and although the infliction of the extreme penalty of the law, under any plea whatever, is still a *questio vexata* with the public, one fact must unfortunately be admitted—that while under a milder administration of justice offences against property have decreased, those against the person have undergone no abatement—while the gallows, like good fortune, has not always been attained of late by those who best deserved it.

When one obtains a ferocious romance from a country library, where daggers and drugs are employed in every page, the horror intended to be produced gives place to a smile of incredulity. But without going back to the days of

Sandy Bean, and the cannibals who composed his infernal family, let any man who has lived but a quarter of a century tax his memory, and he will recal deeds of modern date which double distance the wildest picture of crime that ever a crazy novelist put through the Minerva Press. The wholesale slaughter-houses of the burkers—the pork-chop supper at Probert's, when Weare was thrown into the horse-pond—the Greenacre cutting up—the Red Barn tragedy,—what romance-writer would dare to embody such frightful enormities?—and yet, in the scale of crime, all these are surpassed by murders recently committed by a hanged and an un-hanged criminal. In the one case I allude to the arch-hypocrite Tawell—and in the other, to that villain who for the present has evaded the rope, and whose dismantled dwelling I looked upon with unfeigned pleasure while wandering recently on the Borders.

"The proper study of mankind is man,"

and to him who would look earnestly into the secret springs of human passion, a sketch of this monster—for it would be dangerous to apply the term *murderer* to a gentleman whom a dozen cockneys had pronounced to be, like Brutus, "an honourable man"—will be found both curious and interesting.

B—— was a low-born fellow, whose father, till lately, followed the humble calling of a carrier. His want of early education can be best estimated by a perusal of a singular letter, which will be presently transcribed verbatim. His personal appearance was plain—and to use a modern but expressive phrase, his "style of man" decidedly vulgar. In address he had no ease, but great assurance—and his manners were smooth and sneaking. Nature, in personal and mental qualities, had marked him for an humble walk of life—and yet plain, low-born, vulgar and illiterate, the scoundrel's all-engrossing passion was a vaulting ambition, to which no limit could be assigned—ay, and to an extent which, were it not established beyond the reach of question, could not be credited.

The first half-dozen years of his manhood are wrapped in obscurity. They were chiefly spent in the Scottish capital: some say in a menial situation, and others as a common policeman. In whatever position, however, he was placed, B—— attended public lectures—and so far improved a neglected education, that by dint of impudence and a forged diploma, his next appearance on the stage of life was in the character of a surgeon.

The assumption of this title was the first rung in the ladder of ambition—but B——'s "*itur ad astra*" he decided should lead through matrimony. After a towering flight, which exceeded the utmost extent that human audacity could reach, he struck at lowlier game—and unfortunately succeeded in obtaining possession of a school-girl, the victim whom he sacrificed. She was rather pretty, and an only daughter—and, failing her mother, was entitled to property amounting to probably some seven thousand pounds.

The possession of her fortune was B——'s only object—and that was merely intended to be the means of working out ulterior plans. "I believe," said the gentleman who allowed me to transcribe B——'s letters, "that the death of the wretched girl had been devised and arranged even before the monster led her to the altar." A great obstacle was in the road. He could not obtain his wife's property while her mother lived, and the old woman must be removed. Surgeon (?) B—— was of course domestic physician, and prescribed for the patient. She was in good health at eight o'clock, dead at twelve, and buried before the sun dipped in ocean the next evening.

So far "the work went bravely on." The mother was removed, and the daughter now must follow. Although the villain played a well-managed and clever game, still his murderous disposition, tiger-like, broke out occasionally, and marred the course of action he had chalked. A part of his game was to ape humanity. Well, there was a favourite canary to which his wife was attached—he poisoned it; there was an old, faithful mastiff, who by singular instinct avoided his new master—he shot him deliberately because he would not fawn upon him.* There was a milch cow his wife had reared and loved; he handed her over to the butcher. Still, though his infernal disposition rose above control, he played the game he had preconcerted most assiduously. In public he affected even a lover's fondness for his devoted victim; and in the village inn was so disgustingly affectionate, as to fondle her—poor wretch!—upon his knee, and kiss her in the presence of the company, while on that same wintry night, and when all, as he supposed, were sleeping, he turned her out o' doors, with no garments to defend her from the cold, except the dress she slept in!

The time for the grand *coup d'etat*, he considered, had now arrived. The mother was in her grave, and the poor deluded girl had made a will, and bequeathed the property strictly settled on herself, to the monster she called husband. An occurrence common to married life, and which has been often known to cement unions which had hitherto been unsettled, appeared on the contrary to hurry him to an immediate commission of his fell purpose. Mrs. B——— was *enciente*, and in the villain's eyes the destruction of wife and child were equally important. He selected London—and most judicious was the choice!—as the best and safest scene to carry out his murderous purposes—brought the victim to the capital—and the mode in which he murdered her is still too fresh in public recollection to require detail.

He was suspected, arraigned, and tried—and, in the teeth of the strongest circumstantial evidence that ever was produced to establish the guilt of a murderer, he was acquitted; although he had not, as Tawell had, a Q.C. to weep over him, albeit his tears did not melt that honest jury. In the metropolis the villain's evasion of the rope elicited a burst of general indignation—and from the west-end club-house to the eastern free-and-easy, nothing was spoken of but the acquittal of B——. The charge of the learned judge, and the verdict returned by the jury were freely and severely canvassed. The former was irreverently designated "an old woman"—and it was piously entreated that the next persons whom B—— should select to experimentalise upon with prussic acid, should be his own jury, the foreman having precedence. What could have led twelve sane men to return a verdict of "not guilty" was the puzzle. That he had deliberately murdered the poor girl was established by sufficient evidence to hang a dozen; and the only conclusion that men could come to was, that the jury were disciples of the Newcastle school—the victim was his wife—and *ergo*, he had a right to do what he pleased with his own. Still the conduct of the judge and jury were freely canvassed, and reprobated in unmeasured terms even by those known as most averse to capital punishment.

I am a citizen of the world, and mix in all its bee-hives; and I am free to declare that during my perambulations from St. James's-square to St. Katherine's-docks, I never heard a single person originate a present of plate either to the learned baron or the conscientious jury who loosed B—— on the world.

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* The murder of poor Lion, as narrated to me by the old man in his Northumbrian *patois*, was not listened to without emotion.

"'Strange, sir, that the beast will not tak till ye,' I said, as the maister tried to coax him—'Why he's the kindliest brute in the world. He'll play a' the day wi' the callants,—and ooh! how he jumps when he hears the mistress' foot.'"

B——'s brows contracted, and without making a reply, he went into the house, and soon after returned with a pistol.

"'Lion!' he said, in what he meant should be a conciliatory tone, but the honest mastiff repudiated this attempt at intimacy, retired to his sentry-box, and resting his head between his paws, looked his murderer steadily in the face.

"'Ye'll nae harm the puir beast?' I said."

"'I'll serve him as I would anything that crossed me,' returned B——,—and laying the muzzle of the pistol on the dog's forehead, he blew his skull to pieces.

"'Fling the d—d brute over the cliff!' said the scoundrel, as he eyed the bleeding carcass with a grin—and then returned to the house.

"'Lion!' said I, as he closed the door, 'scart and kittiewake (*seabirds*) shall never pick your een out!' sae I dragged him outside the wa', and dug a bit grave for him on that know, where the grass looks greener than the sward around it. Mony a simmer evenin, when work is done, I sit down upon the puir brute's grave, and fancy I am talkin to auld Lion."

Would it be credited—but ere this memoir is concluded the reader would believe anything touching this felon's audacity—that B——, after he was launched again upon society, had the *hardiesse* to return to the North? When he arrived within twenty miles of the house where he had operated upon the old woman, every village which he passed through received him with execrations—but the outburst of popular fury was reserved for North Sunderland. The evening of his arrival the townspeople welcomed him home by hanging an effigy before his windows, with an excellent likeness of the delinquent cut out of a huge turnip. That, however, was but a simple note of preparation—and, notwithstanding the decision of the learned Thebans of the Old Bailey, the Northumbrian fishermen condemned the murderer to death—and on the next evening proceeded to carry the sentence into execution.

To the cry of wisdom in the street—namely, the approach of a tumultuary mass of people, B—— did not sport deaf adder, but absconded by a back door, and fled the country. Disappointed in the anticipated hanging-match, the mob burst the house open, demolished the furniture, and wrecked their final vengeance on the fugitive's effects, by burning what they had not broken.

B—— certainly got seven thousand pounds' worth of property by the unfortunate girl whom he destroyed. But wealth did not produce the end expected, and his efforts to worm himself into society were vain—for not a decent man would contaminate his shoe by placing it, as they say in Ireland, "under his mahogany." His burning anxiety was to bring himself into notice; and he thought, through the neglected art of falconry, he might possibly obtain an *entré* to the houses of gentlemen attached to field-sports. That effort also proved an expensive and complete failure; for all, like the poor old mastiff which he shot, appeared to intuitively recoil from his advances. A lady assured me, when he brought his hawks to the Highland cattle-show at Berwick, and her husband having, with the well-known hospitality of that ancient town, invited him as a stranger to dinner, that during the time while she remained in the eating-room she could not bear to meet his eye, and recoiled, she knew not wherefore, even from the sound of his voice.

Now comes the most remarkable part of "this strange, eventful history." B——, in a journey to Edinburgh some time previous to his marriage—or rather, as it would be wrong to desecrate that honourable estate by applying the term to the holy imposition by which he ensnared his victim and obtained Miss S——'s fortune—had travelled a few stages with an elderly gentleman and his daughter. The father was easy in his manners, and condescending, as gentlemen always are to those beneath them: the young lady, as the well-born and the well-bred will do, acknowledged the accidental equality of a stage-coach, and replied to B——'s remarks with courtesy. The rest the annexed epistle will best detail; and nothing could develope the man's character half so powerfully as the letter he addressed to Mr. ———, a gentleman on whom he had for a time inflicted his acquaintance. Who, friend or enemy, would not now write a book? The fellow who penned this epistle had then actually published a volume upon Falconry! Is not that encouragement for authors who, like Lord Loggerhead, are a little loose in their orthography?

"N. Sunderland, Dec. 22nd, 1837.

"My dear Sir,—I had resolved never to write to you again for your not having answered my last letter or letters, but as that alone (though *proking* enough) is not a very manly reason for parting with a friend, and having seen you at the coach-office, where I promised to write, I have now broken my resolution, and taken up my pen to *fulfile* my promise, having very few friends, and being always slow in forming them (so much so, that I have never made one new one since I came to Sunderland). I am also unwilling to let go without a good reason the end of that cable on which anchors an old one; concerning that your friends and acquaintances, nearer you, with whom you are better acquainted: had a better to, and so monopolized to themselves your friendship, that those more remote should have nothing more than a silenc as a tacit hint to yield up their claim to it, by which I had almost forgiven, but not forgotten you, giving rather repugnance to the friendship and correspondence of many, and some of these, near enough related to me; I have always considered myself as not of that number of tender Christians who are disposed to court the friendship of their fellow creatures, the pleasures arising from friendships are by no means a compensation for the pain I should feel in obtaining it; indeed, I think *love* that uncontrollable passion, with all its concomitant emotions, and endearing and charming associations, is unable to incite my lips or pen to court for its own gratification. But what!! is my pen really belying my heart—you are astonished—so you may, my good sir, for having stumbled over love at the time I least thought of it, I fear I have imbibed some of its contagious effluvia. But as I had not finished with friendship before I came upon love, I must *rever* to do it. Before I quitted it, I meant to add that I had conceived you possessed of those ingredients of human nature, which constitute unadulterated and disinterested friendship; consequently, I felt sorry at losing sight of them, and now again, having caught hold of them, I mean to take possession, and the use of them so far.

"Now do not be astonished, my dear sir, at my talking of love, for you know, ever since the days of Ovid, and long before him, love has always been known to deal, more or less, in extremes and extravagances. But lest I pinch myself of paper, I with this stuff; I shall go direct to my purpose. I am not in love; no: nor do I believe love to be supreme, but a *subordinat* ruler of my heart; therefore, a love like mine, you will perceive, is a very convenient one, only operating at its own convenience.

"Having considered you as possessed of the ingredients of friendship; I also considered you possessed the tender impressions and sensibilities of love to your loving wife, and to your affectionate children. Believing you then to have qualities, of a good husband, a tender parent, a sincere friend, I wish to find in you another quality, the use of which I would to take—and that is *a good confident*, which I doubt not will develope itself amongst the other to your honour and satisfaction; it is a confident, or if you like a bit of a *black-foot* in an affair where my honour, perhaps as much as my love, induces me here to seek your agency. As a woman's heart or reputation is more easily hurt than a man, on this occasion I hope you will render the trust the more sacred. On my way throught from ——— to Edinburgh, I had the felicity to travel that far inside the coach with a young lady and her father from your neighbourhood; in whose company, towards the latter part of our journey, a general pleasure seemed to pervade the whole of us, but I do not think love found a place at all. But as you must know the circumstances to treat the case well, trusting to your honour, I give you them as they occurred. On alighting at an inn by the way, to change horses, give the driver a glass, &c., my fellow passengers and I had tea together; during the discussion of which, I paid that attention which civility entitled her to, but nothing more, and she made herself very agreeable, as did her father. Having resumed our seats again in the coach, we three entered *cordiall* into conversation; the lady, especially, seemed free and divested of that effectation and coquetry which is now so fashionable with lady's, but by no means was she too much so. Her father having fallen asleep in the corner, she and I had a good chat alone; however, the old gentleman awoke before we reached Edinburgh, and having observed me say that I only meant to stay in town for a few days, he said it would give him pleasure to have a little of my company during that time. I replied I had little time to spare, but if I could, I would do myself the pleasure of calling upon him; having then no intention of accepting their kind invitation, I paid no regard to their address, for which neglect, after knowing who they were, I have been a little sorry. My reason for declining further acquaintance with them, or any of the genteel order in the neighbourhood, is that it gives me pain instead of pleasure, owing to family circumstances of which you have a good guess; I dare say you are disposed to rebuke me for being so scrupulous, which I cannot easily get over; however, my good fellow, I mean to make amends for my fault by writing the lady if I can. But who were they, think you? who but your almost neighbour ——— and his daughter, of———. Now I entertain no vain or flattering ideas of them or the result, but I think (since the coachman told me who they were, as I came south again), and as I think they both, particularly the lady, expected the merits of their invitation to be more warmly considered, I cannot do less than give the fair a gentle letter; you perhaps laugh at this as aspiring to much, but my regard for her tender feelings, and my own honour, prompts me thus; and I assure you, if that is anything to be vain of, I might be almost daily in the society of people of as good property and independance as I chose. Now, my good fellow, for your part of the play, I hope you will make up for my bad acting, for which I promise you a good bumper or two, when we meet to talk about it. What I wish you to do, man, is to take a walk to ——— *as soon as possible*, and in the most *knowing, mysterious, and round-about way*, fish out the lady's *first name and address*, if she has not returned home, and convey them to me with the *first post*, for I think the fair deserves a letter; the result of which you shall know, it was about the fourth or fifth of this month when she left home; if there is a lodge or inn near the Hall, you should pass in to rest yourself, or get a glass or two (whether you fail or succeed, I shall not grudge you your hire and expenses), and begin your inquiry about the family, &c. But as you are an old practitioner in courting, I need hardly attempt to dictate to you, lay your genius only on, and I fear not your success, only do not create suspicion if possible. Do you know what family *their* are of them? "Ever yours sincerely, "J. E. B———."

The person to whom this most singular and characteristic epistle was addressed, feeling himself insulted, by B—— supposing that he would lend himself to assist a sordid scoundrel, who avowed that he had not feelings in common with his fellow-men, not only declined the responsible agency, but left the letter unanswered for six weeks. When he did give the aspiring youth—who seemed determined to leap into an estate from his father's fish-cart at a bound—a tardy and curt reply, it elicited the annexed epistle.

"N. Sunderland, Feb. 12th, 1838.

"Dear Sir,—I received your epistle the other day, for which I am obliged to you. *Six weeks or upwards* was a long time to take to answer my letter, notwithstanding the nature of its contents; but as the request I made of you was almost as absurd, although such among students and other young *wanters*, are very common. As the rest and whole of the affair appeared to me on a more mature consideration, that is, after learning more of the individual alluded to's station of rank, &c., your answer, like the fair's self, became matter of mere indifference to me. You said in your letter that you did not mention to H——— of my *amore*. Did I not think it impossible for your trust and honour to mention it to him or any one else, I would never have intrusted you with the secret.

"Now havin got thro' with the scolding part, I must express my gladnese at hearing that you and your family are all well. I wish I could say the same of myself; and instead of matrimony I must think of something else; but if I am no worse, I mean to be in Berwick in the course of a fortnight or so, when I hope to see you. Meantime having no news worth while, I am sincerely your's, "J. E. B———.'

Who was the unknown lady that this insolent scoundrel presumed to aspire to? He, sprung from the dregs of the people—who, while this scene was passing in the coach had probably passed his father and his fish-cart upon the road, or his brother, labouring in his humble vocation of a common carrier to Edinburgh—he, a vulgar ruffian who could not spell, and so unacquainted with the conventional regulations of society as to consider himself privileged to address a letter to a lady, because she had the civility to reply to his observations in a stage-coach. I will not desire the reader not to start, but I shall feel obliged if he will deliver a thundering curse upon the matchless audacity of this wholesale poisoner; and I will further undertake, that neither "the accusing spirit" will turn informer, nor "the recording angel" book the oath against him in Heaven's chancery. The lady was young, beautiful, accomplished, high-born, and wealthy. In her own circle, and of her own caste, more than one suitor had sighed without success; and she had but to smile, and he who had hesitated to tell his love would have been at her feet incontinently. She is now a peeress; and when court beauty is chronicled, among the fairest of the fair you will ever find the name of Lady ———!

If rumour may be trusted, the vengeance of Heaven has began to show itself—and that wealth, for which B—— murdered a mother, a wife, and two of his own offspring, is melting fast away. It is said that his trial cost him two thousand pounds; and in a castellated abomination, a monument of vulgar folly, which was never completed and is now hurrying to decay, although the mortar is fresh upon the walls, a large sum was ridiculously expended. With that building a circumstance is connected which marks the diabolical disposition of this monster. In a small enclosure of bare grass beside the house—if a onestoried cabin, with a macciolated parapet, and walls crenellated for musquetry, may be called a house—there is a most dangerous well, forty feet deep, and half filled with water. It is level with the surface of the ground, and you cannot perceive the orifice of this fatal man-trap until you are within a yard or two. The danger of this open well* was pointed out to B——, and the necessity of securing it urged upon him, as the children of the village frequently played beside it after school.

"'They are often here,' said the old man, 'in the gloamin,† and be assured you'll find one or two of the giddy callants in the water some fine morning.' I looked," he continued, "askaunt at his countenance, and the smile of the devil was on his face. Weel, when I was quitting work I dragged an old door over and laid it across the well. B—— remained behind, and he closed the gate ahint me. Some misgiving came ower my mind, and I peeped through yon fule thing in the wall," and he pointed out an arrow slit. "There he was at the well, and I saw him pull off the door; and och, maun! I'll ne'er forget the grin was on his mou."

The fate of this atrocious criminal proves that evasion of the rope is but a poor triumph to a murderer. The enormous expenses attendant on his trial—the subornation of witnesses—destruction of one house and abandonment of another—exhausted his means, and B——, as it is believed, left England with only a few hundreds. Legally acquitted by a twaddling judge, and a jury who would not hang a dog in hydrophobia, the terrible tribunal of public opinion pronounced him guilty. He entered a theatre, closely muffled, but was detected and hooted out. He got into a cab—the horse fell before he had driven a dozen yards. An idle Irishman hurried to the rescue. "Peter," observed the Shannonite, "do ye know who you're drivin? It's B——,—curse o' God upon him! —an what better could ye expict?" "Oh! thunder and nouns!" responded the charioteer, opening one door to expel him as the wretched criminal jumped out at the other. Where was the wretch to go? To Ireland? No!—even the Tipperary Thugs would not receive him. They, honest men, operated only with lead and iron; and to them the convenient properties of hydroceanic acid were utterly unknown. America, that land of freedom, was decided on—and, *mutato nomine*, under "the stars and stripes," Mr. B—— has there, for the present, found a resting place.

The general belief, however, is, that he no longer "cumbereth the earth;" and a chain of circumstances connected with an unknown traveller, found murdered in the Backwoods, leads to a conviction almost certain, that B—— was the man. May God assoilzie him! for in earthly judgment he was far beyond the pale of pity or of pardon.

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* A fearful accident happened at Bamborough but a short time since. A man and woman, passing an open well in the dusk, unfortunately fell in, and were found drowned next morning. Bamborough is but three miles from B——'s Castle, and this sad calamity had just occurred.

† Evening, the dusk.

CAPTAIN SQUASH.

A YANKEE LEGEND.

By Percy B. St. John.

I.—Coal Black.

Have you, reader, ever been to Texas? Undoubtedly you will say no. But *I* have, as many know for their sins, who have listened on various occasions to my big talk, as the Indians have it, about Peccan Spring, Skull Creek, Dickenson's bayou, Bowie-knife rivulet, and other savage and wild localities, on which *I* love sometimes to dwell; for then, if ever, when wandering over prairie and morass, I viewed nature unadorned. Not that I prefer trees to *trottoirs*, clams to danvac, red Indians to Radicals, wooden shanties to Regent-street and Piccadilly, a Tremont street to the rue de la Paix, but I love variety. Were there a weekly steamer to Texas, going on Saturday, and returning on Monday, I might, even at the risk of the anathemas of the Sabbath alliance, spend my day of rest in those sweet woods where so often I have wandered, alone, and more truly with God than in any temple made with man's hands. Not that I presume to blame or discountenance the Sunday in a Christian land, but once and away, it is not ill to send up one's thoughts to the Almighty at the foot of an ancient sycamore, with no sound but the sighing of the breeze, the heaving hum of silence itself, with no roof but heaven—and no footstool but the earth.

One evening, it was in a warm time in May, I lay at the foot of a favourite tree on the estate of Captain Todd, Dickenson's bayou, Texas, absorbed in two occupations equally luxurious—I was smoking my antiquated corn cob pipe, and building castles in the air, or in Spain, which is the same thing. What my castles were, it boots not to tell, for it is yet undecided whether they were airy nothings or substantial realities—the proof of all puddings is in the eating, and I may define ambitious dreams among the intellectual puddings of this world, very pleasant, but hard of digestion, and causing sometimes bitter consequences. Well, I had smoked out two pipes, the hour was growing late, when I heard a distant footstep treading the dry sticks that strewed the ground, and waking the echoes of the wood with his capacious lungs—his words betrayed at once his sable character:—

"Adam was de fust man,
Eve was de t'oder,
Abel was a wicked man,
'Cause he killed him broder."

Not having the nigger 'phobia upon me, and having no objection to converse with my kind, even in the dusky skin of an African, I called lustily to the nigger—not in order to put into his imagination some of those monstrous absurdities which a certain gullible M.P., of Rajah notoriety, so loves to retail to gaping and admiring women and boys at Exeter Hall, but to talk with seriously, as I would to any other creature in human shape. No one hates slavery more than I do; but I also hate the thing which is expressed so admirably in French and English by a word of equal length—"*Blague:*" "*Humbug!*" and the proper mode of eradicating it in the United States is, not to bully and abuse the Yankees, not to place a brass wall between us and them, not to refuse their Alabama long stalks, their York river leaf, and first-rate bread and cheese, but to reason with them and set them a good example. Republicans are proverbially proud, and will be stiff-backed to all Billingsgate harangues. It is true a reasoning and convincing speaker is an orator which is a rarity; while an abusive stringer of sentences to a certain set sounds like one. Besides——will reasoning fill my purse?

But I am forgetting my sable and singing friend, who at my voice at once ceased his song, and soon placed his fat, merry, and shining face between me and the light.

"Massa, call me?" said the darkey, who was a tall and middle-aged individual with a nose like a Jew, and teeth like a grinning elephant.

"Yes; I want to have a talk with you," I replied.

"With me, massa?" said the nigger, doubtingly.

"Certainly; I suppose you have a tongue?"

"Oh! ees, massa; me got a tongue—and a werry long one, de boys say down da," pointing to Galveston, and laughing with a regular sable "ya! ya!"

"Who do you belong to?"

"Me belong to Kubnal Love, massa; he my boss," he continued.

"Colonel Love is your boss, then you know me?"

"Oh! ees, sa"—and the negro laughed heartily; "me often see you *take a walk* we Miss 'Licia, my young lady."

And the negro looked uncommon sly, while I looked wooden.

"Ah! but Sambo, you know I've got a wife in the old country, Sambo," pointing across the wide space which separated me from England—ten thousand miles of land and water; "and I can play no truant here."

"Me know dat too, massa;" said the negro, laughing, for having received leave he gave way to his whole character, "But den you do like Captain Squash?"

"Like Captain Squash, Sambo; I never heard of the gentleman."

"Well, massa, dat wonerful, too," exclaimed the negro, seating himself on the grass; "he was a great man in dis part ob the world once, but him no here now."

"Sambo," said I, gravely, "you don't understand what you say, when you allude to your young mistress and me. I never saw Miss Alicia but twice, and then not to know the colour of her hair; but this Texas is a very scandalous place. It seems one cannot speak to a lady, but it is said to be a match."

"Golly, dat true!" laughed Sambo; "I only kiss Flora twice, and ebbery body say I was going to be married."

"But about Captain Squash?"

"Dat a awful bad affair," said Sambo, shaking his head.

"And you advise me to imitate him?" said I, in feigned anger.

"No, massa, me only joke; but I tell him whole conclusions ob de tale, and massa see dat it war logical story."

I nodded assent, and I then heard for the first time a tale which I since found to be correct in all its particulars, as related to me by the negro, in the cedar grove of Toddville.*

II.—The Negro's Story.

There landed one day from the New Orleans steamer, a tall, well-made, and handsome Yankee, upon the steam-boat quay of Galveston, who gave his name plain Captain Squash. He was well dressed—had a large amount of baggage, and seemed in a position, as far as worldly goods were concerned, to brave all the difficulties of a new country. No sooner was he on shore, than placing his things upon a truck which Red-haired Harry, of Mellor's boarding-house, wheeled along the street for him, he took up his residence at the Tremont hotel, a huge wooden building which, with Shaw's, divided the custom of the Sand bank known on the map as Galveston Island. This choice on the part of Captain Squash showed a knowledge of life, for it was the up-hill place of the locality, the first chop and out-and-outer of Texan civilisation, where balls were given at sovereign (British) a head, and men were not obliged in dry weather to put umbrellas over the beds to keep out the rain—where a gong called to supper, and wooden skewers were provided for tooth-picks to save the forks—where black waiters attended in pepper-and-salt instead of red flannel shirts—where, in fact, the height of the fashion took up their quarters, when any of that anomalous and butterfly race found their way into these diggens. It was morning when Captain Squash landed, and before evening he was friendly and familiar with the whole of the *sammites* of the house. Though himself somewhat better bred and educated than the others, Captain Squash evidently knew the world too well not to fall in with men as he found them, and as he smoked much, chewed a little, and swore occasionally, he was pretty well up to the level of Texan society. Before evening he was familiar, and had bought a ball ticket for that very night, at five dollars, on the promise of being introduced to some spanking lasses just arrived from Bremen, and who came out with the laudable intention of providing mates for the disconsolate bachelors forming the vast majority of the population of Texas. Dutch balls, on the whole, at Galveston were suitable to the purlieus of Wapping or the Rue St. Denis; but on this occasion the Holland flowers were of a superior class, brought out under the matronly supervision and care of Mistress Gottingha Vanderspluken, whose spectacles were more all-seeing than the hundred eyes of Argus.

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* I have in this narrative done nothing but alter the names. Every Texan will recollect its occurrence in 1840.

At nine o'clock precisely the ball commenced, and no mean array of names was there. Imagine a flat surface composed of sand, on which have been erected some two or three hundred wooden houses, whitewashed on the outside. Imagine a big wooden house larger than them all, and you have Galveston and its principal hotel. Imagine a long apartment with wooden benches around, and certain scattered chairs, the whole illumined by a tremendous blaze of tallow, and you have the ball-room. Imagine some hundred men, colonels, generals, commodores, doctors, members of Parliament, presidents, lawyers, with the trifling addition of being salesmen, grocers, bakers, butchers, &c., and you have, with, one or two English, French and New York merchants, the male portion of the party, in costume varying from the Bond-street exquisite to the backwood blanket coat; talking, chewing, smoking, spitting, and laughing, and you have them to the life. Imagine some twenty quiet, unassuming, very handsome women, all young and charming, and you have the wives of the married portion of this rough apartment; with about three dozen fresh, rosy-cheeked, and laughing-eyed Bremen girls, you have the whole.

I might no doubt be very learned and very satirical upon the Yankee young ladies and Yankee young gentleman who figured at the Tremont ball, after the fashion of certain critics, who find in poor human nature nothing but food for what our Gallic neighbours call *denigrement;* but, for myself, I take men and women, young and old, like the Italian boy, "as I finds 'em," and look upon them as all God's creatures, made some to shine and some to reflect; some to speak and some to hear; some to be amused with trifles, others to talk seriously: but, upon the whole, in ordinary society I rather prefer the picker up of small change and gossip to the solemn ass who dilates on Shakspeare and the musical glass, the corn-laws and Judaism, and other recondite topics. I love a good, solemn, earnest talker; but I love, too, a party of merry folks, where all are nonsensical, full of fun and joke, and not stuck up to a supper after the manner of the ancients.

Captain Squash, a stranger and a handsome man, was soon provided with a partner. She was one of the Bremen girls, about fifteen; a little, fresh, rosy, simple Dutch tulip, with truth in her eyes, and heart overspreading her every action. The captain was delighted with her, and she, it seemed, was equally so with the captain, though neither could speak the other's natal tongue. Dutch was Hebrew to Squash, English Sanscrit to the lovely Anna. But they met on common ground; she could speak French fluently, he could do so tolerably. Rapid indeed was the progress of love. They danced, flirted, gossipped, and they danced again; they supped, and hob-nobbed over Champagne—or, rather, over American gooseberry-pop; while Squash, true to his land, slily solaced himself at the bar with a few stray gin-slings, sherry-cobblers, and brandy cocktails. Each hour he grew merrier, until towards morning he so roused himself as to declare his love, which was, thanks to the great excitement of the occasion, accepted unhesitatingly. I need scarcely add that as nearly a hundred of the men present were bachelors, the whole covey of Gottingha Vanderspluken went off at the same rapid rate.

In Texas it is a civil contract. To unite a couple all that is required is for both to go before the mayor, answer a few questions, sign your name, pay two dollars, and the thing is done—no time for after-thoughts, for reflections.

But then divorce is as easy.

At ten o'clock that day, after a breakfast, with which the ball ended, the whole of the couples were married. Merry and gay was the vast wedding party, and none were merrier than Captain Squash. Some noticed, indeed, that the stranger drank deeply, as if to drown care; but most were too much engaged to remark any such peculiarity.

Here ends the whole comedy of the matter.

At the end of a week Captain Squash had invested a large portion of his property in a dry store, which in partnership with one Ezekiel Schlingen he carried on in the market-place. The rest was devoted to purchasing and furnishing a pretty little wooden shanty at the very farthest end of the town. A neat, comfortable, pretty locality it was, but not half enough for the precious treasure it contained—a fond, and gentle wife, casting the whole richness of her orphan heart round him who now was her all in all, meekly watching his every glance, to seek to please him, beforehand with his every wish, ever ready with the smile of welcome and the soft whispered adieu, that spoke of glad longing for his return. Anna mingled with all this a child-like obedience agreeable to her extreme youth, that was of irresistible fascination. If love could repay all this she should have been happy, and she was, for he let her see all the full earnestness of his manly affection. He was tender with her, most tender, not Hamlet's father was gentler with his wife than the American with his. For hours he would sit listening with charmed ear to her almost infantine prattle, and a kiss pressed on her forehead would be ample and full reward.

But he——he was not happy. Away from her he was stern, dry, even fierce; all his humour and merriment were gone. He could leave his business and go wander alone on the sea shore, where the stunning tumult of the tempest would vainly seek to move him. He neither, at these times, heard nor saw, for there was a mightier storm still within his breast. Suddenly he would awake and, smoothing his brow, would stride rapidly across the sandy waste to where his presence was heaven itself—was all full and true joy.

Before the end of the year he was a father. Great was the happiness and delight of the young mother. Her babe, a boy, was a new little world for her—a plaything, a new existence, a double joy. Her delight was at times frantic, as she would toss the screaming child on high and bid it quickly learn to say "papa." The Captain never was more fond, and dearly did he love both the babe and his innocent little wife. But his gloom increased when she was away; his sombre musings preyed upon him, he shrunk, to all eyes but hers, to the skeleton of a man.

Once or twice he visited the post-office, as if by stealth, and several letters came, which he read on the vexed sea-beach, and then, madly tearing, scattered to the winds of the gulph. He wrote by stealth, and stole at night to send away his missive; lurking round the box ere he dared to put his letter in, like a ghost of the damned round the seat of his crime. Doubly black was his melancholy; for many days after there seemed to hang a heavy weight upon his conscience.

Another year passed, and the boy grew apace, and throve. To the free and wild delight of its child-mother it began to toddle, and Anna often said such joy was too great for earth. And the captain began to look better; there was a less heavy weight upon him; he grew stouter, and his step was lighter. Even his wife began to see that he must, as she thought, have been ill.

For four months he had visited the post-office without any result.

It was in the spring, and the steamer (New York), swept into the harbour: its deck covered with passengers. In another quarter of an hour they were landed, and scattered over the town.

The captain was at his store, his wife was at home.

At the next wharf was the Galveston, with her steam up ready to start within an hour.

Anna was in her little parlour reading. On the step of the doorway played the little prattling creature that called her mother, when the child suddenly shrieked, and next instant a tall and commanding figure stood by the side of the young wife. She raised her eyes. It was a handsome young woman, in deep mourning. In her hand were a brace of pistols.

"Where is John Cartwright?" she said, menacingly.

"Madam," replied the young wife, "I know no such person."

"I forget; his name here is Captain Squash," said the other, bitterly.

"My husband," cried Anna, trembling like a leaf.

"Thou liest, woman!" shrieked the stranger—"mine first. But where is he, the black villain?"

"Oh, madam, do not hurt him," said Anna, falling on her knees, and seizing one hand of the maddened wife.

"Touch me not," cried the creole—for she was French in origin—and, with the word, sent Anna insensible back upon the floor.

"Ah!" she continued, addressing a little negro girl, "is this your master's child?"

The black replied that it was.

The creole smiled—but one of those smiles which speak more hate, revenge, and scorn than million frowns.

"Go! call your master; they tell me at the inn he is at his store," she continued hastily, as she heard the last bell of the steamer.

The girl hurried to obey.

Scarcely was she out of sight when the maddened creole flew at the frightened babe, pressed it with a frantic kiss to her lips, and then, soothing and coaxing it, deliberately wrapped it in a shawl and walked away.

In ten minutes more the captain was tearing down the street towards the hut; as he reached it, he saw the huge steamer leave her moorings and launch out into the stream.

He entered the house, glancing wildly round into every corner.

It was empty, save that his beloved Anna was lying senseless on the ground.

To snatch her up, to bathe her aching forehead, was an instantaneous work; and then he thundered, rather than said—

"My Boy!"

"My God!" shrieked Anna, starting to her feet—"the woman—quick, Oh! save my boy!"

At this instant the little black girl entered; she had come by the strand, and had seen the strange woman standing on the steamer's deck, with the babe in her arms.

Both father and mother gazed wildly at each other, and fell into one another's arms. Their reason was giving way. Next instant they were running hand-in-hand down towards the shore, shrieking out the name of their babe.

The steamer was out at sea, and Anna fell like a corpse on the sand. The captain, now sternly calm, took her in his arms and bore her back to his once happy home. He then sent the affectionate little black for a physician, who pronounced the wretched mother suffering from a congestion of the brain. The captain heard this unmoved, but taking a sheet of paper, wrote a long and calm letter, which he sent for transmission to New Orleans by the steamer leaving next day. He then became the poor Bremen girl's nurse, and after six days had a moment's relief on hearing her speak. Pale, weak, and hopeless, the unhappy girl's look was more eloquent than words; there was no atom of reproach, but there gushed forth in myriad covetous glances, a question which he could not answer—

"My child?"

He then spoke. He told her that having in a quarrel wounded a man in New York, he had fled to Texas, leaving a wife in the former place to nurse an old and infirm father, whose only child and relative she was. At his death, which could not be distant, she was to rejoin him. Landing in Texas, he had attended the ball, been fascinated by her youth and innocence, and while under the influence of excitement, fatigue, and drink, had married her. The union once taken place, he had not had the heart to deceive her. But remorse, fear, the remembrance of his other wife, whom he had once loved, and still loved, poisoned all his joy. He adored her too much to let her share the hell within him, renewed every month when he received, and had to write a letter.

"My torture was that of the damned! Innocent child, I loved you and my babe; but I still had earnest affection for my widowed wife. At length she ceased to write, and I softened my seared soul with the reflection that Heaven had spared her the discovery of my guilt. But no, my punishment was to be sore—her hate, and your contempt."

"Hush!" said the stricken Anna. "I love you, oh! my husband, I love you. But give me back my babe."

"I will," replied the Captain, sternly; "I will. I was wicked, but she has been most cruel. I have written to bid her stay at New Orleans. Her wrong to you has crushed all my old affection. Be well, Anna, child, and I will go fetch your babe."

"But she will kill it," said Anna, wildly.

"Not so—her fault is her affection for me. It drove her mad."

"But oh, my husband," continued Anna, faintly, "I am dying; I shall never, oh! never, see my babe."

Scarce were the words out of her lips, when a little, tiny, weeping face was pressed to hers, and a woman fell by the bed-side, with a shriek.

It was the wife. Revenge had been the impulse which made her bear the infant away, but pity, and her husband's imperative and coldly-stern letter, brought her back.

"My boy, my child, my babe, my John!" wildly cried the young girl; "oh, husband, kiss your boy."

The Captain stooped, and kissed his child.

Its mother was dead!

An hour that guilty man sat by that bed of death, with his child upon his knee. His wife moved about, chastened at the severity of her husband's punishment, and vowing in her heart to be a mother to the lone infant—lone, indeed, for its real mother was dead—lone, indeed, for she who gave birth to it was with God, waiting his good time to be re-united with her earthly child.

Two days after she was buried, and then—he had not opened his lips to his wife, or acknowledged her existence—he took his infant in his arms, and went down to a small boat which he had fitted up, and prepared to depart up the country. A word from him had made his good-natured partner make every fitting arrangement. The boat contained everything required for an up-country squatter, a tent, food, arms, tools, &c. The boat was provided with a sail, and manned by a negro lad and its master. The poor negro girl was there, and on her knee he placed his boy. He then, still without speaking, pushed off, and began his journey into the wilderness.

In the bow of the boat sat his wife.

For weeks and weeks they journeyed, and at last they pitched their tent, but months passed before John Cartwright spoke to his wife; at length one evening he placed his babe gently on her knee.

"Helen!" he whispered, "I have sinned, but I have been punished. I am a miserable man. But you are still my wife; be a mother to this my child."

And she is.

A grave and solemn man is now John Cartwright, living alone with his family in the woods; and never has his wife spoken again of the past, for she has seen his much and long suffering, and her memory has not forgotten the dead.

NAPOLEON.

By ARCHER GURNEY.

Back to the City of his pride they bear him,
  The mighty and the dead;
From his cold grave beyond the seas they tear him,
  Wrapped in his shroud of lead.

Softly he slumbered on that distant shore,
Beneath the willows, in the peaceful vale:
They roused him from his warrior-couch once more,
They gazed upon his features stern and pale.
They could not let him rest in calm repose
On that far strand, forgetting and forgot;
The secret home of death did they disclose,
Gazed on the dead within, and trembled not!

Yet, no! did not a nameless fear, that hour,
  Creep o'er each Gallic breast?
Seemed not the sleeping Tyrant's brow to lower,
  As thus they broke his rest?

Tyrant? Ay, Tyrant!—Shall a mighty name
Erase the bloody annals of the past?
Ye Nations! Shall a Conqueror's bootless fame
A flood of light o'er midnight's darkness cast?
What were his deeds? What was his warring life?
Fell poisonous blasts from the sirocco-gale:
One scene of blood and death, and endless strife,
A comet's whirling path, a demon tale!

Such power was his as ne'er to man was given:
  Gaze on his annals well!
Of earth he might have formed an earthly heaven:
  He made that earth a hell.

Could ye not let him slumber in his grave,
On that lone cliff, amidst the foaming seas,
Where the cold night-breeze, and the warring wave,
Murmured his due, his fitting obsequies?
There he had slept in peace; his latter days
Had urged some faint atonement for the past;
But as ye chant again your idol's praise,
That idol from his shrine 'tis ours to cast.

Ne'er had the Bard awoke the indignant lyre,
  If ye had silence kept;
But ye have borne anew the blighting fire
  From whence in peace it slept.

Beneath the towering cupola ye lay
His clay-cold corse, the banners waving o'er:
Snow-white the marble shines as gleams of day;
Far fitter here the purple stain of gore.
And whilst the organ's deep-toned chords resound,
And thousands kneel within the lofty fane,
Shall not your angry spirits hover round,
Ye, who at his command were basely slain?

D'Enghien, and Palm, and thou, brave Tyrolese,
  Hofer, the frank, the free,
Shall ye not join in these loud obsequies,
  This nation's symphony?

Who should the death-chant of the Tyrant sing?
The fatherless, the victims of his pride!
Could all assemble, loudly would it ring
From Russia's wastes beyond the ocean wide.
All who, to slake his thirst for pomp and power,
Sank in life's spring to their untimely graves,
All these around his mouldering corse should cower,
And join the chorus of the winds and waves.

All, all uniting o'er his tomb should cry,
  "Monarch, thy reign is past!
We hail thee now: 'twas ours, 'twas thine to die,
  And here we meet at last."

Frenchmen, ye cannot gild a starless night;
The annals of his crimes ye cannot blot:
Bury your dead in temples fair and bright!
His shame, his triumphs, shall not be forgot.
Bury your dead with all the pomp of earth,
Yet still the voice of truth on high shall soar:
Curs'd be the hour that gave a tyrant birth,
And, thank'd be God, he breathes earth's air no more!"

THE WIFE'S SECRET.

ırn of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean to the English stage has given a decided
o the fortunes of the theatre. Indeed, we are not so affluent of talent
ghest range of the dramatic art as to be able to spare any portion of its
ı. Scattered as are the leading members amongst the various metropolitan
is matter of wonderment that a play possessing poetical beauties, and con-
elements of tragical passions, should find fitting embodiment. Our poetical
like that of other nations, requires a mixed *troupe*, the mere tragedian will
ts purpose; for, like the paths of many coloured life, which it is its purpose to
requires as many actors as there are various humours in mankind. A very
ompany will serve for the due interpretation of the French, Italian, and German
ıma, but the plays of Shakspere, his contemporaries and followers, contain
he loftiest strains of passion, study for the philosopher and metaphysician,
r the wit, and puns for the lovers of verbal affinities. The pall of Tra-
he mask of Comedy, the shudder and the tear, the laugh and the smile, are
th from the same urn. Every walk of the stage, from the emperor to the
quires fitting illustrators. Even the lyric art and choral numbers are frequently
or its completion; hence the recurring difficulty and the enormous outlay
o support what has been styled the legitimate drama. To carry out its purpose,
with due effect, three distinct companies are absolutely necessary. And even
has been accomplished, the large theatres have failed, save when some
appeared in the theatrical horizon, to astound and perplex the world of
The united phalanx of the Kemble family was not sufficiently strong to
own temple from ruin. John Kemble, Charles Kemble, Macready, Young,
d Mrs. Siddons, were forced to call in the aid of Madame Sachi, a rope-
swell the treasury, and *Timour the Tartar* and his horses were put into har-
ly to draw people to the theatre. The mere play, even with first-rate actors,
in these so-called palmy days insufficient to attract. The house was failing
O'Neill made her advent, and then the crowds collected, and the fortunes of
swelled up to the brim. Even thus was it with Drury Lane, in spite of its
composed of the magnates of the land, and its literary celebrities. All was
clouds hovered above, and gaunt bankruptcy had clutched it, when Edmund
, and his originality and his genius restored the theatre to solvency. In both
t was the individual, and not the drama.

agement, however astute, or however wealthy, can support the fluctuating
he public; no managerial power can evoke the actor that will attract, or the
t shall be successful. Chance and the hour runs through the longest day.
y write until their pens be blunt, and the ink runs dry—talkers may talk until
h fails, and their tongues become swollen—poets may rave, and political econo-
late, but we shall never attain to a real national drama of the highest class unless
a grant for its creation and support by the people through their representatives.
speculation must ever degrade it to a mere monetary consideration; and thus it
in its throes and its struggles till it be only remembered amongst the things

If the ardent desire to establish the drama in its best aspect would suffice
e end proposed, Mr. Webster would have succeeded, for he has integrity of
eatrical experience, stage knowledge, and the ambition so important to the
f the desired end. We here speak by the card; for more new plays have been
uring his direction than during any former period. New authors have been
write, and liberally rewarded. There is no name of literary eminence but has
ed, from Bulwer and Talfourd to Bourcicault and Morton. Every actor of note
gaged, and therefore are we not right when we assert that no individual
s sufficient to place our stage literature upon a firm and lasting basis? The
Theatre, though filled to the roof on each night of the season, would not, from
area, suffice for the current outlay of the object to which we advert; yet
be done has been done—and been well done; for the engagement of Mr. and
s Kean incontestably proves the effort to be in the right direction, for with
of their reappearance, and the production of a new play, the theatre, which
e past has been in a waning state, has suddenly assumed an air of prosperity
ust will be abiding.

's *Secret* is by Mr. Lovell, the author of several pieces; and, indeed, its construction bears intrinsic evidence of the skill and experience of the architect. It is of the mixed class, and may take rank with the romantic dramas of George Colman. The syncretics will, doubtless, shrug their shoulders, and talk contemptuously of its objectiveness, and smile at the bad taste of the public, and seek to prove that the plan is wrong, and that it could not, should not, would not succeed; yet, in spite of these cannons of criticism, the play has gone off, not only well, but attained an instant success, and will, we are confident, rejoice in a lasting popularity. Its very transparency is an element in its favour—the self-evident nature of the plot—the singleness of purpose of its characters—the domestic interest of the story—the palpableness of the motives and the self-pride of the audience at their own clearness of perception in discovering the mystery of what is, in fact, no mystery whatsoever, all combine to render it attractive as a drama. That the same event, or, at any rate, events remarkably similar in their bearings, had been previously exhibited is rather to than from the purpose; and this is fully established by the result. An eloquent writer has said, that in commenting on the various failures which have too frequently occurred in the theatrical world, he has had to expatiate on the necessity for telling a story well to amuse an audience; that no amount of wit or of poetry, of profundity or of passion, will compensate for a deficiency in this requisite; but, on the other hand, let the tale be well conducted, and it is surprising how moderate an audience will be in exacting other means of gratification; that in this circumstance lay the ground of schism between the envious literati connected with the stage. The men who can write for the theatre are despised by those who cannot write, but have a vague notion as to the purpose to which a drama might be applied. To the latter class, that a play succeeds just because it keeps up the attention for a given time, and affords opportunities for a favourite actor or two to make a display is detestable; and yet this fact obstinately refuses to be talked down. *The Lady of Lyons,* with its doubtful moral, without any writing at all, but with four acts capitally managed, sticks to the bills with grim reality, and, however hackneyed, draws good audiences at all sorts of places, and defies the utterances of the most exalted theorists. To people who will look at the affair from a common-sense point of view this state of things is perfectly intelligible. Of the vast class of people who devour morals, the majority demand to be satisfied by the story—deep reflection and delineation of character, however they may contribute to the immorality of a writer, and however they may cause a man's works to be referred to when contemporary productions are forgotten, still only affect a minority of the readers of his own day, when he is read for amusement, and not because he has an established name.

This is clear as noon-day, and proves the necessity of first securing the interest of an audience by a material ground-work before the poetical elaboration be superadded; and this we take to be the secret of the success of Mr. Lovell's play. The plot is exceedingly simple, and can boast of little invention in the ruling incidents; but infinite knowledge is apparent in the distinct articulation of the characters—the constructive means in the building up the materials—the continuous action of the drama—the evolving of the passions—and the perfect completion of the story. Sir Walter Amyott, a zealous partisan of the Parliamentary forces, is married to Lady Eveline, the sister of Lord Arden, an ardent adherent of the Royal cause. In this consists the antagonism of the drama. During the absence of Sir Walter there had been an unsuccessful rising of the Cavaliers, headed by Lord Arden, who had been fain to seek for security in France, but who has been tempted to return to England to head the attempt. The Cavaliers are routed, and Lord Arden, pursued by his enemies, seeks shelter at the abode of his sister. The Lady Eveline receives him, and prays him to become friends with her husband; but all amnesty is spurned by the Cavalier, who binds her by an oath to keep his situation secret from Sir Walter Amyott. The lady takes the oath. At this juncture the husband returns, and every effort is used to keep him in ignorance of the presence of Lord Arden. An old steward (Jabez Sneed) has been detected in divers peculations by the Lady Eveline, and fearing his master's indignation and instant dismissal from his situation, seeks the means of instilling doubts into his master's mind of the virtue of his wife. The accounts, which have been closely examined by Eveline, are kept in an escritoire in the Bower-chamber, in a closet of which lies *perdue* the Cavalier. Fearing that in continuing the use of this chamber Sir Walter Amyott may discover the secret, Eveline determines to abandon it until Lord Arden finds means to escape. This excites the suspicion of Jabez Sneed, who sets to work to penetrate the mystery, and succeeds by scaling the casement to discover the existence of a stranger; but the back being turned he fails in recognising the features. He hastens to Sir Walter Amyott, and apprises him of the circumstance, and urges him to demand the key, which is in the possession of his wife. The train is laid, but not fired—the key is refused, and the pangs of jealousy rage in the heart of Sir Walter Amyott. Watches are set, and through the window of the Bower-chamber are seen the forms of Lady Eveline and Lord Arden in tender collision. There is no longer doubt—his wife is guilty, and the heart-riven husband falls senseless to the earth. He accuses his wife of infamy, and is about to drive her from her home, when Lord Arden, who has succeeded in procuring a passage for France, is shot at while making his escape. He is brought to the house, and the mystery is unfolded, the clouds are dispersed, and all is sunshine and happiness.

The above is the mere chart of the play; it is filled up with situations of startling incidents, ingenious involvments, and poetical passages of pathos and passion. The honest confidence of the husband in the purity of his wife—the slow doubts which are vainly combatted—the fell fury which follows the certainty of her infidelity—the lingering tenderness, and the final joy are skilfully pourtrayed in the character of Sir Walter Amyott; while the holy spirit of endurance under unmerited suspicion—the matronly dignity, the wild pathos, and the passionate tearfulness are exquisitely embodied in the Lady Eveline. Jabez Sneed is a graphic sketch; and Maud, a confidential attendant, is drawn with a clever pencil. The two principal characters are admirably adapted to the powers of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean. There is fervid passion for the former, and ample verge and scope for the intense tenderness of the latter; and never have we witnessed a more perfect embodiment, or one more free of the common stage conventionalities. There are scenes which keep the audience spell-bound, and not the slightest phase but is reflected with truthful effect. *The Wife's Secret* is a great triumph for all concerned.

DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL MIRROR.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

No official programme has yet appeared; all that is left for us is to combine the various rumours which have been floating about, and endeavour to put them into shape and consistency. That there is a *prestige* of royalty and fashion connected with Her Majesty's Theatre none will deny—that the present direction has redeemed the property from the slough of despond into which for so long a period it had been cast is incontestible. When the secession of the old *troupe* had left the theatre as void as was the island of Robinson Crusoe—when doubt and dismay reigned around, even then the magic wand of wealth conjured up a strong *troupe*, and the good fairy Jenny Lind dispersed the clouds, and all became sunshine. We have a strong and abiding faith in the management, and we entertain no one doubt that the coming season will be brilliant and prosperous. We hear that the Lind is to be here early in March, and that she will appear in new characters, and act in operas such as the *Lucia*, *Otello*, and others. *The Zauberflote*, and several classical works, will, no doubt, be got up. The celebrated Erminia Tadolini, the great songstress and tragedian, is engaged. Her success in Germany was immense, and she is without a rival throughout Italy. A new prima donna, who made a great success at La Fenice, Signora Crevelli, is spoken of in terms of high laudation. Our old favourite, Moltini, is secured; this engagement will, we are sure, be gratifying to the subscribers and to the general public. Then another prima donna is said to be coming, Louisa Albadia, who has been a favourite at all the great theatres of Italy, and whom, it is said, has eminent talent as a tragic actress. A wonderful contralto, Mdlle Schwartz, from Austria, is expected to excite a profound sensation. Gardoni and two other tenors have been engaged, Signor Cugzani and Labocetto from Berlin, and the king of tenors, Rubini, it is whispered, is positively coming. The giant Lablache, and the Doge Coletti, with Bouché, and F. Lablache, are the bassi; and a new bary-tone, Signor Beletti, is added to the *troupe*. The ballet will, it is said, be in strong force, a new one having been written by no less a person than the eminent Scribe. Rosati, and Marie Taglioni, who has been enacting wonders in Germany, will appear. Carlotta Grisi brings with her a new ballet, or one as good as new. Of course there will be M. and Madame St. Leon, and new choregraphic works by Perrot and Paul Taglioni. No doubt strenuous efforts have been made to strengthen and complete the orchestra, and the other departments. The above are mere *mems.*, but we shall have opportunity for elaboration and dilated comment when the official document is given to the world.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

The official programme has appeared; and strong as was the lyrical *troupe* and the orchestral and choral forces brought together last season, the direction seem determined to heap Alp on Alp. New instrumental recruits have been enlisted, additional choristers are to increase the volume of harmonic sounds, new *prime donne* are to illustrate new *repertoires*, and new tenors are to sigh forth their amorous arias to tickle the "auricular nerves" of the musical public. The ballet is reinforced, and names new and strange to English ears stand forth in strong array. How such a combination can be remunerative remains to be proven; and yet, during a lengthened experience, we have found that an affluence of resources is the best security for managerial profit. Grisi, Persiani, Castellan, Viardot Garcia, and Alboni!—five *prima donnas*, each of whom one might suppose to be a tower of strength sufficient to support a theatre upon her own distinctive merit —five suns in one heaven—blindness induced by excess of light—and all moving in one orbit—such a planetary system was never dreamed of in the wildest dream of the wildest lyrical astronomer. And then we are to have the voluptuous warblings of Mario, the strains of Salvi, and the rich notes of Roger—of Roger, who has succeeded to the throne left vacant by the abdication of Duprez. Here are means sufficient to the illustration of every opera, from Paer to Auber—musical appreciation for Mozart—passionate declamation for Glück—melodious splendour for Rossini and his followers. The mere thought of the tremendous cost of such a variety is overpowering; to which if are added the thousand-and-one contingencies of expenditure, the speculation appears rather a mythe, than a commercial undertaking, a matter of pounds, shillings, and pence. The spirit which dominates over the theatre would seem to possess the fabled purse of Fortunatus, or at least to have the fee simple of the mines of Potosi. Be this as it may, the public will be the gainers, the art will be benefited, and music will be enwreathed with a splendour unimagined by those who existed

> "When music, heavenly maid, was young."

The orchestra of the Royal Italian Opera has been supreme—no Continental orchestra can be put into comparison with it for power and completeness. The stringed instruments have a strength and crispness far surpassing those boasted of by the Paris Conservatoire; the wood and brass are, however, unequal, and this has somewhat damaged the perfect balance of sound—but with the new aids promised, this, no doubt, will be improved. The great classical works are, we hear, to be performed. The *Iphigenia*, with such an *ensemble* as the names we have mentioned, ought to attract every musical amateur in the kingdom. *La Vestale* of Spontini, and the works of Cherubini and Meyerbeer, are to be mounted—Mozart will be in the van, and Rossini will shed his lustre amidst the stellar luminaries of the classic temple. New operas are also spoken of, and Verdi's opera of *Macbeth*, with Grisi as the stern lady of the Thane, will send us back to the golden days of Siddons. *Robert le Diable* is to be conducted by Meyerbeer in person, under whose *surveillance* will also be produced *The Camp of Silesia;* while Auber's last opera, *Le Secret*, will be interpreted by Roger, for whom the principal character was written. If but half be performed that is promised, the season will become an epoch in the musical history of the country. Various alterations and improvements in the audience part of the theatre have been made, amongst which are mentioned the ventilation of the amphitheatre, and the enlargement of the gallery. We would suggest the widening of the passages of the stalls, as during the last season the inconvenience was greatly complained of. Report speaks largely of the immense improvement of Viardot Garcia since her appearance in London. In Russia, she excited a profound sensation, and in Germany so great were her triumphs, that the spirit of partisanship amongst the Viardoists and Lindists almost amounted, in intensity, to the Parisian war of the Glückists and Picinists. The success of Alboni at the *Italiens* is also a *point d'appui* for the management.

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

The effort made by M. Jullien to establish a national lyric establishment is worthy all praise, and if fully developed there is not a shadow of doubt that a sufficing patronage will ultimately repay the enormous outlay necessary to secure its continuance. The prospects, in despite of many countervailing circumstances, growing out of want of experience and want of method, look cheeringly. The mistakes of a first short season will be corrected by time; and the direction will, we feel assured, be rewarded for the excellence of the object, and the liberal expenditure that has been devoted to present opera with a completeness hitherto unparalleled in an English theatre. During the vacation there will be opportunity for maturing the designs for the next season; errors will be corrected, a succession of new works will be got in readiness, plans will be conceived and carried out, which will ensure success. The only novelty which has been produced since our last has been the *Linda di Chamouni*, in which four new appearances essayed their vocal qualification for public approbation. Mrs. Lea, formerly Miss Susan Hobbs, was the *prima donna*, and her means, though too *petite* for so large a space, would be efficient in a smaller arena. She has a high soprano voice, thin in quality, though of extensive register, and vocalises with facility and with correct intonation. Mr. Lea, the *marito*, is a small barytone of little merit, without a particle of dramatic passion; and Mr. Gregg is a *basso profondo* who out Staudigls Staudigl. Mr. Santiago is a pocket tenor, also without dramatic means. It was impolitic to produce this batch of *debûtants* in the same opera; but, apart from this, M. Jullien deserves praise for seeking to bring forward new candidates for public approval. The same system is pursued in Italy and Paris; and, though some failures must necessarily occur, has been found to work well. The houses have been uniformly excellent.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.

A more than usual excitement has prevailed in theatrical circles, induced by the first appearance of Mr. Gustavus V. Brooke on the London stage. This gentleman, many years past, appeared at various minor metropolitan theatres, as a sort of histrionic phenomenon—a precocious Roscius. Time, as usual, destroyed the attraction of the boy-tragedian, and he for many years studied the knowledge and practice of his art in the provinces. In various theatres he was the ruling star. At Sheffield, York, Leeds, and Liverpool the star increased in refulgence, till it became a comet. Various offers had been made to tempt him to risk the ordeal of the great Babylon; but though engagements were entered into, papers signed, and name in the bills, the ratification remained still to be effected. Disagreements and disappointments, resulting from choice of time and opening parts, continued. Mr. Macready supposed he had secured him for Drury Lane, when lo! the untried tragedian was *non est inventus*. Years rolled on, and still Mr. Gustavus V. Brooke was satisfied with provincial praise and provincial plaudits, until the present direction of the Olympic Theatre managed to lime the "errant bird." A more fortunate hit could not have been made, for that curiosity which had been for so lengthened a period thirsting for the sight was at length to be indulged, and (we may add) not disappointed. Mr. Brooke appeared in *Othello*, and like Byron upon the morning subsequent to the publication of the "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," found himself famous. Mr. Brooke is rather above the middle height, and well formed; his head is well set on his shoulders, his features expressive, and his action unconstrained and graceful. His voice is potent, but well modulated, and capable of rendering passages of pathos as well as of power. There is an absence of imitation; neither the beauties nor the defects of any celebrated tragedian, past or present, are aped. He evidently depends on his own mental resources, and does not avail himself of preconceived conceptions. He has studied the play as well as the chief character, and hence his portraiture of the noble Moor, if not characterised by many brilliant corruscations of genius, is not degraded by stereotyped conventionalities. Perhaps at moments there is a lack of finish, though we are inclined to think that this may result from the confined dimensions of the stage on which he now exhibits. Upon a more fitting and more extended arena, this might not be so apparent. Mr. Brooke seldom exaggerates—never tears the passion to rags—to delight the ears of the groundlings. Indeed, at moments a greater degree of energy would be beneficial; but this, if a want, is assuredly on the right side. The celebrated address to the senate, though tending more to the rhetorical than to the narrative, was earnestly and sensibly declaimed; and the various points in the glorious third act—that masterpiece of dramatic genius, which casts into the shade all that the boasted Greek poets ever dreamed or wrote—lost nothing of its sublime wonders in the rendering. The growing jealousy, and the mental agony, and the heart-quake, and the final determination to avenge his ruin, were all admirably delineated. The applause was enthusiastic and continuous. The fifth act we esteem to be his greatest achievement, for in this the dramatic abstraction is more intense, and the actor more self-dependent. We refrain from citing especial passages for comment, as these have been dilated upon again and again by our journal contemporaries. Before, however, returning a final verdict upon Mr. Brooke, we must see him in another character. We have been so often deceived with "single-speech Hamiltons."

SURREY THEATRE.

Music is a universal language: from Indus to the Pole—from the satined *salons* of Paris to the log-built huts in the back woods of America, its tones reach with instant sympathy to the human breast. The universe is full of music; but, like the music of Plato's spheres, it passes unheeded amidst the busy turmoil of mortals. The denizens of Belgravia may feast upon the foreign warblings of Her Majesty's Theatre, yet we are inclined to doubt whether they enjoy with equal zest and similar appetite the lyrical art, as do the visitors of the Surrey. Mr. Bunn may be considered as the true lyrical Columbus of the transpontine world; for though portions of the land were before discovered, yet to Mr. Bunn is due the honour of the final possession. The appearances of an operatic *troupe* previous to his management were, "like angels' visits, few and far between." He has now established opera as the principal attraction of the theatre; he has organised an orchestra both full and efficient; and has secured the co-operation of many of the leading English vocalists—Miss Romer, Mr. Harrison, Mr. and Mrs. King, Mr. H. Phillips, &c. The Surrey is thoroughly an English Opera House. The works of Balfe, Wallace, and other popular native composers, have here received an increased popularity; and the various melodies which had attained an exclusive home at the west, have now become familiar as household words to even the jacketless visitor of the sixpenny gallery. Shall we deny the humanising influences to be derived from the change of morbid dramas, assisted by broad-sword combats, seasoned with blue and red fires? There can, we apprehend, be no question of the moral benefit of the exchange. *The Bohemian Girl* has, with her change of place, fascinated myriads of new admirers; and the "Marble Halls" are welcomed with a delight infinitely beyond what was wont to greet the scenic splendours of the old spectacles. *Maritana* is the pet of the *habitues*; and now *The Daughter of the Regiment* has driven former loves into comparative forgetfulness; but the public is proverbially fickle, and too often reverses the old Scotch aphorism—"'Tis well be off with the old love before you are on with the new." Miss Poole, though not an absolute Swedish nightingale, warbles as sweetly as any singing bird in the entire range of ornithology; and we must bear in mind that the songstress is an English singing bird—and very proud are we of her fresh young voice, and distinct enunciation, and modest manner, and pure style; and then she beats the drum with a grace and distinctness of roll sufficient even to awaken the military ardour of a member of the Lumber Troop! Very piquant, also, is her costume—with the close-fitting vest and coquettish petticoat. Altogether, her cheerful chirruping and rich roulades form a very appetising combination. The choruses are capitally executed; and the scenery, dresses, and appointments testify to the exceeding liberality of Mr. Bunn's management.

MARYLEBONE THEATRE.

One of the surest tests of a theatrè's success is its adherence to the same style of performance. It proves that the tastes of the patrons are judiciously studied, and that the current attractions suffice to draw audiences. Mrs. Warner, by the introduction of a better order of drama, by the engagement of an efficient company, and by the liberality and taste exemplified in the production of pieces, has done very much to elevate the dramatic *status* of the theatre. The selection and restoration of many of the works of the most celebrated English writers, and the admirable manner with which they have been represented, we have reason to believe has not alone filled the treasury, but has, at the same time, created a positive appetite for that better fare to which the visitors have now become accustomed. We have strenuously advocated the necessity of cultivating the public taste, for never did any management find its account in ministering to the grosser appetites of an audience. Duty and profit may be united, while amusement and instruction walk hand-in-hand. Mrs. Warner's educated taste, mental refinement, and artistic knowledge must secure for her praiseworthy efforts in so good a cause, the gratitude of every well-wisher of the stage, and of popular improvement.

LITERARY MIRROR.

The Little Ball o' Fire; or, The Life and Adventures of John Marston Hall. By G. P. R. James, Esq. London: Parry and Co., 1848.

We have so frequently noticed the novels of Mr. James, that our readers must, by this time, be aware in what estimation we hold them. Without possessing that vigour of intellect which is requisite to carry a man's name down to posterity, our author may be regarded in a very favourable point of view. Having powers far superior to the general run of novel writers, and a disposition to represent life as it is, regarding society with attention, he readily perceives the person who may be suitable for his subject; but he does not possess the power of sketching a character in a sentence. His great fault is diffuseness: he dwells at too great a length on points that deserve only a passing remark, and often wearies the attention by lengthy descriptions.

Macaulay very justly remarks that Byron could describe but two good characters with great success, and although he occasionally, by a happy effort, hits upon something new, still his hero and heroine have the same characteristics in all his principal poems. The same thing may almost be said of James. There is not sufficient variety in his *dramatis personæ;* he has favourites whom he sketches with remarkable skill, but he dwells too much on their images, and falls into the error of introducing them again and again. They may appear under different names, another country may claim their allegiance, they may move in a different station, but we can recognise them; the same spirit animates them, whatever their position. This is a great objection to a novelist; he should recollect how great a charm there is in variety.

We would not, however, have our readers imagine that this is always the case. James often appears under a new garb, throws aside his old associations, and plunges into a new career. He then carries the reader with him, and delights him equally with his freshness of plot and detail, and the gentlemanly tone of his writing. Without possessing the genius of Scott, or the happy power of Dickens to sketch in an epigrammatic manner the characteristics of society, James may claim for himself a high standing in the literary world. His style is vigorous and easy, and shows considerable knowledge of the resources of the English language.

"The Little Ball o' Fire" possesses some very peculiar characteristics; it is, in fact, one of the most interesting novels that James has written. The Ball o' Fire is the name given to a youth who serves as page in various families, and, by gaining the confidence of his masters, acquires an intimate knowledge of their proceedings. He is a boy who, being early led into the wars by his father, is thrown, by his parent's death, on his own resources, and thus acquires a shrewdness beyond his years; the knowledge of human nature which the boy instinctively imbibes may be overdrawn, but it is almost impossible to exaggerate the effects of action and the habit of self-reliance on a naturally precocious disposition. Mr. James has skilfully worked up this character; our interest in Master Hall increases every chapter, until we lose the idea of fiction, and imagine we are reading the journal of a lad who made notes of the events that passed around him. The whole story is replete with rapid sketches, stirring adventure, and pretty descriptions; our author preserves his customary diffuseness, and, by rendering his story more concise, adds a double value.

The public have assigned Mr. James a very good position—this it is impossible to deny; but we may yet venture to remark that he writes too rapidly. He possesses a great mastery over the English language, and is thus tempted to abuse his power. A little more attention would raise Mr. James many steps up the ladder. The present volume constitutes one of the reprints published by Messrs. Parry and Company, and is very neatly got up, and would form a cheap and valuable addition to any library.

Parlour Library. The Emigrants of Ahadara. Belfast: Sims and M'Intyre.

It is some time since we have noticed the progress of this series. At the outset we resolved to notice only the English novels, and to abstain from speaking altogether of the French translations. To this determination we have rigidly adhered, convinced that too resolute an opposition cannot be sustained against the influx into our homes of these poisonous productions. Our regret has been that "The Parlour Library" did not refuse to sanction the novels of Dumas, George Sand, and Eugene Sue; but the excuse that may be urged in defence is a comprehensible one—viz., that there is a leaning in human nature towards what is forbidden. A rage is speedily excited after anything mysterious. The influence of French novels is secret and unseen. At first the youthful reader is contented to admire the rich flow of style; but by-and-by he will find himself ingeniously converting into instruments of self-defence some of those artful sophisms which the French novelist knows so well how to introduce under the merit of virtue. A new and less rigid code of morals is soon infused into the mind. No startling crimes are committed; but sins which before were startling, both in the commission and the consequence, come to be regarded as very venial offences. There is an excuse for everything, a cloud of sentimentality obscures the heights of virtue, and rules and precepts are lost sight of in the dim light of willing self-delusion. Much, therefore, as we desire the success and continued popularity of "The Parlour Library" we shall earnestly continue to deprecate the practice of introducing French novels at all into this admirable series, which might be the instrument of lightening many an hour and carrying a rich fund of amusement into many a circle, hitherto destitute of such a source of enjoyment. Many of the volumes which have appeared have been highly talented and interesting. Many names of just celebrity have adorned the list of contributors, but among them all there is scarcely a more talented writer than Mr. Carleton. He possesses most of the qualifications requisite to a writer of fiction. His style is in general rapid and animated, his incidents amusing, his characters judiciously conceived and ably executed. "The Black Prophet" displayed all these characteristics; but in "The Emigrants of Ahadara" Mr. Carleton has unquestionably surpassed his former efforts. The story contains both a strong and striking domestic interest. Both currents flow on—the one swift, impetuous, and with energy; the other rolls on deeply, silently, but beautifully. Many characters are introduced, all distinguished admirably one from the other, and sufficiently remarkable in themselves. Kathleen Cavanagh is a beautiful creation. Her noble trust—her love for Bryan—her high unshaken principle—her rigid regard for the principle of honour—her love to her parents,—all are exquisitely pourtrayed; and then the one falling aside, where she suffers herself to doubt her love, only shows her to be the real woman, without lowering her in our estimation in the least. Hannah, her sister, is a very sweet character, and Dora a very loveable one. Bryan, the hero, is a noble and generous-minded young man; and in Ikey Burke Mr. Carleton has hit off the villain to a T. Our author excels in the delineation of Irish character—he brings out into bold relief their generous feeling, their impulsive manner of acting, and the deep affection they bear towards one another in their families. Doubtless there are bad people among the Irish, but taken as a nation they are full of the elements of good. Those who regard them with a prejudiced eye deny in them the existence of moral excellence; but with them no honest men will side. In "The Emigrants of Ahadara" we have them brought before us in all grades—the good and the bad act their due parts, and are rewarded in them, and with strict poetical justice. This is the first original novel written expressly for the series which has appeared; and if it meets with the success it so pre-eminently deserves, it will become even more popular than any of those which have already been before the public.

THE BRITISH POETS OF THE PRESENT CENTURY. Kent and Richards, Paternoster-row.

A book under this title, by Mr. Alfred Dixon Toovey, Author of "Modern Life," &c., has been presented to our notice. It is a most interesting publication, containing recollections of some of the most eminent poets of the present century. To each poem is annexed an agreeable and useful epitome of the author's artistic career; with the chronological period of his life and death. The selections embrace the works of many poets living at the present time, among whom we observe, Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, Thomas Babington Macaulay, &c.; likewise Byron, Sir W. Scott, Wordsworth, and others, whose works we feel need no further criticism than that already bestowed upon them. Mr. Toovey, in his ably-written preface, says—"It will be readily conceded by all that no age was ever more prolific in the production of what bears the form of poetry than the present. Verses come teeming from the press, though they subsequently moulder on the shelf—from epics to ballads, from tragedies to farces, we have no complaint of the dearth of rhymes." The volume we can faithfully recommend to all lovers of poetry, and those anxious to become acquainted with the beauties of the poets of this century.

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ARISTOTLE AND SHAKESPEARE.

By AUGUSTUS GUEST, M.A.

Common observation teaches us to remark that that divine faculty, that exalted condition of the human mind, which is known to us as *genius*, belongs exclusively to no age or climate; its glorious rays are found at intervals, from the earliest recorded period of the world's history, even down to our own times, breaking in upon the darkness of ignorance or superstition, and shedding its pure effulgence upon truths too long concealed. It is a bright spark of Promethean fire that is intermingled with the clay of few, and the course of such men is towering and majestic as the eagle, or blazing and irregular as the comet. It seems to confer upon the professor the power of discovering, by a kind of intuitive perception, such things as are concealed from the eye of common understanding, and of arriving by a rapidity of mental deduction peculiar to itself, at results which are as startling as they are unimpeachable. Amongst the men to whom the common judgment of the world has conceded this faculty, the name of our own poet, which stands at the head of this article, takes no inconsiderable place. If, indeed, the quality of genius be correctly defined as that "native and radical power of discovering something new or uncommon in every subject on which it employs itself," there is no name possibly in the literary records of the world which should be entitled to take a higher place than that of Shakespeare.

The genius which he possessed was of the highest order; it was *original*. Under the influence of this powerful load-star, the loftiest conceptions of the human mind were begotten and produced with an ease and skill, to which an ordinary power of intellect, even after a life of the severest discipline, might have been a stranger. He appears, as it were, to play with thoughts and words as a clever and dexterous juggler is seen to handle the brazen balls: they are familiar, ready, and perfectly under control. It is not easy to comprehend so singular an attribute of the human mind, nor can we fathom the process by which results, under ordinary circumstances arrived at only by great labour, observation, and perseverance, are thus intuitively attained. That they are so attained, however, is manifest to such as have undertaken the labour of comparing the relative or abstract truths contained in the writings of our great poet with the elaborate philosophical deductions of one of the most anxious and careful observers of the ethical characteristics of mankind the world has ever produced. Genius has not, universally, been conceded to the philosopher of Stagira; but it must be allowed that if he has been deficient in the imaginative faculty of the mind, he has made up for it in the extent of his researches, in the severity of his discipline, and in his singular love of truth; he has shown that little genius, matured with great application, is nearly, or quite, equal to great genius without any such external assistance. On this account, therefore, it is, that in the following pages it has been thought convenient to bring into immediate comparison the writings of these two great men, Aristotle and Shakespeare; so that by illustrating one by the other, we shall, to a certain extent, be enabled to ascertain how far Aristotle was a poet, and how far Shakespeare was a philosopher.

In carrying out the object we have in view, we shall for the present confine our attention to the respective theories of the two immortal writers, as far as they have reference to that virtuous sentiment, that "flower of heavenly seed," FRIENDSHIP. This is the course we have chosen to adopt, for two reasons; first, because it is not possible, or even advisable if it were possible, to use the abundant materials we have before us in the limited space allotted to a single article; and secondly, because by selecting one subject alone for our consideration, we may succeed in eliciting the more clearly the point for which we are striving, and in rendering the subject more attractive to the general reader.

It should be borne in mind that from the time of Aristotle to that of Shakespeare, more than twenty centuries have elapsed, and that during this vast space of time, an entire change has been wrought in the moral and political position, not only of a single nation, but of the whole world. Obscured in all the mysteries of Paganism, the subtle mind of the Greek philosopher strove to break through the veil of ignorance in which the senses of his countrymen, in common with the whole of mankind, were enwrapped; and he established a system of theology, founded, as far as human reason and the nature of the subject would allow, upon deductions derived from metaphysical demonstration. His principles of moral philosophy, in the absence of Christianity, were the surest and best for enforcing rectitude on those who received instruction at his hands: they were unmixed with Pythagorean fables, and pantheistical symbols, and were designed to create the really good and wise man. Yet, as the offspring of a Pagan mind, they taught virtue as a practical good only, and as it had reference to the general condition and improvement of society; indeed, the entire discipline of this philosopher was based upon the *το καλον*, the honourable, a principle which predominates throughout his exoteric and esoteric or acroamatic systems.

It is not possible to contemplate so vast an effort for the regeneration, as it were, of the human mind, without being struck with astonishment at the power, the depth, the perseverance of that individual intellect which could dare to stand forth, alone and unaided, with the fate of his great prototype Socrates before his eyes, in opposition to the gross superstition, to the national prejudice, and to the moral corruptness which at that time swayed and vitiated the republic of Athens. Yet Aristotle stood in the post of danger for the cause of truth; he laboured incessantly to beat down the barriers of popular abuse, and to raise his countrymen to a position more worthy of themselves and of the great men who had striven to inculcate sound philosophy amongst them. His entire teaching was directed to the glorious object of establishing a code of morals, justice, and political economy, founded upon, and appealing to reason, for its existence and support. A deep and accurate observer of human nature, and a careful scrutiniser of his own heart, he, more than any other man then living, was best fitted to undertake the important labours of revolutionising the prevailing feelings and opinions of mankind, and of establishing a system of discipline, social and political, which was calculated to impart a healthy tone to the character of the existing age, and to serve as a model from which all subsequent systems of philosophy were afterwards to originate. Thus much of the man. As regards his writings, it is sufficient to observe that they were designed by an extensive course of literature and science so to train the mind as to make it the instrument of enjoyment and happiness. "The inquiries embraced in those writings," observes a learned writer, "the unwearied research into subjects the most repulsive from their abstruseness, or the most interesting from their connexion with the feelings and actions of man; the richness of illustration from the volumes of ancient genius and observation of mankind with which they abound, are so many proofs of the noble objects proposed in his philosophy. It may be fully concluded that it was not the mere sophist of former days, or the disputant on any given question that Aristotle aimed to accomplish, but the really wise man; by cultivating all the moral and intellectual powers of the soul, in order that the moral of the whole—the good to which the constitution of nature tends—might be realised in each individual man so instructed and disciplined." Like the divine Socrates he sought to make men sensible of their individual responsibility, and to teach them that true happiness issued not from the gratification of sensual passions, and the indulgence of gross pleasures, but from the exercise of the thinking faculty, from the practice of virtue, and the constant worship and adoration of the Deity. He followed to a great extent the doctrines of Socrates, and improved upon or enlarged the philosophical researches of the great master. "The *dicta* of Socrates," says he, "have a vastness, and an exquisiteness, and an originality, and a penetration;" but, he adds—"that all his observations should be just, is more than could be expected from man."

Of the characteristics of Aristotle, not the least striking is his wonderful knowledge of human nature, which is abundantly apparent in almost every page of his philosophical writings. The great book of the world is not closed to the persevering student; or, as it is more forcibly and elegantly expressed by Goethe:—

"Die Geiſterwelt iſt nicht verſchloſsen
Dein Simm iſt zu, dein Herz iſt todt!
Auf, bade, Schuler unverdroſsen
Die ird' ſcbe Bruſt im Morgenroth."

From a careful observation of the feelings, passions, and actions of men, he was enabled to speculate with precision on their causes, effects, combinations, and influences, and to follow the wanderings of the human mind through all its entanglements with external circumstances, up to the very secret spring of thought. By the constant exercise of the analytical power of the mind, his philosophical deductions naturally acquired a proportionate amount of truth and precision; and, as far as they have reference to man, they are found to be more generally correct, and therefore possess greater weight, than those which have been handed down to us by any other writer amongst the ancient philosophers.

Of great and contemplative minds the study of mankind seems to be a distinctive mark: it is a study which is devoted to the contemplation of the "marvel of marvels," as Plato expresses it; to "the abridgment and epitome of the world," as Pliny; to "the principal and mighty work of God, the wonder of Nature," as Zoroaster. Our own poet also says, correctly, that

"The noblest study of mankind is man."

It is not surprising, therefore, that we should find, both in the writings of Aristotle and Shakespeare, a very frequent delineation of the innate characteristics and psychological peculiarities which belong exclusively to the human race; nor is it wonderful that, in reference to the same subject, there should exist a marked coincidence of idea, and a singular identity of deduction. It must be borne in mind, however, that how close soever this analogy may appear, we have no sufficient reason for believing that the elegant poetical ideas of our immortal bard were either based upon or borrowed from the terse prose of the Greek philosopher. On the contrary, it may be safely inferred from the little we know of the early life of Shakespeare, that beyond the merest rudimentary learning gleaned in a short attendance upon a grammar-school, the poet was altogether ignorant of the learned languages; and that, if any English translations of the works of Aristotle were in existence, they were too rare and too expensive to be placed within the reach of a young man in his condition, and whose life was for many years devoted rather to laborious occupations than to the study of abstruse authors, perused in the uninterrupted enjoyment of learned leisure. There is, however, in both Aristotle and Shakespeare the same inspiring spirit of inquiry, the same desire to unfold the hidden mysteries of man, and the same love of nature, in the one as in the other; and it now becomes our business to inquire to what extent the similarity of thought—traceable in many instances throughout the writings of these two great men,—may have led, by formal deduction on the one side, and by rapid and almost intuitive comprehension on the other, to similar conclusions in both.

Friendship is one of the moral virtues, or a sentiment intimately connected with the morals; since friendship, if not a particular virtue, at least shines most conspicuously in the virtuous, *ἔστι γὰρ ἀρετή τις ἢ μετ’ἀρετῆς*. The Stagirite divides it into three kinds—namely, that which proceeds from goodness, from pleasure, and from profit. The first is stable, because such men love each other for their virtues: the second is instable, because the sentiment can exist so long only as the object for which it sought exists: the third is not only instable, but it is mean and despicable, it proceeds from sordid motives, and it is bound up with personal profit. The only perfect friendship, then, can subsist between those who resemble each other in virtue; because those who love their friends for their virtue love them for what is not a temporary appendage, but a permanent essential in their characters. The worth of a virtuous friend is not relative to circumstances, but universal and absolute, comprehending both pleasure and utility, and uniting all those qualities which either produce friendship or render it unalterable; but his inestimable value cannot be fairly appreciated except by those who are his rivals in moral and intellectual excellence; for men delight chiefly in those qualities which resemble their own. Such friendships are rare, because virtuous men are rare; and even *they* cannot perfectly know each other until, according to the proverb, they have "consumed many bushels of salt together." Moreover, in order that friendships may be true and lasting, it is requisite that there should be an equality of conditions; but this may have its limits; as that, for example, which subsists between father and son, husbands and wives, governor and people. But these are severally different one from the other; as regards the last, however, it seems more than any other to be united with justice, because when a partnership or connexion exists, justice and friendship seem to belong to the same persons and to be conversant about the same things. Thus Aristotle says, "they are both found in every community or partnership, even among those who sail in the same vessel, and those who fight under the same standard; and in proportion to the closeness of partnership or community the more closely and intimately is the friendship cemented." A fine illustration of the foregoing passage occurs in the noble and spirited address of Henry V. to his soldiers previously to the battle of Agincourt, and in reply to a wish expressed by his cousin Westmoreland for "more men from England." The King exclaims—

"We few—we happy few—we band of brothers,
For he to-day that sheds his blood with me
Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile
This day shall gentle his condition;
And gentlemen in England, now a-bed,
Shall think themselves accurs'd they were not here,
And hold their manhoods cheap while any speaks
That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's-day."

The same idea is here distinctly traceable in both writers. If communities inspire friendships, more especially will they do so when a common danger waits upon the members of which it is composed. The poet, therefore, with great propriety represents the king, while encouraging the brave warriors by whom he was surrounded, before the commencement of the desperate and bloody fight, speaking in language at once indicative of the hazardous nature of the enterprise, and of the high estimation in which he will hold those who consent to share it with him —"We band of brothers;" as though he would say our success depends upon our mutual assistance, the same stake is risked by all, therefore, "he to-day that sheds his blood with me shall be my brother."

Distinctions of rank die in adversity, and we become "brothers," with the poorest hind whose fate is commingled with our own.

As an instance of another similarity, wherein a species of friendship arises from utility, we find it stated by Aristotle (Rhet. II., 4. 7.) that "we are disposed to good-will towards those who hate the same persons we hate, or who are hated by them." In order to illustrate the above aphorism from the writings of the English dramatist, we select the angry exclamation of Hotspur, (K. Hen. IV. Pt. I., Act. 1. Sc. 3), that outburst of passion, after his fiery nature had been aroused by the "subtle King," the "ingrate and pampered Bolingbroke." When in the very whirlwind of his passion, the poet places him precisely in that condition of mind indicated by Aristotle. He says—

> "All studies here I solemnly defy,
> Save how to gall and pinch this Bolingbroke,
> And that same sword-and-buckler Prince of Wales,
> But that I think his father loves him not,
> And would be glad he met with some mischance,
> I'd have him poison'd with a pot of ale!"

Were it not that Hotspur thought the roystering heir to the throne of England a curse to the usurping king his father, "who would be glad he met with some mischance," the irate Percy would have the youth poisoned: as it is, he shall live; and the fierce Hotspur is even content to make common cause with him against one whom he deems henceforth their common enemy.

The good of the person hating or hated by the object of our aversion, seems, as the philosopher says, to coincide with our own; "so that the desire of the one supplies that of the other, which agrees with the definition of friendship."

Again: friendship founded on utility, or self-interest, can never be of long continuance, nor can it ever produce mutual reliance and attachment. With such persons the one absorbing motive is the τὸ χρήσιμον, to which all others are made subservient. If, therefore, such predominating and secret impulse be made the *incitamentum* to, and the basis of, the connexion, all feelings of true friendship must for ever remain in abeyance.

In the following passage, taken from the Nichomachean Ethics, (viii. 4.) we are warned of the instability of friendships resulting from sordid motives, which in nearly every instance, if they do not eventually bring disgrace and dishonour upon the individuals, at least in no wise contribute to their happiness or comfort. "Friendships founded on the love of gain are of all the most unstable, for persons governed by this principle are not friends to each other, but to their respective interests." In the play of *Timon of Athens* we have an example of a luxurious and prodigal man, driven to an inveterate state of misanthropy by the treacherous sycophancy of a rascal rout upon whom he had been accustomed to look with eyes of favour; men who, like insatiate hounds, had lapped his blood, and by tasting it had become more eager for the chase. In them, there was that "lack of kindly warmth" and such a cankered heart, that the sharpest exigences of the victim they help to ruin were but as matter for a passing jest, or toys to play withal:—

> "*Tim.* Go you, sir, (*to another servant*) to the Senators
> (Of whom, even to the State's best health, I have
> Deserv'd this hearing) bid 'em send o' the instant
> A thousand talents to me.
> *Flav.* I have been bold,
> For that I knew it the most general way
> To them, to use your signet and your name;
> But they do shake their heads, and I am here
> No richer in return.
> *Tim.* Is't true? Can it be?
> *Flav.* They answer, in a joint and corporate voice,
> That now they are at fall, want treasure, cannot
> Do what they would; are sorry—you are honourable—
> But yet they could have wish'd—they know not—but
> Something hath been amiss—a noble nature
> May catch a wrench—would all were well—'tis pity!

> And so, intending other serious matters,
> After distasteful looks, and these hard fractions,
> With certain half-caps, and cold-moving nod,
> They froze me into silence."

The deep and base ingratitude here exhibited, upset the very seat of reason. Timon, the splendid, the lavish Timon, who in the plenitude of his power says—

> " Methinks I could deal kingdoms to my friends,
> And ne'er be weary."

is now by those same friends driven into voluntary exile; not that most noble Timon, that incomparable man, who was wont to dispense his princely bounty to all around him,—but a wretched maniac, the victim of foul ingratitude—a hater of himself, of Athens, of the world. When without the walls of the treacherous city, he turns to contemplate the scene of his former pomp and splendour; and wrought to a pitch of fury by the bitterness of feeling, in remembering what he once was, and what he now is, he, in the intensity of his hatred, gives utterance to that curse, which in its scope, and in its withering condemnation exceeds aught else that ever issued from the mouth of man.

> "———— breath infect breath;
> That their society, as their friendship, may
> Be merely poison."

The fate of Timon, then, in Shakespeare, may be considered as a fair illustration of the axiom of the Stagirite, that "friendships founded on the love of gain are of all the most unstable." Friendship cannot be purchased; such a conception is false and unphilosophical; neither love nor friendship are to be *obtained* by gold, although when possessed, both may be strengthened by its influence. In persons of inferior rank, for example, well-applied pecuniary assistance tends to inspire towards the individual by whose bounty their temporary distresses have been relieved, feelings of reverence and respect. In those, however, who belong to the higher walks of life, it is very much to be doubted whether a conferred obligation, which circumstances may not enable them to expunge, is not a barrier to real friendship where it did not previously exist, and very likely in the opposite case to beget such an estrangement as if not utterly to obliterate the sentiment, at least to so weaken it, as to render it scarcely worthy of the name. This is confirmed by daily experience. There are few, we imagine, who have not observed to their infinite disgust, that former friends being laid under any real or supposed obligation, depart like swallows at the end of summer. It is remarked with great terseness also by Shakespeare, who says—

> " Neither a borrower nor a lender be,
> For loan oft loses both itself and friend."

In order to preserve, therefore, this virtuous sentiment in its proper purity, and comeliness, it is evident that all desire to make it subservient to our own selfish interest, to use it as a means of personal aggrandisement—to base it, in short, upon the τὸ χρήσιμον must be carefully excluded from the mind; such motives must form no part of the incitement to the sentiment or of the foundation upon which it rests.

It is laid down by Aristotle, as we have already shown, that there is only one form of friendship which is real, only one bond of union which is firm and indissoluble, and it is that which is based solely on virtue and moral excellence. "The friendship of good men alone is imperishable," says the philosopher; and again, " good men love each other on their own account." As embodying to the full extent the same idea, we quote from Hamlet (Act III. Scene 2.) the generous tribute of affection the Prince of Denmark pays to his friend Horatio. The poet here seems to have possessed a true, yet intuitive conception of the value of the Aristotelian doctrine as it has reference to such a connexion between two persons, whose social rank would, under ordinary circumstances, prove an insurmountable barrier to a union of thought, or to a similarity of taste and feeling. One is "born to greatness," and is heir to a crown; the other is a soldier of fortune, having no rank but such as honour gives, no hope of reward but what his sword will acquire. Without some unusual bond of union, a friendship between such individuals could not exist in conjunction with motives, either of utility on the one side, or of personal advantage on the other; for in that case, the first would be nothing more than a condescending tyrant, nor the second, than a cringing slave. As there could be no equality in rank or feeling, so there could be no trust reciprocated; suspicion would haunt the one, and doubt the other, until the temporary connexion, worn out by the disappointment, or attainment of the object sought, was as violently disrupted at its termination as it was hastily entered into at its commencement. The poet, therefore, with a soundness of philosophy equal to that of the great philosopher from whose writings we have quoted, represents the friendship of Hamlet and Horatio to be based on feelings and sentiments of the highest order: it is a connexion cemented by virtue, and as such it is pure, lasting, and sincere. "Horatio," says the Prince,

"Thou art e'en as just a man
As e'er my conversation coped withal.
Hor. O, my good lord!—
Ham. Nay, do not think I flatter;
For what advancement may I hope from thee
That no revenue hast but thy good spirits
To clothe and feed thee? Why should the poor be flattered?
No, let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp;
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee
Where theft may follow fawning. Dost thou hear?
Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice,
And could of men distinguish, her election
Hath seal'd thee for herself: for thou hast been
As one, in suffering all that suffers nothing,
A man that fortune's buffets and rewards
Hast ta'en with equal thanks: and bless'd are those
Whose blood and judgment are so well co-mingled
That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger
To sound what stop she please; give me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,
As I do thee."

In Hamlet and Horatio, an instance is afforded of a firm, noble, and uniform friendship, which not only exists throughout life, but shines forth in the very agony of death itself. When the poison is preying upon his vitals, Hamlet bequeathes to his trusty friend the duty of defending an injured reputation from the aspersions of the world:—

"——— Horatio, I am dead:
Thou liv'st; report me and my cause aright
To the unsatisfied.
Hor. Never believe it;
I am more an antique Roman than a Dane:
Here's yet some liquor left."

What a lofty nobleness of soul is here displayed! Like another Orestes and Pylades one would die for the other; but since both may not live Horatio prefers rather to become the fellow traveller of his friend to the dark regions of the unknown world than to exist and lament his loss. Tearing the poisoned cup from his lips, Hamlet thus supplicates:—

"If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart
Absent thou from felicity awhile,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,
To tell my story."

Thus solicited, his selfish recklessness is forgotten, and he is content to live to defend from calumny the name of him he holds most dear. Horatio's benison on the departing soul of Hamlet is one of those beautiful and affecting expressions of exalted feeling which can alone issue from a sensitive and highly poetic mind—from such a mind, indeed, as that of Shakespeare.

> "Now cracks a noble heart;—good night, sweet prince;
> And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!"

The preceding quotations from the two writers above named having sufficiently, at least for our present purposes, illustrated the singular coincidences in the deductions of both; it remains only to observe that the same analogy may be traced in all their philosophical speculations of which man is the subject, and sound reason the object; it is a coincidence which, singular as it may appear, can be accounted for on no other ground, than those we have before stated; and while from it we may observe that there are some things which cannot escape the grasp of genius, we derive at the same time the knowledge that the native faculties of the mind of man, as an ordinary being, are capable of such extension and growth, as to become by cultivation almost equal to the highest flights of that natural and divine condition of the soul which belongs to those who are gifted, not as men, but as gods. But other things there are which altogether exceed the capabilities of an ordinary understanding—things indeed which genius produces without much labour, but which labour without genius never could produce. Shakespeare might be Aristotle; but Aristotle never could be Shakespeare.

TO ——.

Thy spirit to my spirit bends,
Subdued by the impassioned truth,
The energy divine, that lends
An immortality of youth
To love like mine.

Vainly thy manhood would rebel,
Stronger than death, the angel will
Of deep affection—woman's spell!
Enchains thy every feeling still,
To love like mine.

Thus, in the tempest's mighty hour,
The trembling moon enthrals the waves,
Submissive to her magnet power,
As thy wild pulses yield them slaves
To love like mine.

THE "GENTLEMAN'S REAL HEAD OF HAIR."

BY FANNY E. LACY.

> "Hence! horrible shadow!
> Unreal mockery—hence!"—*Macbeth.*

"Was there ever such an unlucky accident!"

"Well, it might have been much worse."

"Oh! certainly; I might have been burned to death. Why, if it had'nt been for my man Beauton coming in accidentally with the large travelling cloak, and enveloping my head so closely—eh, Beauton?"

"Ah! *quel horreur!*" replied the French valet. "I can assure you, sare, I was quite frightful ven I vas see you upon your ed in de fire—*Mais*, sare, your ed vas so thick!" added the obsequious Frenchman, bowing low.

"Ha! ha! ha!" burst forth the friend who had just called in. "You mean your master's *hair*, Mr. Beauton, it is to be hoped; or else your compliment is somewhat dubious. But, my dear fellow, how did the accident happen? Why your head is positively like an old scrubbing-brush; not one Hyperion is there left for the 'front of Jove himself,' or even the vanity of a promising young man, accustomed to view his 'mould of form,' as the most approved 'glass of fashion,' of modern day. How—how, *did* it happen?"

"Why, really," faltered the yet bewildered young man, "I can scarcely say, I am sure: but you know how near-sighted I am, and having just received a letter from my father—"

"What, upon the old topic, I suppose?"

"My advancement at the bar? Why, yes, of course. You must be aware how infinitely he has it at heart; and you'll allow I am not slack in keeping pace with his endeavour to forward my interest in that particular, Frank."

"No, no, Tim; good boy, dutiful son, industrious young man, and all that," replied his lively friend. But still there you sit, with that truly melancholy head of yours, and don't tell me how—"

"That's just what I was going to explain. As I just now observed, I am so remarkably near-sighted; and was as usual, looking so close to the paper, holding the candle also, to assist me in deciphering the—"

"Ay, ay, I see, I see."

"That was precisely what I did *not*; and so this most unlucky accident was the consequence: just now, particularly so—as I think you will admit, when I tell you that my father has received from his old and valued friend, Lord Markall, so distinguished at the bar, a most cordial assurance to forward my interests in that channel. The fact is, they were school-mates, brother collegians; and have reached their present respectable term, to find the attachment of boyhood still unchanged: though his lordship seems to be remarkably strict upon some matters; and indeed, rather peculiar, it strikes me, in a few of his notions. Only listen. This is an extract my father makes from his letter:—'Be assured, my dear friend, that the account you have given of your only son affords me infinite satisfaction, as being a matter of congratulation for yourself. I mean to introduce him everywhere as my favourite *protegé*, and shall make a point of 'taking him by the hand,' as it is termed, in every sense. In our youthful days, you may remember how you used to rally me upon being so much of a Chesterfield, with regard to personal appearance; and I must say that I hope this son of yours is, for his own sake, also particular, and duly attentive upon this subject; for I assure you, that I still retain many of my favourite notions, appertaining to days long gone by, with both of us, my old friend; particularly as to dress, which I always think in some degree characteristic of the wearer; and that even the arrangement of a man's hair, may sometimes elicit volumes.' "

"Nothing could have been more unfortunately timed than this accident," observed the youth of the shorn locks, "for here his lordship concludes with an appointment to dine with him to-morrow alone; that he may discuss and advise, respecting my future plans and prospects. My kind anxious father entreats that I will be punctual; and be sure to humour his old friend, by correctness in my dress, general personal appearance, &c. So now, what on earth am I to do with my unlucky head, Frank?"

The situation of affairs being sufficiently manifest, it remains only to state that Mr. Timothy Headfort was a young gentleman who, in a general sense, might be termed unexceptionable; being tolerably good looking, rather talented, and exceedingly unassuming and industrious, in the profession marked out for him. His being remarkably near-sighted was, as the source of an occasional blunder, a drawback reverting only on himself, which he usually managed to laugh off, without deviating from his aristocratic self-possession. Frank Hilary was simply a light-hearted young man, in easy circumstances; very good natured, and duly respecting the talents and steadiness, that seemed to him quite unapproachable.

"What *am* I to do, Frank?" repeated he of the singed head.

"Um —" replied his friend, thoughtfully; "one thing is clear, you must get your head shaved!"

"Shaved!" repeated the alarmed youth, "and appear before his lordship with a bald head at my years? 'twill be such a mark of disrespect."

"I certainly don't propose any such thing, Tim," replied his friend. "If you will only listen to me, I propose ——"

"Well?"

"That you wear ——"

"Ah! I guess; I know what you mean now; but it's of no use, Frank; you are aware of my objection—my horror of wearing—"

"What now?"

"Why a—, a— in short, of wearing a wig."

"If you will but hear me," replied Frank. "In the first place, I said nothing about your wearing a wig. What I propose is—

"*The Gentleman's real head of hair.*"

"Yes, my dear fellow," observed the lachrymose youth; "but you know I happen to be a gentleman that has just lost his real head of hair."

"Well then, for that very reason, you must be content to wear that of another gentleman. But to be serious now; I really mean what I say. I mean a—a peruke, a 'ventilating peruke, without silk or sewing.' "

"I assure you, sir, there's no such thing as a wig anywhere, sir; and—"

"Oh! nonsense, Frank, it *is* a wig; and you know very well I never could bear the idea."

"Very well, my dear fellow; then send an apology to your noble patron."

"Oh, Frank!"

"Then present him a shining bald head!"

"Ridiculous!"

"Then wear the 'gentleman's real head of hair.' Come, come, Tim, you have no alternative; so be persuaded; let your man, there, step to the next street, there's a shop of the kind there I think, or somewhere close at hand; let him order an assortment here to-morrow, for your inspection; and I will be here to assist your choice, as you're such a blind blinker. By the bye, why don't you wear near-sighted spectacles? they would save you from many a ridiculous blunder. You perceive what a scrape you've just got into, by not wearing them. Well! I must go now; good night. I say, send for the 'gentleman's,' &c., do now?"

"Oh!" exclaimed the dismantled beau, as he stood thoughtfully, with his back to the fire, "I shall make myself a laughing stock: I shall look so particular—you know what I mean—*odd.*"

"Nonsense! Not at all. Good night."

"Every eye upon me, you know."

"Poo! pooh! Good night. I shall be with you early to-morrow."

Whatever objections were added by Timothy Headfort, they were unheard by his lively friend, who rattling down the stairs, was soon outside of the street-door. However, after some time pondering the important subject, the tonsure was employed on the dilapidated locks; and a fashionable *perrequier* appointed with an assortment of the celebrated "feather-weight," for selection on the following morning. Meanwhile, the young sprig of law enjoyed that night but little repose—his short broken slumbers being each time fraught with some new and harrassing imagery, connected with the "gentleman's real head of hair." Sometimes he fancied his recently-shorn head to be so inundated with the famed oil of Macassar and Columbian balm, that it sprouted forth flourishingly as Birnam forest on its prophetic way to Dunsinane; and then again, 'twould seem as though the "ventilating peruke" was suddenly whisked off his cold bald head, by an unceremonious gust of wind; to sail with its "feather-weight" far—far above human ken or comprehension; and that, enveloping his wigless head in a cast-off bear skin, he was fain to fly his country, for very shame and mortification. But all this was but the "idle coinage of his brain," and morning, cheerful refreshing morning, came again at last; and punctual Frank Hilary, and the assiduous, bustling Beauton, ushering in a bowing individual, as the proprietor of the most fashionable assortment, of those tasteful and ingeniously-manufactured articles, that are not only "feather weight," but boast "transparent lace partings" that "defy detection." The puzzled Timothy appealed to his friend.

"Just give me your opinion, Frank," said he, "I'm afraid I look——*singular*, don't I now?"

"Not at all," was the encouraging reply. "You'll soon get accustomed to be——by the bye, it seems an excellent fit; and looks quite easy and gentlemanly. Eh, Beauton, don't you think it looks quite natural, and, your master quite himself again?"

"*Oui*, monsieur; *certainment.* I am sure dat my master vas look as himself; quite——*à naturale*," replied the civil Beauton, bowing low, and with all the complacent consciousness of having uttered a very handsome compliment.

"Very well," sighed his master, with an air of resignation; "settle for it, then, at once, Beauton."

The important affair thus concluded, a few questions were presently exchanged in a low tone between Beauton and the *perrequier*, to the effect, as it proved, that the "assortment" might be permitted to remain for a few hours, while the owner thereof was engaged with a customer residing in the neighbourhood: which being granted, he departed, leaving the "numerous and fashionable assortment" for the examination of the highly-amused Frank Hilary.

"Here's a famous choice of 'gentlemen's heads,' at any rate!" exclaimed the lively youth. "More variety than might be expected. But what comical things some of them are; what in the world can they be for? Who would wear such whimsical articles as these?"

"Pardon, sare," civilly interposed the valet, in explanation. "*Mais, de Professeur* make *pour le Comedie—les caractère.*"

"Ah? What, a theatrical wig-maker, is he?" replied Frank, "Ah! ha! I understand now. Upon my word! Capital!—uncommonly funny! Only look Tim; what a famous collection. This, I suppose, is for a friar—this, Pantaloon; and *this*——ha! ha! ha! don't you remember *this?* Why this is Midas—old Justice Midas, you know?—look, with the ears—the asses' ears! see, here they are, fixed upon it to give effect, I suppose. Ha! ha! ha! funny, isn't it? I wonder how I should look in it?" And popping the burlesque upon his head, he commenced a series of grimaces before the cheval glass, very much to his own amusement at least.

"Oh! nonsense! never mind now, Frank;" said his embarrassed friend, twitching nervously at the "Gentleman's real head of hair" triumphant o'er his brows. "I can't relish jokes now."

"Ah! that's because you're fidgetty," observed the good-humoured Frank," however, it's natural enough: yet you shouldn't spoil the effect of your new head of hair, by such a dolorous countenance: and now I look at you again, you seem to me as though you had been sitting up all night; hey, Tim?"

"Well," replied Timothy, "I confess I didn't sleep very well; I was worried rather."

"Ay, ay, I thought so," said young Hilary, as he removed the Midas burlesque *tete* from his own; and threw it carelessly upon the arm of the sofa. "Now just listen to what I think a good proposition. Take a nap upon the sofa there: it will refresh you amazingly."

"What, now?" exclaimed his friend.

"No, no, not now exactly; but after you've lunched and made your toilet; forget everything for at least half an hour, in a sound nap—you'll be all the better for it, I'm certain."

"But I must take care to be punctual to his lordship's hour."

"To be sure, to be sure. Now listen. Lord Markall dines at eight, you say: he lives only in———Square; and if you'll but rely on me (and I can be steady sometimes you know), I'll be here with a cab at a quarter past seven (you had best ride, and be rather before the time, you know). So when you hear a knock at the door, you'll be all ready dressed; cab at the door—up you jump—and in you jump, eh?"

"Um," said Timothy; "Well, I can't say but you were always a good-natured fellow, Frank, and really I think I'll take your advice. What—are you going already?"

"Yes," replied his friend, "I must go now. And when I come with the cab, you musn't expect to see me, because *I* also have an engagement. However, you may be sure I shall look in to-night, to hear how you have prospered."

Thus saying, Frank Hilary departed; leaving the "gentleman" of the "real head of hair" rather more reconciled to existing circumstances. Matters had progressed smoothly enough, when the hour of the proposed nap had arrived; and Timothy extended on the sofa, prepared to avail himself of that luxury. In a few minutes, however, he sat erect again.

"It's of no use," said he to himself; "I can*not* sleep with this thing upon my head; I really *must* take it off, if I am to get anything like sleep. I'm not used yet to it. So—there; if I lay it upon the pillow, just at my hand, I have only to slip it on my head again when I wake; and that is the work of a moment."

Such was the proceeding adopted: and a gay bandanna was substituted for the "gentleman's real head of hair," for the stipulated period. Frank Hilary proved punctual; but the hour appointed happening to be at that season when twilight is stealing on, "grim" or "grey;" "dire" or "delicious;" convenient or inconvenient, as the case may be; it was almost dark, when a loud knocking at the street-door roused Timothy Headfort from his cosy slumber. If he was nervous and fidgetty before, it may be well believed that the suddenness of waking did not improve the state of his feelings. The rays of a lamp opposite shed a partial uncertain light; otherwise, the apartment was shrouded in darkness; while the voice of Frank Hilary sounded from the passage below with—

"Hallo! Tim, my boy!—time to be off!—I can't wait now; but I'll look in to-night, as I said."

This rapid speech was succeeded by a number of little taps at the room door, with,

"Depechez, monsieur, s'il vous plait; il fait bien tard. Mais J'irait pour les chandelles."

"I can't wait for candles!" exclaimed Timothy, nervously, as he rushed towards the door; before he could open which, however, a sharp current of air reminded him of his recently-shorn head. "Bless me," he continued, all confusion, "I had nearly forgotten the—a—what do they call it?—the gentleman's head—the—real wig! Didn't I lay it close by me on the sofa? To be sure I did—and here it is. Faith, 'twas lucky I placed it so ready to my hand, that I might be able to slip it on again so—in a moment—even in the dark. There, there—all right: 'patent parting'—all in the right place. Punctuality is the grand thing; and really waiting for candles would be of little use to me, near-sighted as I am. Here!" he added, throwing the door open; "I'm quite ready, Beauton. Where are ye all? Why, hey-day! all in darkness! What's the matter now?"

"An accident, sir, has just happened to the passage lamp," replied a servant; "but Mr. Beauton will be here in a minute, with lights."

"Oh, never mind," replied the impatient Timothy; "I can't wait now. There, there; though it's too dark to see each other, I can see that the street door is open, and that's light enough for me."

Rushing along the darkened passage as he spoke, he was soon in the street; and, springing into the cab in waiting, the house door was instantly closed, and the driver of the vehicle, stood waiting directions which Timothy, putting his head out of the window, proceeded to impart. Now, being doubtful, perhaps, of the faithful adhesion of the hirsute honours of his head, or apprehensive of disarranging the "partings," &c., of the "gentleman's real head of hair," he had refrained from putting on his hat; and it certainly was not a little annoying to a full-dressed beau, to perceive that the man, as he listened, had his eyes fixed upon his head with a very remarkable stare; and still more so to encounter the irrepressible broad grin accompanying this unpleasant scrutiny.

"I knew it would be so," thought Timothy; as, vexed and discomfited, he threw himself back in his seat: "I said that everybody would stare at me so, if I wore a wig—call it by what name they may. Not that I care about people finding it out—of course not; I hope I am above all such affectation: but why that fellow should actually *laugh* just now, as if there was something *ludicrous* in my appearance, I cannot understand. I look embarrassed, I have no doubt; I knew I should; but really I thought the wig was a quiet looking article enough, as I *must* wear one—nothing to attract particular notice. To be sure, I'm so near-sighted that——but then Frank—*he* would have told me had there been anything *particular* in the appearance of this famous 'gentleman's real head of hair.' No, no; I know how it is; I am *conscious* that I wear a wig, and therefore——but I must endeavour to look easy and unconcerned under this abominable infliction; for, upon my word, they may talk as they please about its being '*feather-weight*,' but for my part I really——never——"

During the above mental soliloquy, he had continued twitching at the "ventilating peruke" in the most uncomfortable, restless manner possible; till he at last succeeded, to a certain degree, in soothing himself into the sober resolve of "letting," as the saying goes, "well alone," and which the cab just then arriving at its destination greatly tended to confirm. Alighting, Timothy now attempted to treat the renewed tittering of the driver with an easy, aristocratic *nonchalance* that was highly creditable under the circumstances: but, alas! there were additional mortifications, and—we may add—*mystifications* also yet in store for the unlucky wearer of the "gentleman's real head of hair." Lingering awhile upon the pavement searching for his card, and still tenacious of disarranging the recently-assumed honours of his head, with his hat under his arm, he suddenly recognised, by the aid of the brilliant gas-lamp, friendly to his circumscribed vision, an intimate from the country in a passer-by; who, however, after a full stop, and earnest gaze at his head, pursued his way without further notice.

"Why, surely," thought Timothy, "that was Dick Green; and he didn't know me for this odious wig. But I must spare a few minutes for a how-d'ye-do. Hollo, Green!—Dick Green!—What, don't you know me? When did you come to town?"

"Why, is it possible! Timothy Headfort!" exclaimed the individual addressed, and who, having turned at the sound of his friend's voice, now approached with extended hand. "No, really, Tim, I did *not* know you; and confess I never should, on account of——"

"My wig——I was sure of it!" interrupted Timothy, with a forced laugh, and endeavouring to appear gay, and at his ease. "You little thought ever to see me in a wig, Dick, knowing my objection to wearing one; but you see I am compelled at last—ha, ha, ha! you look so astonished."

"Well, I really am," returned his friend: "*You*, too, such a steady-going young man, to be engaged in a hoax! But I dare say the joke is excellent—ha, ha, ha!—upon my word, capital! I had no notion you possessed so much humour, Tim."

"Hoax—humour!" repeated Timothy, with some alarm; "You know very well I have no turn for the humorous and jocose; I was always quite a different character—indeed, if you recollect, rather seriously inclined: but an accident happened to my head only last night, and———"

"Indeed! Nothing serious, I hope?"

"Why, it might have been; as it was, my head was obliged to be shaved."

"Good heavens! so bad as that! and yet they've let you out alone with——that queer thing upon your head!"

"Eh?—Oh, nonsense, Dick, you quite misunderstand. But I haven't time just now to explain; I———in short, I'm *obliged* to wear a wig, and chose this as the most quiet and unassuming; and really I didn't think it looked so bad as I had expected, near-sighted though I am; and Frank (you remember Frank Hilary?) *he* thought it the most gentlemanly-looking among a large collection."

"Did he? it must have been an uncommonly queer collection."

"Ha, ha, ha! well, in some respects it was, for the person happened to be a theatrical wig-maker, and some of them were very comical indeed: there was one in particular, that amused Frank highly; the most ludicrous caricature that—oh! on the head, irresistible! But excuse me just now, Dick; I have such a particular engagement! Good bye, for the present; be sure you give me an early call."

"Well, don't let me detain you, then. Farewell; I wish you much amusement from your excellent joke there—on your head."

"Hey! what! joke! Stay, stay; what *can* you mean, Dick? I'm upon no joke, I assure you. I am going into this very house, by appointment, to wait upon an esteemed old friend of my father: Lord Markall, who is so distinguished for his talents, you know. This visit may prove of the utmost importance to me."

"What———in that wig!"

"And why not? I am quite aware that the wig don't become me; I didn't expect it would: that's a trifle to a man of sense, as long as he looks respectable; and this style of head is perfectly fashionable, I assure you."

"*Is*——it!" exclaimed Dick Green, staring almost wildly at his friend's head.

"Oh, yes; every one who wears a wig wears just such a one as this."

"*Do*——they?" ejaculated the evidently wonder-struck gazer.

"Why, yes, of course; it's the present mode; and is in fact called the 'gentleman's real head of hair.'"

"Good gracious!" was all Dick Green could utter.

Timothy felt rather encouraged by the simplicity of his friend, as with a smile he observed—

"You see, living as you do so much in the country, my dear Green,———"

"Well—that is very true; it isn't to be expected that I should know much about the fashion. So, once again, farewell; and success attend you, Tim."

The two friends parted; and Timothy prepared to ascend the steps of the splendid mansion before him. Just at that moment a genteelly-attired female, leaning on the arm of a gentleman, passed close by him.

"Good heavens!" she exclaimed, as if involuntarily, and in an under-tone, to her companion, "what a strange figure! What a very extraordinary—comical-looking wig!"

"Hush, hush, my dear," replied her friend, "the gentleman's going to a masquerade, of course."

They passed on; but as the annoyed and bewildered Timothy was nervously occupied in a few more tugs and twitches of the "real head of hair," one of those swaggering, reckless blades of the lower class, who are usually in the habit of imparting their unsolicited opinions, in a manner more freely than is always welcome; assailed him with, "Hollo, my fine chap! how long have you been let out of the show-box, hey?" while a little boy passing on the other side, with a leather strap of pewter pots over his shoulder, expressed his sentiments by exclaiming, in a shrill voice—

"Oh, crikey! vat a vig!"

Poor Timothy Headfort! his philosophy was scarce proof against such a climax.

"Really, I—I—perhaps, after all, I had better return," thought he within himself. "Who would have supposed that the mere wearing a wig would have produced an effect so very remarkable as this comes to? How many are there—ay, hundreds, who are in the habit of wearing a wig, and without attracting particular notice? but the fact is, a wig don't suit every one; myself for example, it don't suit *me*, that's evident. I knew it wouldn't." He still lingered before the great man's door; as, after a pause, in mental soliloquy he continued—"upon due consideration, though, 'twill never do to go back, situated as I now am; 'twould be the ruin of all my prospects; his lordship would never overlook such an affront, and my father would be quite outrageous: besides, how could I ever assign such an absurd reason as that a wig didn't happen to become my features—preposterous! No, no, I shall walk in, and present my card boldly; his lordship will perceive, like the rest, that I wear a wig, and that it don't at all suit me; but he, of course, will be too much a man of sense and good breeding to take any particular notice of the circumstance." Thus reasoning, the "gentleman" with the "real head of hair" felt as though restored to his usual quiet self-possession, and at last found himself in the brilliantly-lighted hall of his noble patron, presenting his card to one of the many liveried attendants, with all the gentlemanly composure in the world.

It is but due to our friend Timothy to state that he scarcely winced under the man's involuntary stare and twinkle of his eye, as he suddenly turned his head, and passed his handkerchief a few times across his face. After a slight cough, however, the well-trained domestic, regarding the card with respectful gravity, intimated that his lordship being unexpectedly engaged for a few minutes, had desired that Mr. Headfort should be shown into the general waiting-room.

The apartment was spacious; and as is sometimes the case when thus appropriated, lighted only by a small lamp depending from the centre that burning but dimly, shed a sort of mysterious, uncertain light around, very faintly pervading the further end. It was there that Timothy, as he sat, could just distinguish the figure of a gentleman apparently waiting like himself; an elderly gentleman he thought; for his limited vision could discern only the outline of the form, and the head crowned by one of the antiquated *toupées*, in which some worthy old gentlemen of the present day sometimes delight, as mementoes of "long, long ago."

"It's astonishing," thought the 'gentleman' with the 'real head of hair,'—"it's really astonishing, the attachment of some of those old boys for the fashions of their youthful days. I don't suppose now, that anything on earth would persuade that old gentleman to leave off that strange, quizzical-looking thing upon his head—nothing; and he little thinks what a ridiculous figure he cuts; really quite laughable. He seems to have found out that I also wear a wig, and that it doesn't suit me at all; at least, if I may judge by the steady position of his head towards me. By the bye, I'm staring very rudely myself, and he don't know how near-sighted I am." And Timothy, thus thinking, withdrew his eyes; a few moments, however, accidentally turning them again in the same direction, he was not a little surprised at perceiving the stranger to be regarding him with the same stedfast gaze as before. Ere he could form any comment to himself upon this somewhat peculiar behaviour, the servant entered to usher him into the presence of Lord Markall. On quitting the apartment, Timothy, never neglectful of the rules of politeness and decorum, turned to bow to the gentleman at the other end of it; and was much surprised, indeed, somewhat offended at the peculiarly *simultaneous* manner, in which his salutation was returned; for it had the appearance, he thought, almost of *mockery;* while his surprise and chagrin were further augmented, at perceiving the footman to be regarding him with astonishment bordering on *alarm!*

"Upon my word," thought Timothy, as he followed his conductor, "all this is most unaccountable; one would suppose this fellow didn't understand the most common rules of civility. That's nothing to do with this odious wig, at any rate. Really all the people seem to be very strange."

He was also still further annoyed to observe, that the man now studiously avoided looking at his head; and when he did so, that his handkerchief was more than once held to his face; while apparently striving to control sundry fits of coughing. "Perhaps the poor man has a cold," thought Timothy, still perturbed. "Well, well, it may be so, though certainly there never was anybody so ill suited for a wig as myself. Plague take all the 'gentlemen's real heads of hair!'" The door of an elegant and spacious drawing-room was now thrown open, with a sonorous announcement of "Mr. Timothy Headfort!" immediately succeeded by the advance of rapid footsteps, and a pleasing voice exclaiming in the most encouraging and friendly manner—

"My dear young man, I——"

A pause of dead silence ensued. Timothy, who stood with becoming diffidence before his noble patron, and whose downcast eyes beheld only two hands, extended evidently with all the ardour of welcome, at length ventured respectfully to look up, to encounter a dignified and decidedly benevolent countenance gazing upon him with the utmost astonishment, mingled with no small portion of indignation.

"Sir," at length said his lordship, with some *hauteur*, "really, I—I don't quite understand—a—there must be some mistake, I rather think, sir."

"Encouraged by my father, my lord, I"—mildly commenced the young man.

"Your father, sir!" repeated Lord Markall, sternly.

"Sir Timothy Headfort, my lord," continued the visitor, respectfully.

"Headfort! my excellent, my esteemed old friend!" exclaimed his lordship, with sudden urbanity; then, relapsing into his former stern expression, he added, "certainly, sir, I expect a son of his."

"Which I have the honour to announce myself, my lord," replied young Timothy, bowing with an air of graceful deference.

"*You*, sir!" exclaimed Lord Markall, regarding his head with a glance of extreme contempt; "really, I must say I hope not, for my worthy friend's sake—and I must add, also your own—your presuming thus to play the *buffoon* in my presence, sir."

"My lord!" faltered the poor astounded Timothy.

"Insulting a man of my character and time of life."

"Good Heavens, my lord, I?"

"Presenting yourself with such a thing as—as *that* upon your head."

"Your lordship is alluding to my wig," replied Timothy, with excess of agitation; "I—I confess I *do* wear a wig; a circumstance—in fact, an accident, with which I will not trouble your lordship—obliged me to—to—I am aware it does not at all suit me, I knew it wouldn't; though I assure your lordship I took care to select the most quiet, gentlemanly—it is, in fact, called the 'gentleman's real head of hair,' my lord." Lord Markall turned with an air of ineffable contempt to his writing-table, and remained silent.

"The—the 'ventilating peruke,' my lord," continued the unlucky visitor, with a degree of desperate earnestness.

His lordship looked up with a freezing glance—"I am engaged, sir," said he.

"With—'*without silk or sewing*,' my lord," persisted poor Timothy, becoming rather incoherent; and almost stuttering in his distraction, as he added tremulously, "it's f—f—'*feather w—weight*,' my lord."

There was a pause; when at length Lord Markall rose from his seat with an air of grave dignity, mingled with some compassion. "Young man," said he, "as being the son of my esteemed old friend, I feel, notwithstanding this most unprecedented insult on your part—yes sir, I feel it to be incumbent on me for his sake, at least, to bestow some wholesome advice touching your present improper appearance before me. The accounts I had received of you, young man, both from my worthy friend and general report, had led me to expect a far different character; and certainly conduct more consistent with our relative positions. I pity you, young sir; and regard for your worthy father, now influences my counsel, timely to endeavour to restrain this evidently innate spirit of levity of yours; this outrageous inclination for the ludicrous and grotesque, which, by being injudiciously employed, as at present, may prove a decided bar to the advancement in which, I confess, it would have afforded me sincere pleasure to have been instrumental; but allow me to observe, that in the waiting-room below, there is a mirror, similar, and situated precisely as the one yonder; before which, when as I suppose, you, like any other idle young blade, delighted to contemplate that tom-foolery on your head, it would have been as well had you considered whether it was quite consistent with the respect, that my years and station, at least, are justified in claiming. You seem surprised, young gentleman: but do me the favour to turn your eyes that way."

"There, sir, nearer, if you please!"

"I am so very near-sighted, my lord," stammered the bewildered Timothy.

"Well, sir, then approach nearer still," continued his lordship.

The young man obeyed. He drew nearer to the mirror, that so brilliantly reflected the well-lighted apartment: when presently he thought that he beheld, instead of his own reflection, that of the eccentric individual he had encountered in the waiting-room! that is, his *head*—his well-remembered *wig!*

Nearer—still nearer, he approached; when suddenly the blood rushed to his face, as a sort of strange most alarming suspicion flashed upon him! for—What, oh! what had become of the "gentleman's real head of hair," of "unshrinking fidelity," and "unchanging shape," so oft, so publicly proclaimed? What imp of mischief had flourished strange unhallowed curling-tongs o'er the innocent, unassuming, "ventilating peruke," till it seemed to have indignantly frizzled itself into that of the sapient *Justice Midas*, even unto its characteristic appendages, "*the ears of an ass!*"

"Moments such as these occur in life but once," has observed a deceased romance-writer, one of the most powerful and popular of his now by-gone day.* ("Alas! poor Yorick!") though certainly under very different circumstances; and doubtless, the wig-crowned, but crest-fallen hero, would have derived much consolation from its remembrance, had he been able to remember anything; or even to utter a word; as, giddy with astonishment and dismay, lights, looking-glass, wigs, and asses' ears, all flitted before his bewildered gaze: every object in the room seemed impelled by the principle of the "self-acting furniture," and even his respectable and noble patron himself, appeared to whirl *pirouettes*, most indecorous and inconsistent with his dignified station! However, as the generality of novelists think proper to observe upon some startling incident, and overwhelming discovery, "what happened afterwards, we know not." All we dare venture to assert is, that Mr. Timothy Headfort might have been seen about an hour afterwards, in his own apartment, sitting in a very melancholy attitude, with his bald head enveloped in a silk bandanna. Opposite to him, was his friend Mr. Frank ilary; his countenance expressive of most decorous sympathy: though you ight be tempted to fancy something like a little simper at the corner of his outh; but it would be only fancy, believe me; for who could think of *aughing* under the circumstances? At the further end of the apartment, might also have been seen Monsieur Beauton, very busy packing certain perukes of various descriptions, shades, and dimensions; his countenance in respectful accordance with that of his master; though it must be confessed, that for some cause or other, he was every now and then compelled to suddenly bury his head closely among the hirsute assortment; at which times his whole frame would be violently convulsed as if in a fit of an ague! There had been silence for the last few minutes; which was at length broken by the plaintive tones of the gentleman who *ought* to have worn the "gentleman's real head of hair."

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* Matthew Gregory Lewis, Esq., M.P.: one of whose daring flights of fancy gained him the yet well-remembered *sobriquet* of "Monk" Lewis.

Timothy Headfort—(with a deep sigh) Frank!

Frank Hilary—(with a corresponding manner) Well?

Timothy—What did you do with—with—*that?*

Frank—What? the Midas wig? that with the asses'—

Timothy—Don't—pray don't mention the—you know what I mean. Where did you put it after amusing yourself?

Frank—Upon my word, I can hardly remember. I threw it down somewhere—on the arm of the sofa, I think.

Timothy—Ah! that was it; there was the mischief!

Frank—Nay; come, Tim, don't be casting the blame on me. If you had only waited for lights—

Timothy—And even if I had, I'm so near-sighted, that———

Frank—You'd have made a low bow to yourself, as you say you did in the waiting-room. No wonder the footman thought you mad.

Timothy—Oh! Frank, it almost drives me so, to think of it.

Frank—Come, come, think of it no more, then. 'Twas a most unlucky blunder, certainly; but never mind, Tim: you expect your father in town soon you say—the two old friends will meet—there will be an explanation, and rely on't, this absurd affair will end in a hearty laugh among us all. At any rate, let it console you that from the "gentleman's real head of hair" you have gained two useful lessons. As a functionary of law, never to be caught *napping;* and should you rise to judicial honours, above all things not to *put on your wig in the dark.*

THE DWARF.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH* BY A. S. BUSHBY.

"Il etait seul et sans espérances; personne ne l'avait aimé pendant sa vie, nul ne la pleura apies sa mort; son berceau n'eut pas un sourire, et sa tombe pas une fleur."
Contes Arabes.

'Tis I who watch the turret high,
Where the noble Lady Alice dwells;
Her poor, her faithful dwarf am I,
Who to no ear his sorrow tells—
Whom the bright morn awakes to sadness,
To whom eve brings no hour of gladness.

Nature to me, unkind indeed,
A shepherd's lowly hut within
Sent me, deformed, like some vile weed,
Cumb'ring the earth, life to begin.
I was a lonely, unloved child,
On me no tender mother smiled,
For at my birth she died, alas!
And, nurs'd in sorrow, 'twas my lot
Into these lordly halls to pass,
An alien from my father's cot.
'Tis I who watch the turret high, &c.

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* From "*Les Echos de L'Ame.*" Poems by M. de Foudras. Published in Paris 1840.

Amidst the busy world, alone
My youthful years were sadly spent;
None ever cared to hear me own
The thoughts that in my breast were pent.
No merry sports my childhood knew,
No sympathy my sufferings drew.
Denied to me that soothing power
Which flowers o'er other paths hath strew'd;
Hope never cheered one passing hour,
'Twas always, always, servitude.
'Tis I who watch the turret high, &c.

But, ah! these infant days, although
Nor joy nor pastime they could boast,
In spite of all their childish woe,
Are those that I regret the most;
For though a slave, I wore my chain,
Without the added galling pain
Of dreaming what I might become;
For then as feeble was my soul
As its poor weak unsightly home,
With no strong passions to control.
'Tis I who watch the turret high, &c.

There came a day my soul awoke
Impatient from its slumber deep,
As if some magic spell had broke
At once upon its weary sleep.
What hopes then started into life!
What feelings waged their inward strife!
The twilight of my mind was o'er—
Desires came, faint and low at first,
But, as the tide swells on the shore,
Soon into raging billows burst.
'Tis I who watch the turret high, &c.

May ye who chance to hearken to
The poor dwarf-minstrel's plaintive strain,
Be never called on to subdue
The feelings *he* would quell in vain.
Oh! 'tis a bitter, bitter fate
For a warm heart to find no mate
Its best affections to consume,
Unknown, unheard, in silent grief—
Absorbed in one unchanging gloom,
Without a prospect of relief.
'Tis I who watch the turret high, &c.

Such was the joyless life I led,
When by my master called one day;
"I must depart, Tristan," he said,
"But thou shalt with my daughter stay.
That thou wilt ever faithful prove
I may not doubt; but be thy love
Like that of my poor favourite hound—
The hound I cherished tenderly—
Who on far Syria's bloody ground
Alas! died in defending me."
'Tis I who watch the turret high, &c.

"Thou seest this poignard hanging here—
Defend her, should a foe intrude;
And with this lute her spirits cheer,
While she is left in solitude.
Soothe her, obey her, watch o'er her,
And never from her presence stir,
When any service thou canst give."
To serve—to guard her thus!—what *I!*
Rather than near *her* thus to live
For me 'twere better far to fly.
'Tis I who watch the turret high, &c.

Her loveliness could'st thou but see,
When, with a glance of her dark eye,
The Lady Alice beckons me,
And tells me with a gentle sigh,
"Good Tristan, take thy lute, and play
Or sing me some heart-stirring lay;
I love to hear thy touching voice."
Alas! although with smiles begun
The soft romance that was her choice,
My tears are flowing ere 'tis done.
'Tis I who watch the turret high, &c.

A horn is heard—its stirring sound
Announces some arrival. See
Gay knights are springing to the ground.
What cavalcade can yonder be?
Hark how the foaming coursers neigh!
Look how the joyous greyhounds play!
Now I would bet a shield of gold
That 'tis my master—yes, his glance
Hath fallen on me. Who is yon bold
And handsome knight he bids advance?
'Tis I who watch the turret high, &c.

In every valley near the tow'r
Next morn the merry bells were ringing,
As if to usher in an hour
That some unwonted joy was bringing;
From thirty villages, in throngs,
The vassals poured with gladsome songs;
Who was the bride they came to meet,
Amidst that fair and festive train?
'Twas *Alice* they advanced to greet!
But every eye might search in vain
For him who watched the turret high
Where that noble lady used to dwell;
Her poor, her faithful dwarf was I,
Who to no ear his griefs might tell—
Whom the bright morn awakes to sadness,
To whom eve brings no hour of gladness.

THE VALLEY OF THE NILE.*

EGYPT is an exhaustless topic. Perhaps more works have been written on this than on any other portion of the globe. From the earliest antiquity down to the present year, volumes on volumes, in countless numbers, have been given to the world, and yet we never tire of the subject. The history, customs, manners, population, and religion of that beautiful land are ever, to our minds, full of new and unworn interest. No country presents so inviting a field for the traveller, the antiquarian, or the artist. Illustrated works are never so rich in picturesque costume or magnificent landscape as when they delineate the people and natural aspect of Egypt—the busy streets of its cities crowded with a motley and varied throng of passengers; its broad and beautiful river running now over a country richly cultivated, now through deep channels between lofty precipices, and now thundering over rocky ledges in its onward progress to the sea; its ancient temples, built in the most imposing style of architecture, and its mighty pyramids, the wonder of every age,—all these combine to render the country worthy the attention of the author and the artist.

The magnificent work which has suggested these remarks has confined itself rather to the representation of living creatures—chiefly the men and women of Egypt, Nubia, and part also of Abyssinia—than to the delineation of landscapes, though we now and then have a little of this also. Mr. St. John, so well known as the author of "Egypt and Mohammed Ali," is a man eminently fitted to undertake the task of illustrating the beautiful lithographs of the present volume. His long sojourn in the country—his voyage up the Nile—the opportunities he enjoyed of observing the habits and manners of all classes of the inhabitants,—conduce to give weight to his testimony on any subject represented, and we therefore look on the work as a standard work; not as illustrated books generally are, a mere portfolio of fine engravings, with a diminutive patch of print opposite each—a small oasis in a vast desert of unsullied paper, containing half a dozen dates, with a mention of the Pharaohs, and no more; but a work which may be regarded as an authority to which reference can be made with the greatest confidence.

We sat in our editorial studio and read the "Oriental Album" alternately with admiring its lithographs. Gradually, our leather-covered table and chair expanded into velvet divans piled with the softest cushions; the drugget on the floor shone with the brilliant hues of a Turkey carpet; the passers-by without appeared Arabs, Turks, and Nubians; the cry of orange-sellers seemed the muezzin's call to prayer; the walls of our room were perfectly eastern; and, to complete the delusion, the well-worn pen which we nibbled in our mouth was extended into a serpentine tube, and we enjoyed the delights of the soothing chibouque.

We mingled in the wars of Egypt—charged side by side with moustachioed Arnouts and Osmanlis—and bivouacked in the Desert, eating bread and dates, and drinking water. Then we rested from the fatigue of our campaign; and, reclined on cushions, watched with delighted eyes the performances of the Ghawazis, and listened to their plaintive songs.

We galloped through corn and bean fields, through gardens and streets, and over the sandy plains of Goshen, on the back of a lofty camel—listened to the music of the desert—heard the itinerant story-tellers reciting their tales of love, war, and adventure—floated up the Nile, cheered by the boatmen's songs,—in fact, saw so many interesting things, and experienced so many delightful sensations, that when we arrived at the end of the volume we raised our hand complacently to stroke our beard!

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* "The Oriental Album. Characters, Customs, Modes of Life, in the Valley of the Nile." Illustrated from Designs taken on the Spot, by E. Prisse, with Descriptive Letterpress by James Augustus St. John. Madden.

Then the vision melted away. Our chin had been shaved that morning, and instead of the flowing beard of the East nothing but a field of the shortest possible bristles was to be felt; and we at last perceived we were only reading a book!

However, reading "The Oriental Album," even to those who do not possess so imaginative a mind as ours, is a great privilege. The price will preclude many from seeing it; we shall, therefore, endeavour to present our readers with a very slight outline of its contents, enriched with a few extracts.

The volume opens with a portrait of Mr. George Lloyd, to whom the work is dedicated. This gentleman met with a melancholy death, the exact manner of which is not related in the few remarks there made of him. Seated one day on a broken wall amid some ruins in the Theban desert, he was insulted by some Arabs, who at length offered to strike him. He raised the rifle he held in his hand to repulse them, when the trigger was accidentally pulled and the charge passed through his body. In the agonies of death, it struck him that the Arabs might be accused of murdering him; he, therefore, with his last remaining energy, wrote a few lines with a pencil to his father, relating the manner of his perishing, and absolving the men from all blame. He died in a few moments after.

The first lithograph which Mr. St. John illustrates with letter-press represents an Arnout and an Osmanli soldier, each attired in the picturesque costume of his people. These men strike the traveller much, even amid the varied population of Alexandria. The haughty, dignified, and imperturbable Osmanlis, while possessing imposing exteriors, with fine forms, are effeminate and corrupt, the only ability they possess being that of commanding the respect of the vulgar and enslaved. The Albanian, on the contrary, though rude, gross, and ferocious, is brave to the last degree. Owning, perhaps, nothing but the sword he wears, he issues, poor and friendless, from his mountain home, and takes to the profession of arms to earn himself bread. And, indeed, when engaged in battle, no men are ever before the Albanian irregulars, whose presence has often turned the scale of victory. When unemployed, however, they are the scourge of the unhappy district in which they happen to be quartered. Mr. St. John says—

"I remember on one occasion meeting a gang of these irregulars; who, after having been strolling about all day, in search of petty plunder, were returning to Alexandria. There were with me at the time several Europeans, and two or three Arabs. The Albanians had not then generally adopted the tarboush, but wore the small, close, richly-embroidered skull-cap, with which they are usually represented by the elder travellers. This being thrown considerably backwards, gave them the air of being intoxicated, and imparted an air of foolishness to their ferocity. The crowd—men, women, and children—hastily made way for them, and they passed on, viewing all they met with looks which clearly signified how happy they should feel to be at their throats. They were nearly all of them men of six feet high and upwards, robust and powerful in make, and but for their truculent aspect, would generally have been pronounced handsome. Their thin, black moustachios, depending on either side the mouth, fell below the chin, thus augmenting the savageness of their expression. They had not adopted the uniform of the Pacha's troops, but affected a costume to which brilliant colours, tastefully contrasted and disposed in masses, imparted an air of remarkable magnificence. Their caps were scarlet, embroidered with gold; their jackets a rich purple, which, opening in front, disclosed a vest of dark green, confined at the waist by a crimson shawl, twisted in many folds, and supporting a profusion of pistols and yataghans, whose rich mountings glistened in the sun. One of the Arabs who accompanied me observed that these were the caterpillars which devoured the harvests of Egypt; and added, that the Pacha's government would never cease to be oppressive and odious so long as it depended for support on men so infamous for their brutality. He returned their threatening scowl with a look equally menacing; and I could perceive the warm blood of the Desert mounting in his cheek."

The following is a description of the dance of the Ghawazis of Shaarah, inhabited chiefly by them, with the Awalim, or singing girls:—

"The performers are supposed to be representing a lover and his mistress. The girl who supported the female part stood, at first, in the door of the tent and, from the looks she cast around her and at the sky, impressed you with the idea that it was night. She listened, and the tramp of a horse (not badly imitated by the old musicians) at length smote upon her ear. Powerful emotions of delight, expressed both by her countenance and gestures, now shook her frame and prepared you for the raptures of meeting. Then followed reproaches and recriminations; increasing anger; a quarrel; affected steps towards departure on the one side—affected composure and indifference on the other: the whole ultimately terminating in reconciliation. Two or three pretty, plaintive songs chaunted by the maiden at her tent-door, varied the performance."

Passing the account of the numerous tombs of the saints which stud the wilderness of Egypt in every direction, inhabited by religious men, generally mendicants—sometimes really pious and detached from the vanities of towns and cities, and sometimes attracted to that mode of life by considerations of profit—we come to the descriptions of the luxurious hareems of the Eastern nobility. We have a pleasing and brilliant picture of the abode of a lady of rank: the various chambers, some ornamented with baths and fountains of elaborately sculptured marble, filled with the most glittering water, constantly dashing up and splashing again in a thousand diamonds into the basins—the blossoming almond, orange, and pomegranate trees—the blooming jasmine, throwing its perfumes in at every window—the vessels of gold and silver—the piles of elegant cushions, of the richest material—the gilded stools—ornaments of delicate filagree, and the luxurious couches—are all minutely brought in bold relief before the mind's eye.

Mr. St. John enjoyed the extraordinary advantage of inspecting several of these abodes of ease and indolence—a privilege seldom granted to any stranger. His authority on the subject is, therefore, peculiarly valuable. Here is an extract from this article:—

"I once, in the bazaar at Cairo, met with a woman of rank, as was evident from the magnificence of her costume, attended by a single female slave. I was engaged in purchasing a turban, when she accosted me, and undertook to point out the sort of muslin which, as she said, would suit me. She was an Osmanli woman, probably from the most northern provinces of European Turkey; for her small hand was white as a lily, and her face (from which she threw back the veil, that she might examine the muslins with greater care) exhibited the delicate features and complexion of the North. We possessed between us but little Arabic, for I was then almost new to the country. The slave girl looked alarmed and angry, and spoke to her in some language which I did not understand, probably pointing out the impropriety of conversing in the bazaar with a stranger; but the lady was young and wayward, and, to show her contempt for the counsel of her Mentor, only chatted and laughed the more. Through the opening of the pink pelisse I saw the yelek of richly-flowered silk, and the necklace of large diamonds."

Now, had Mr. St. John been an adventurous knight-errant, of a romantic turn of mind, this incident might have turned out more than it did. He was an Englishman, however, and lived in the nineteenth century; the affair, therefore, dropped there, and he heard no more of the handsome lady of the bazaar.

The following is Mr. St. John's idea of beauty:—

"Another woman, nominally an Abyssinian, but in reality a Galla, I was myself desirous of setting free at Cairo, under very peculiar circumstances. The Jellabi who owned her hired in the slave-market a respectable apartment for her accommodation, where she sat on a neat sofa, attired superbly, and holding in her hand a small glittering dagger, with which she played while speaking or spoken to; her beauty was of the rarest kind, and she would have commanded an enormous price, but for the belief of all those who saw her that she was so fierce and revengeful that no one was quite safe while within her reach. She had been there, I was assured, full three months, and had attracted hundreds of admirers, though no purchaser. I shall never forget her face, which was of the richest and most delicate oval, with dimples in the cheek and chin—a short upper lip—a mouth formed like that of a Grecian statue, and eyes of the most lustrous light. As she spoke Arabic, I felt sure it would be quite possible to tame this Ethiopian Medea by the use of a few magic words; but I found upon inquiry that this pleasure, however great it might have been, would have cost me far too dear. I could not have sent her back to her country, and therefore left her with regret in the hands of the Jellabi, who asked for her a sum that would have peopled a Turkish hareem."

The civilisation of the West having long ago discarded the custom of buying and selling slaves, it is not to be wondered that a traveller should feel a desire to free a woman of this description. It was a pity that Mr. St. John was not enabled to carry out his intention. Fierce and revengeful as the beautiful Galla was represented to be to those who assisted in detaining her in bondage, she no doubt would have been in like proportion grateful for services rendered. Freedom is sweet; and this woman, possessed of strong feelings as she was, fully appreciated, we dare say, its sweetness, and would have been sensible of the keenest emotions of gratitude towards the stranger from England who restored her to her family in the valleys of her distant land.

The streets of Cairo present proverbially more animated and varied scenes than those of almost any other Oriental city. Though its population does not exceed two hundred thousand souls, if one or two persons of each different race that dwells within its walls were to collect in a group, it would form a more motley and grotesque assortment of the human species than could be brought together in any other spot on the face of the globe. To see all the curiosities of Cairo (we mean the curiosities of population) the traveller should reside, not in the quarter appropriated to Europeans, but in the Turkish portion. There, especially during the period just preceding the departure of the great pilgrim caravan for Mecca, will he see the lordly, purse-proud, swaggering Turk—the ferocious Albanian—the insolent and overbearing Moggrebyn, or Bedouin of Northern Africa, so renowned and dreaded for his lawless and desperate character—the venerable hajji, with flowing beard and downcast eye—the turbaned scribe, seated cross-legged at the street corner, inditing love or other epistles for his customers, utterly regardless of the stream of population flowing by him—the cringing fellah—the merchant from Mecca—the Syrian, the European, and the Asiatic Turk—the dervishes—Egyptians, English, and Persians—the inhabitants of all the European nations, with many others, too numerous to classify. The bazaars, the mad-houses, the slave-market, the mosques, the gardens of Shoubra, the public buildings—each and all of these contain in themselves a world of interest and matter for speculation.

The bazaar in Cairo, however, is the place in which the travellers can observe the most striking characteristics of Oriental civilisation. Perhaps the first shop is devoted to the sale of the materials necessary to compose the toilet of the Osmanli lords of Cairo. This contains every article of dress, from the fine linen shirt to the kachmere girdle and green turban of the descended-from-the-prophet. Next to this is a magazine filled with all the materials requisite to deck the beauties inhabiting the hareems of these wealthy Mohammedans. Here are satin jackets, embossed with flowers, flowing robes of gauze, trousers of all colours, with every other item of the dress worn by Eastern ladies—with mirrors, crystal vases, spoons studded with jewels, and gems and trinkets of every kind. Then comes a shop devoted to the sale of pipes—then one filled with vases and various ornaments, with others, the contents of which are too diversified to be enumerated. The sale of oils and gold lace for the hair constitute the whole traffic of a bazaar half a mile long.

Had we space, we could dwell at infinite length on the various features of this strange city, at once replete with the grand and the grotesque—the wealthy and the wretched—tyranny and slavery. But space is the bane of periodical writers, who are compelled to crowd into few pages what would fill a hundred. We must therefore, however reluctantly, quit Cairo and accompany Mr. St. John into the Desert. We find him crossing the sandy waste with the Bedouins, visiting the lowly villages of the Fellahs, watching the pretty water carriers of the Nile, mixing in the hilarity and bustle of a country fair, sailing up the Nile to Middle Egypt with him, and examining the wretched, but at the same time romantic, mud cottages of the peasants. The following is an account of the dwelling of an old gentleman fond of the picturesque, and also possessed by the laudable desire of keeping his own piastres in his own pockets:—

"I remember one old fellow who, wearied by Turkish taxation, had betaken himself to a retreat whither the collectors of the revenue would not care to follow him. Midway, on the face of a cliff four or five hundred feet perpendicular, some anchorite of ancient days had scooped himself out a suite of chambers in the rock, with spacious windows overlooking the river and commanding a delightful prospect of the valley. To enter this dwelling, there was no way but by descending to it along a rope let down from the top of a mountain, or by climbing up another rope, which its inmate occasionally let down from the window when he desired to visit or be visited by mankind. For the purpose of raising such provisions as were brought him, he dropped a small cord with a basket at the end of it, into which was put whatever he needed, without payment of any kind, by the honest Fellahs of the neighbourhood. Of course no one but a holy personage could think of leading so solitary an existence, and as the Arabs entertain a profound respect for sanctity, they are always very ready to maintain those who appear to possess it."

The Abaddeh, or Nubians of the Eastern Thebaid Desert, next come under our observation. They are a fine muscular race, often exceeding six feet three inches in height, and must be peculiarly formidable opponents in battle, with their ponderous broadswords and crooked daggers. Ferocious and bloodthirsty as they are, these wild men of Nubia nevertheless surpass in industry the more peaceful and domestic Egyptian Fellahs, by whom they are regarded with very unfavourable feelings. The gardens of those that settle in one place are trim, their fields well cultivated, and their dwellings neat. For the most part, however, the Abaddeh are nomadic, and, only attending to their flocks and herds, wander from spot to spot of that extensive desert lying between the Valley of the Nile and the Red Sea.

We then accompany the picturesque Kafileh, tracking its weary way over the plains, in a scattered and extended line by day, but close and compact by night, through fear not only of the wandering hordes of robbers which ever keep the merchant possessed by a wholesome anxiety for the safety of his life and property, but also through fear of supernatural visitations, tales of which are nowhere so rife as in this portion of the East.

A lithograph representing an Arab Sheikh luxuriating in his chibouque gives Mr. St. John an opportunity of enlarging on the delights of smoking; after which we have an account of the Wahaby and Azami Arab tribes; then the noble Nedji horse, an animal held by the Turks and Arabs in almost equal esteem with their wives and children, appears before us full of life and beauty; and certainly, if any of the inferior creation should command the affection of his owner, it is the Arab horse. His generous qualities are known to all. Often has the hunted and exiled Bedouin, when driven from house and home—deprived by slaughter of friend and family, deserted by his allies, and chased well nigh to death by the forces of a superior enemy—found a preserver and a faithful adherent in his good charger. Such services as these at least justify an enormous value being set by the owner upon his benefactor, and we are not disposed to regard as incredible the story told of the sheikh of a powerful Nomade tribe refusing sixty thousand pounds sterling for his mare. "Sixty thousand pounds," said he, "are good; but, Allah be praised! my mare is better."

Reluctantly passing over some of the most interesting portions of this delightful book, we are introduced to an Abyssinian priest and warrior engaged in conversation. Advantage is taken of this to sketch in half a page a history of the rise and progress of Christianity in that country. The following describes the sowing of the first seeds:—

"Christianity owes much of the progress it has made in Abyssinia to the mild and inoffensive manner of those who first carried its precepts into the land. There was no attempt to force religion into the hearts of the people. The Christian brothers won them by love, the fundamental principle of Christianity, and obtained the confidence of the monarch then reigning by their peaceful demeanour. Doubtless it was by accident that the first seeds of the new religion were sown. When Aleropius, with his two sons, 330 years after the birth of our Saviour, set out upon a commercial voyage to India, and landed on the coast of the Red Sea, he scarcely contemplated the great work he then began. The inhabitants murdered him, and, making his sons prisoners, conveyed them as slaves before the Emperor. Their abilities and behaviour, however, soon constrained him to set them free. They then appear to have applied themselves to the work of conversion, which proceeded with great rapidity. Trumentius carried the tidings to Alexandria, where they were received with considerable joy. He was created the first Bishop of Alexandria; and, returning to the country, continued his exertions."

The two last articles, on the warrior of Amhara and the costume of Abyssinia, we are compelled with regret to pass over, to speak in general terms of the work.

The "Oriental Album" is a magnificent volume. The lithographs are among the most beautiful specimens of art we ever remember to have seen. The groupings are bold and striking, original in conception and highly finished in execution. To those who would acquire, at comparatively small cost and with little study, a correct and clear idea of the general features of the lands of Egypt, Nubia, and Abyssinia, more especially the first, we would recommend the "Oriental Album." Nor must we omit to mention the splendid illuminated title-page, which for beauty we have never seen excelled. The literary portions of the work and the engravings do equal credit to the author, the artist, and the thographer.

LINES

WRITTEN IMPROMPTU ON HEARING OF THE LOSS OF HER MAJESTY'S STEAM FRIGATE, THE AVENGER.

Weep for our brothers,
Who sunk on the main,
For unheard and unpitied
Their cries were in vain.

Weep for the vessel
O'erwhelmed by the tide,
For the young and the noble
Went down in their pride.

Let the bells be muffled,
And solemnly tolled,
For the brave hearts that rest
In the waters so cold.

No help was at hand,
And resistance was vain,
But though buried in ocean
They'll blossom again;

For God in his mercy
Looked down from the sky,
And angels stood ready
To waft them on high.

Then weep not for them,
But with sorrowful mind
Ye may weep for the parents
And friends left behind.

Their's was the grief,
And their's was the woe,
When told the sad tale
Of the lov'd ones laid low.

But if sympathy, shedding
Her tears far and near,
To the hearts of the mourners
Brings comfort and cheer

Freely they'll flow [land,
Through the breadth of the
For the loss of that noble
And ill-fated band.

A A

ANTONIO PEREZ.

A ROMANCE OF BIOGRAPHY.

ANTONIO PEREZ, belonging to a noble family of Montreal de Ariza, the grandson of a secretary of the Inquisition, the son of Gonzalo Perez, Charles the Fifth's secretary of state, was presented to Philip the Second by Ruy Gomez de Sylva, the husband of the beautiful and celebrated Princess of Eboli. Philip the Second, *el Prudente* (the Prudent), as the theologians of the period called him, combined the use and abuse of every sensuality, with experience in the most complicated affairs, the most carefully-concealed and most ambitious schemes, the employment of every crime, and the most superstitious devotion. Antonio had scarcely set his foot at court before he was covered with the king's favours—a secretary of state at five-and-twenty, receiving, moreover, from the royal treasury a pension of 12,000 and another of 4,000 ducats. He does not explain in his memoirs the cause of this rapid and extraordinary elevation—but it is easy to supply his silence. The Princess of Eboli had inspired the king with a violent passion; and Ruy Gomez, her husband, was too wise not to be blind. The protectress of Antonio Perez, whose youth, talent, and love had touched her heart, she at once ruled Philip the Second by her personal ascendancy, by her complaisant husband, and by the monarch's secretary, devoted to her interests and captivated by her beauty. She was thus the nominal wife of Ruy Gomez, the beloved mistress of Antonio, and the interested favourite of Philip. In the midst of his tragical schemes and gigantic intrigues this terrible king was trebly a dupe. On one hand, a beautiful woman, whom he loved; on the other, the courtier husband conniving at adultery; lastly, Antonio Perez, a confidant of the king's passion, and the favoured lover of the princess, formed around the trebly-deceived Philip II. the thickest and most dramatically-woven veil that can be imagined.

Philip never suspected that he was deceived; his suspicions fell elsewhere. Don Juan of Austria, his bastard brother, gave him much anxiety. He followed with a distrustful eye the warlike ambition of this youth, who had refused to submit to the obscurity of the cloister or the effeminate life of a court. Each victory of Don Juan's increased his terror, and caused him frequently to augment the number of spies around the object of his suspicion. These latter, from whom several despatches are preserved in the memoirs of Perez, directly addressed themselves to the young secretary of state, who contented himself with deceiving his master in an amorous intrigue, and compensated his domestic treachery by fidelity and well-proved zeal. Their letters in cipher, which an ecclesiastic transcribed into ordinary characters, were commented on by Antonio and the king: this ecclesiastic was *Escobar*. It is curious to see the Escobar of Pascal engaged in all these crooked affairs, and intrusted by Philip II. with the office of deciphering the despatches of his spies. Group these five figures, Escobar, Philip II., the princess, Ruy Gomez, the secretary in love, and you will compose an unequalled picture, to which nothing is wanting but a painter. Whilst Don Juan was victorious at a distance, the men placed near him by Philip II., under the title of privy councillors, were, as may be supposed, the objects of the monarch's special choice or anxious attention. The least preference on their part, real or apparent, in favour of Don Juan, determined their recal. Thus Don Juan de Soto was replaced by Escovedo, his enemy. The latter, a crafty man, with great support at court, had denounced Soto as too much attached to the hero of Lepauto. Under this appearance of devotion to Philip II., Escovedo hoped to make his fortune rapidly, to deceive the eternal suspicions of the crowned brother, and actively serve the interests of the bastard. He presumed too far. Whilst he played with Philip the part of spy upon his brother, and with Don Juan that of a loyal councillor, Philip, assisted by the reverend Escobar and Perez, read in his cabinet of Aranjuez the secret messages of Escovedo to the court of Rome, and to the Duke of Guise, both soliciting in favour of Don Juan against Philip.

Philip broke out into no reproaches: Escovedo was not warned. He was summoned to Madrid, where he was kept under various pretexts, and where the king received him warmly, without, however, allowing him to return to Don Juan. Escovedo was at first astonished; he then understood the fate which was reserved him; observing closely the court, and the men who surrounded him, he easily discovered the intimacy between the secretary of state and the favourite. This discovery reassured him. He saw in it a chance of safety, and a powerful weapon. He hoped to chain to him by terror the private secretary, who was the most influential man in the kingdom. But at the same time Antonio Perez received two different confidences, and found himself intrusted with two singularly opposite affairs.

On one hand, Escovedo said to him, "You deceive the king—I know it. The princess loves you, and you love her: I have proofs of it. Thus you are at my mercy. Treat me well, and I will spare you. Defend me against my enemies —I will be your friend.

On the other hand, Philip, having decided to get rid of Escovedo without noise and without *éclât (sin juycio, y sin preceder prision)*, said to Perez, "You will have that man destroyed, by whom and when you please, provided it is in secret. I command it."

One evening Escovedo was stabbed in the street. The assassins, engaged by Perez, paid by Philip, had wounded him mortally; an atrocious action, "which the code of absolute obedience to the king made a duty to me," says Perez; but which God avenged, and Antonio atoned for, by the calamities of his whole life. The latter, in his printed memoirs, confessing the murder, but without repentance and without scruples, imputes it entirely to his master, "who alone had an interest in it." This is not exact. Escovedo dead, freed Perez from too clear-sighted an observer, and too dangerous an enemy; the instrument, self-called a blind one, of the royal vengeance was also the artizan of his own security. But, to judge with perfect equity this bloody obedience of Perez, it is necessary to consider the situation he had created for himself: the threats of Escovedo, his talents and audacity, the knowledge which the young secretary had acquired of the character of Philip, the reports which had already spread respecting the connection between the favourite and the secretary of state—finally, all the terror and danger of the moment, the authority of a royal command, which no one resisted, and the impending ruin of the princess and Antonio.

The murder of Escovedo, which seemed to place Perez out of all danger, hastened his ruin. The family of the victim rose up, and public curiosity sought for those to whom the death of the murdered man could be productive of any advantage. The raillery which Escovedo had indulged in on the loves of the secretary and the favourite was remembered; public opinion designated those two persons. The king's spies brought him these reports. The situation of Perez then suddenly changed. Philip's suspicions blazing up at the testimony of his spies and the public report, he recognised the treble fraud with which his mistress, his courtier, and his confidant had surrounded him. These three persons, whom it was necessary to be rid of, possessed so many royal secrets that they could not be destroyed together and at one blow. Philip waited, and of all these personages—so passionate, so crafty, so ardent, and so formidable,—he was not the least embarrassed.

The son and widow of the deceased demanded vengeance; Perez demanded protection against his accusers; the calumniated princess insisted on reparation. The Escovedos wanted permission to drag the murderer to justice. Antonio Perez, when accused, reminded Philip that the murderer was the king, and the favourite did not comprehend the coldness and hatred which had succeeded so much love. To the supplicating letters of Perez, Philip replied by equivocal notes proving his embarrassments:—"I hope it will go no further.... I hope that all will end well.... *Meanwhile, take care of yourself*...." All these original letters of Philip profoundly characterise him, and they must be placed among the most curious monuments of modern history. It is worth seeing with what infinite patience the king prepares his revenge, opposing to the princess nothing but coldness—to Antonio Perez nothing but enigmatical words and embarrassment; persuading them both to silence, appearing willing to reconcile them with their enemies, and getting by means of cunning out of the difficulty into which he had fallen; employing to conduct all this intrigue his confessor, Fray Diego de Chaves, the same who had led Don Carlos to death; and finishing by throwing the haughty favourite who had deceived him into a fortress, and Antonio Perez into prison. But Perez's imprisonment was not a harsh one; Philip was too prudent to irritate the possessor of so formidable a secret. The king appeared to yield to the demands of the Escovedos. Everything led the secretary of state to believe that the king fulfilled the obligations of a painful situation, and endeavoured to dispel, by in a measure serving it, the anger of the offended family. Antonio's office was preserved to him—his friends visited him—he was only watched in his own house. During eight months things went on thus. During this apparent clemency, an action was noiselessly drawing up against Perez, quite apart from the accusation of murder, and relating to other points of a very slight nature, which were perverted from their true sense—transformed into state crimes—and sentenced with pecuniary and corporal punishments, without the smallest regard to the lightness of the charges. Philip II. killed his adversary with the greatest mildness; he bled him to death without appearing to touch him, by opening the smallest possible vein. Antonio perceived it; he raised his voice—his prison was made more severe. He fled—took sanctuary in a church—and was torn from it. His wife, then pregnant, was thrown into a dungeon. In order to subdue him entirely, he was put to the torture. At that very moment the king, in a little note, wrote to him *to have courage;* that *he would not be abandoned;* that *all would go better; and especially to mind and not confess that Escovedo had been killed by his order.* But the blindest must have opened their eyes to Philip's intentions. Antonio declared to the people who tortured him that he had commanded the murder, but by the express order of the king; that he still possessed the proofs of it; that more than a hundred letters from the king to him and from him to the king, all annotated and commented on by the latter, remained in his possession; that the venerable Escobar, who had deciphered Escovedo's letters, knew it likewise; and that he invoked in favour of his veracity—in favour of an involuntary confession, wrung from him by so much suffering, the judgment of God and men.

It would have been absurd to await after that the results of royal vengeance. Dona Joana Coello, his wife, who displayed heroic constancy throughout her husband's persecutions, assisted him to escape from prison. A friend—Gil de Mesa—cleared the road for him. At nine at night he met the alguazils in the street, spoke to them, and was not recognised. At last he reached the frontiers of Arragon, a kingdom still free, though under monarchical authority, and the first privilege of which obliges the king himself to submit to the authority of local laws. Whilst the gates of Saragossa opened to him, and offered him an asylum, his daughter, his infant children, and his wife—eight months advanced in pregnancy—were thrown into a dungeon. Notwithstanding his habitual dissimulation, Philip II. betrayed a fierce anxiety. He had neither been able to kill the secret nor the master of the secret. His *fool*, warranted by his office, exclaimed as he sat down to dinner—

"Why are you so sad, father? Antonio Perez has escaped; everybody rejoices at it; rejoice likewise."

The king tried by turns indulgence and cruelty. He set at liberty, for some days, Dona Joana and Dona Gregoria, the wife and daughter of Perez. One should read in the elegant narrative of Perez the heroic scenes of more than tragic depth and energy, which passed between these women and Antonio's persecutors. Dona Joana had some relations, nuns in the Dominican convent at Madrid. She knew that the king's confessor, one of the principal instigators of the persecution (Fray Diego de Chaves), was to be there on a certain day, and she awaited him there, as he passed before the high altar of the church. She stopped him, reminded him of the promise he had often made to save Perez, demanding justice with loud cries; representing to him the atrocity and injustice of which her husband was the victim. "But he remained deaf," says Antonio, "for his soul was deaf." "Then seeing the Holy Sacrament on the altar, and turning towards it, 'God,' said she, 'thou who seest and hearest everything, I demand justice of this man—justice of this iniquity—justice and testimony in my favour!' The priest remained pale and dumb, as if thunderstruck; and after a few moments' stupor he exclaimed—'Let the mother prioress and the principal persons of the convent be called, and let them all come.' When they were assembled, every one approached the grating of the choir, and the priest protested before them of the efforts he had made with the king, of his good will to Perez, and of his powerlessness in constraining the royal will. But (it is Antonio who speaks) there is no master in the world like grief and fidelity. Joana replied to the confessor, 'What you can do? I will tell you: refuse him absolution, and retire to your cell until he performs justice. You will be greater there than you are here. You are the confessor, the king is guilty, I am offended; and though he has a crown on his head, I tell you you are more powerful than he is!' The confessor was silent; truth strikes dumb."

Such are the words of Antonio Perez, whose entire narrative is stamped with this energetic grandeur. But let us return to his history.

Perez had rightly guessed that the Arragonese people, jealous of its liberty, discontented with Philip, would defend with their blood the life of the man who demanded their protection. Philip and his ministers plotted several intrigues to detach Perez from his new protectors—and it was in vain. Witnesses suborned, money scattered, diplomatists set to work, only irritated the public mind. Antonio Perez soon became the true head of the people in an insurrection. The Inquisition, to serve the king's interests, endeavoured to seize him, and removed him into the ancient palace of the Moorish kings, L'Aljufera, which had become its palace. Heaps of wool were placed around the Aljufera, which the people threatened to burn if Antonio Perez was not restored to them. He was brought back in triumph to the house he occupied; and all the citizens armed in favour of justice and the exile. His domains and revenues were confiscated; he was fed by the people. "A fruit woman, whose gown," he says, "had more darns in it than pieces of the original material, and more children than her gown had darns, sold her apples and oranges two yards from my house. She brought me regularly every day a basket of fruit; and I was much astonished to find one morning, under the fruit, ten *reals*, doubtless the only ones she possessed." The alcaldes put to flight or killed—the vice king forced to submit to the popular law—the gates and ramparts guarded by young men, left the king no other means of quelling the rebellion than by sending an army against them. Perez mounted on horseback with his faithful friend, Gilde Mesa, and retired, as the Spaniards say, "on the mountain." He afterwards reappeared at Saragossa; but soon, on the approach of Philip's army, Perez and his friend were obliged to live a second time under the shelter of the neighbouring rocks. From thence he passed into France, staid some time at Pau, where Catharine of Bourbon received him very kindly, and went to see Henri Quatre, who enjoyed his conversation, his talent, and experience, and gave him a pension. He then travelled to England—obtained the protection of Elizabeth and the friendship of the Earl of Essex; and spent the rest of his life at Paris, busy editing and publishing his memoirs, curious on more than one account, and which became universally popular.

MAXIMILIAN ROBESPIERRE:

HIS LIFE AND OPINIONS.*

BY PERCY B. ST. JOHN.

CHAPTER III.—ROBESPIERRE AT VERSAILLES—IN PARIS—AND IN THE ASSEMBLY.

To me nothing would be more delightful than to follow step by step the career of this remarkable man, to whom historians and critics generally are beginning to do a tardy meed of justice;† the intimate and private life, the inner man as it were, paints the historic picture far more completely than the public life alone. To know Robespierre at the Convention, at the Jacobins, in the committees, is to know but the results; it is in his correspondence, in his private existence, that we come at the man. I have lately been favoured with the perusal of a MS.—the result of thirty years' labour—in which much interesting matter is given on this eminent democrat. My limits, however, compel me to be brief; in another place I hope to bring this personage, and others of the same period, fully before the British public.‡

It is impossible properly to comprehend Robespierre, unless the French revolution and its causes be familiar as household words to the reader's mind. There are many events and acts in his life, which demand an intimate acquaintance with the spirit of the times. Society corrupted by a nobility whose men were satyres, whose women were Messalinas; to whom debauchery was life—a people ignorant, hungry, and wretched, was not to be regenerated as an aviary of sucking doves might have been. A storm was necessary, and as a writer expresses it, so earnest were Robespierre and other republicans to efface the past, and raise France in the scale of nations, that they sacrificed their reputations on the national altar, rather than not complete their task. Such stern and earnest patriotism is only to be understood by the dreadful position of France, and is very different from the soft and silky devotion of Lafayette and the other middle-class men, who shrank alarmed and horror-struck when they saw that the working classes were bent on obtaining the same rights which the first leaders of the revolution intended should be monopolised by the shopocracy.

Whenever a country, by misgovernment, by bankruptcy, by peculation, by the universal corruption of public and private morals, by the total destruction of religious feeling, is reduced to the position of France in 1789, either it must fall, as did the prodigious fabric of the Roman empire, or it must find men to shake and rouse it, as did the patriots of the revolution.

When the assembly met, their task was rude. The country was without laws, taxation was an arbitrary attribute of the sovereign, the aristocracy, by their crimes too horrible to be alluded to, had demoralised the nation; the Regent and Louis XV. had introduced a state of things on a par with the life of the brute creation—the clergy were a political and idle body, wholly bent on pleasure; the highest dignitaries outraged decency itself in their criminal practices. What the people were, need not be inquired into; they are always the creatures, in monarchies, of the great. Their crimes during the revolution rest on the heads of the kings and nobles who corrupted them, and the priests who abandoned their flocks to revel in vice;* or rather the whole was a judgment of an indignant God on the most vile and sensual upper class which ever existed.

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* Continued from page 93.

† See the last number of the *Edinburgh Review* for an able sketch of the character of Robespierre, which is remarkable as an unwilling tribute to his greatness. France swarms with pamphlets about him. I have just received "Le Robespierre de M. de Lamartine," par Fabien Pillet, and I have the prospectus of "Robespierre et'la Reforme electorale" par M. Lambert.

‡ In "A History of the French Revolution," the commencement of which will appear before the expiration of many months.

Robespierre found himself a young man, a member of the first parliament of his native land. He was ambitious, as are all men above the ordinary calibre—vulgar, and mediocre minds will always be found decrying ambition, too vast a passion for their comprehension—but surrounded by men of genius, some popular, some not, the obscure lawyer, unknown in Paris, was unseen at first. But while others were talking, he was learning. The opening of the States general, the insolence of the nobles, the splendid oratorical displays of Mirabeau, Sieyes, &c., the imprudence of the king, the folly of Marie Antoinette, the guilty treachery of the court, the conspiracy to stifle the parliament, the famous *Serment du Jeu de Paume*, the dismissal of Necker, the insurrection of Paris on the 14th July, the taking of the Bastille—all passed without an attempt on the part of Robespierre to speak. Other and popular men occupied universal attention. But on the 20th July Lally Tolendal imagined a proclamation calling on all good citizens to order, lauding the king for his good intentions, and treating rather severely those who had risen to punish the enemies of their country. The deputy for Arras could now no longer remain silent, and we read in the *Moniteur*:†—

"M. Robespierre: It is well to love peace, but liberty should also not be forgotten. Let us first analyse the motion of M. Lally. It begins by expressing an opinion against those who have defended liberty. But what is more legitimate than to rise against a horrible conspiracy, organised for the ruin of the country? . . . Let us do nothing with precipitation; how can we be sure that the enemies of the state are for ever disgusted with intrigue?"

Robespierre's first speech is thus made to defend the conquerors of the Bastille, and the other wretched populations of France, who, starved, through the fault of a reckless government, rose in pure desperation against their oppressors. And in those days nothing more thankless could be conceived than to defend the masses. Mirabeau, Sieyes, the Lameths, Lafayette—all these men were devoted, as I have urged, exclusively to the middle classes; as were the whole of that brilliant but impracticable party known as the Girondins.

In this instance Robespierre was listened to, the motion being only adopted several days after, with great modifications. The revolutionary impulse continued in Paris. A number of letters, compromising great personages, were seized in the possession of M. de Castelnau, and much noise was made about violating the secrets of correspondence. Robespierre then, as ever, urged that no measures should be kept with conspirators, for such conduct was treason to the people. His opinion of Necker, then at the acme of his popularity, was also openly expressed. He called him the sentimental banker, and could never understand the patriotism of a man who "swam in gold" while the masses were starving.

"When he arrived at Versailles," says the author of "Memoirs," "he knew in the assembly but his colleagues of Artois. A stranger to those in power, he had no connection with them, nor any desire to form any. Nevertheless there was among the ministers a man, whose popularity was such, that he could without any suspicion of corruption frequent his saloons. This was Necker. He saw him, and was received with the ceremonious politeness of a man who thinks himself very far above the homage paid to him."

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* Most valuable information on the causes of the French revolution will be found in "Memoires tirees des Archives de la police de Paris, pour servir a l'histoire de la morale, et de la police, depuis Louis XIV., a nos jours," par J. Peuchet, archiviste de la Police. It will be seen by this work, that the fiends and furies of the guillotine were white as lambs beside the monarchs, nobles, and priests whose lives are laid bare by the police.

† "Hist., Parl., de la Rev. F." vol. II., p. 145.

While at Versailles Robespierre joined the Breton Club, formed by a number of moderate revolutionists, and which served to keep them together. From this there off-shot the great Jacobin Club. He also wrote for the *Union*, a democratic paper.

In the Assembly he continued to be active. Efforts were on one occasion made to save some men guilty of the most atrocious conspiracies against France. Mirabeau called upon the Assembly to punish them, and Robespierre supported him. "Would you," said he, "calm the people?—then speak to them the language of calmness and reason. Let them be sure that its enemies shall not escape the vengeance of the laws, and sentiments of justice will succeed to those of hatred."

Still the part he took in the discussions was yet insignificant. The revolutionary impulse had not yet been communicated to the legislature. During the night of the 4th of August, when the last remnant of expiring feudalism was voted defunct by acclamation, he was silent. During the long discussion of the Constitution, no opinion of his is recorded until the liberty of the press was mooted. He then said: "You should not hesitate frankly to declare the liberty of the press. It is never the attribute of free men to pronounce their right in an ambiguous manner; every modification should be rejected from the Constitution. Despotism alone imagined restrictions, and it is thus that it succeeded in attenuating our rights. . . . There is not a tyrant on earth who would not sign the article modified as is that that has been presented to you. The liberty of the press is an inseparable part of the right to freely communicate one's thoughts." But the Assembly was still ruled by the moderates, and full liberty to the press was not allowed. During the long discussion on the Constitution he seldom spoke; but when the article taxation was discussed, he addressed the Assembly in favour of this power residing wholly in the hands of the people.* And again, on the 28th August, he tried to address them on a point of form; but though backed by Mirabeau, was put down by clamour.† But the Palais Royal patriots, the politicians of the celebrated Cafè Foy, the Parisians in general were fermenting, and the revolutionary movement gained ground. Until the people are powerful Robespierre must remain silent; for who can listen to the young lawyer, when for the same money they can hear princes, viscounts, earls, and other nobles? But still his speech on the royal veto was not without effect. I extract a curious passage:—

"Do not quote the example of England. . . . I will not tell you that the French nation, at liberty to choose for their country a constitution worthy of her and of the enlightenment of the age, need not servilely copy an institution born in days of ignorance, of necessity, and during the wars of factions. . . . I would tell you that your nation, placed in difficult circumstances, is not capable of supporting the essential vice of the English constitution, which England herself recognises, and which would necessarily stifle French liberty in its cradle. The English have admirable civil laws which temper to a certain point the inconveniences of their political laws; yours were dictated by the genius of despotism, and you have not reformed them. The situation of England exempts her from the necessity of keeping up those immense military forces which render an executive so terrible to liberty; your position forces you to adopt this perilous precaution. Frequent revolutions, long and terrible combats between the nation and the king, have given the English a vigorous character, energetic habits, and that salutary suspicion which is the best safeguard of liberty. Perhaps it would be presumptuous to think that we, who have not gone through anything like so many trials, should have cured ourselve wholly of that lightness of character of which we have been hitherto suspected. Lastly, England has succeeded in escaping from *that hydra of Aristocracy, which fattens on the substance of the people*, and prides itself in its own humiliation; among us it still lives; it holds up its hundred thousand heads, all menacing, and meditates new plots to re-establish power on the ruins of liberty, and perhaps on the vices of our dawning constitution."

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* "Hist. Parl.," II., 344.

† *Idem.*, p. 347.

In the latter part of this speech—which I am more anxious to quote as being very rare [*]—he shows great knowledge of his countrymen:—

"Lastly, such is the character and position of the French people, that an excellent constitution, by developing that public spirit and that energy which is premised by the remembrance of our long outrages, and the progress of enlightenment, may lead them in a short time to liberty; but in a vicious constitution one loophole left open to despotism and aristocracy must necessarily replunge them into a slavery the more indestructible that it will be cemented by the constitution itself."

Meanwhile, Lafayette, Bailly, and the other leaders of the Moderates had obtained a temporary dictatorship in Paris; they began by dissipating the political meetings in the Palais Royal, by dispersing the patriots of the Café Foy, by persecuting the journalists of the people—it was now Marat began to hide in a cellar—and to violently assault the starving mobs who collected round the butchers and bakers. But famine was at work and the emigration had already begun—two things which exasperated the people, and with the treachery of the court spoiled the peaceful flow of the revolution. Foreign troops were brought to Versailles to intimidate the Parliament, the king was to fly to Metz and dissolve the assembly, and all the rest of that mad conspiracy of Marie Antoinette, Louis XVIII., and Charles X., as they were to be called, was made apparent. Hence the days of the 5th and 6th October, which began the terrible career of the revolution. The chief leaders of these days were Camille Desmoulins, Danton, Marat, and others; but Robespierre, quietly residing at Versailles, had nothing to do with these scenes of violence and disorder, the natural result, however, of the baseness of those in high places.[†]

It is probable that had the revolution been allowed by the Court to take its original course, as it would have triumphed in a quiet and reasonable manner, so would the democratic party have remained in their original obscurity. The conspiracies of the Court, the famine which resulted from panic and the infamous system of the *accapareurs*,[‡] were with the stern patriotism of such men as Robespierre, the first elements of their popularity. While others were courting the king, or the middle classes, Robespierre always stood up for the people; and though he had nothing to do with the days of the 5th and 6th October, still it cannot be doubted, he, with all other extreme men, rejoiced at an event which placed the Assembly under the safeguard of the people in Paris.

In Paris! Robespierre was now in his element. There he had the materials at hand for fulfilling the cherished hope of his soul. As has truly been said, he was as sincere a political fanatic as ever Luther was a religious; and here he could see the people in all their misery, and be kept alive in his patriotic intentions. But his time is not yet come, he takes little part in action. He, however, mixes with his fellow men, and particularly at Madame Roland's. Lamartine, who before he terminated his late singular work, learned to think better of Robespierre, thus sketches his life in Paris, shortly after the removal of the King and Legislature from Versailles. Premising that in my opinion Madame Roland did far more to spoil the revolution than Marat himself, not from wickedness, but because the Girondins were weak enough to be guided by her counsels, always fatal when not silly, I make an extract.

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[*] It appears neither in the *Moniteur* nor the "Hist. Parl." I have it before me in a pamphlet corrected by Robespierre's own hand.

[†] See Lamartine's "Girondins," Henri Raisson, Louis Blanc, Michelet, and other recent histories.

[‡] See "Hist. Parlem. de la revolution Francaise", vol. ii., pp. 480, &c. Also an extraordinary article in "*Les Francais sous la revolution*," p. 145.

"There is a sinister curiosity to notice the first impression made on Madame Roland by the man who warmed her bosom, and, conspiring with her, was one day to tear all power from the hands of her friends, immolate them in one mass, and send her to the scaffold.* No repulsive sentiment seemed to warn this woman that she was conspiring her own death, in conspiring to raise Robespierre. If she feels any vague fear, this fear is at once stifled by a pity akin to contempt. Robespierre appears to her an honest man. In favour of his principles, she forgives him his vile language and his fastidious manner." These are faults which Lamartine afterwards denies. "Robespierre, like every man with a fixed idea, with one ruling thought, was a bore. She remarked, moreover, that he was always meditative at these meetings, that he did not put himself forward, that he listened to all opinions before he promulgated his own, which he gave without taking the trouble to give any reasons. Like all inferior men, his conviction appeared sufficient reason."†

But in the Assembly he was more active. On the 5th of October he had denounced the King's reply as evasive and unconstitutional; on the 8th he proposed, amidst screams of laughter, the following *formula* for the promulgation of laws. "Louis, by the grace of God and by the will of the nation, King of the French, to all the citizens of the French empire: People, this is the law which your representatives have made, and to which I have attached the royal seal."‡ On the 21st we find him expressing himself as follows:—"The deputies of the commune have now drawn an afflicting picture; they have asked for bread and soldiers. Those who have watched the revolution have foreseen the point to which we have now come; they foresaw that food would be wanting, that you would be pointed out to the people as their only resource; they foresaw that terrible situations would require you to ask for violent measures; that at the same time they may immolate you and liberty. They ask for bread and soldiers; that is to say, the people in crowds ask for bread—give us soldiers to disperse the people."§

On the 22nd Robespierre, true to his mission as a friend of the people, spoke as follows, on the question of qualifications for an elector:—"Every citizen, no matter who he may be, has every right to pretend to every degree of representation. Nothing is more in conformity with your declaration of rights, before which every privilege, every distinction, every exception, should disappear. The Constitution establishes that sovereignty resides in the people, and in every individual of the people. Every individual has then a right to concur in the law by which he is obliged, and in the administration of public affairs which are his own; if not, it is untrue that all men are equal before the law, that every man is a citizen. If he who only pays taxes equivalent to a day's labour has less rights than he who pays taxes equivalent to three days' labour, he who pays the value of ten days has far more right than he who pays but three; hence he who has a hundred thousand francs income has a hundred times as many rights as he who has only a thousand francs. It results from your decrees, that every citizen has a right to concur in making the laws; and hence he may be elected, and eligible as a member, without distinction of fortune."‖

This neat and clear statement at once separated Robespierre from the Girondins, those delicate republicans, who feared the contact of the people, and who desired to overthrow the monarchy for the benefit of the middle classes. Between an electoral qualification—which then, as now, in France, would have made representation a farce—and the universal suffrage of Robespierre, lay the cause of his popularity and their fall. In this also lies the secret of much of the opprobrium cast on the memory of the Member for Arras. An advocate of universal suffrage, one who believes a man to be a man, no matter if he wear fustian or velvet, will never be popular with pamphleteers and placemen; they prefer the Girondins, Brissot, the libeller, Louvet and Laclos, the debauched and profligate novelists—Mirabeau, stained by every vice—Buzot, Barbaroux, hot-headed and vain enthusiasts, who spouted patriotism in parlours—Vergniaud, the splendid dreamer,—to the actors, to the stern and earnest Robespierre, St. Just and Lebar, who pursued the cause of the people, through good and evil report, to the guillotine.

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* This is a summary decision of the whole question. Lamartine afterwards allows that Robespierre suffered these things, but did not cause them.

† "Girondins," vol. ii., pp. 35, 36, 37, &c.

‡ "Hist. Parl." iii., 140.

§ "Hist. Parl. Rev. F.," iii., 201.

‖ "Parl. Hist.," iii., 213.

The Assembly was now divided into three very marked bodies—the Patriots (Montagnards and Girondins), the Moderates, and the Aristocrats. Of the first were all the great names of these days, amongst whom the Mountain, so great afterwards, were scarce noticed, hidden by the splendid talents of their showy rivals. The nobles, however, by the fatal emigration, were strengthening every hour the hands of the revolution. This wicked desertion of their country was the cause of much after crime. Robespierre demanded that all passports should be refused. During the course of the months of November, December, and January, he spoke in favour of the admission of Jews and actors to the rights of citizenship, for the admission of Corsica to a department of France, and took part also in very many other debates. But before entering into the interesting detail of the private life of Robespierre at this period, I must give the whole of one speech, which is an answer to many of the charges brought against him. If he did not succeed in carrying his measure the blame rests not with him, but with the Assembly, which left a law in force which the revolution subsequently made such terrible use of.

"The news being brought to Athens that certain citizens had been condemned to death in the City of Argos, the people hurried to the temple, and there conjured the gods to avert from the Athenians such cruel and fatal thoughts. I come here to pray, not the gods, but the legislators, who should be the organs and interpreters of the eternal laws which the Divinity has dictated to man, to efface from the code of France those bloody laws which ordain judicial murders, and which are wholly in opposition to our new constitution and habits. I wish to prove that the punishment of death is essentially unjust—that it is not the most efficacious of punishments, and that it multiplies crimes far more than it represses them. Without the pale of civilised society, let a furious enemy seek my life—or twenty times repulsed, still persevere in ravaging the field which my hands have cultivated—since I can only oppose my individual powers to his, I must slay him or perish; the law of self-defence justifies and approves me. But in society, when the force of all is armed against one, what principle of justice can authorise us to put him to death? What necessity can absolve us? A conqueror who slays his captive enemies is called a barbarian. A man who murders an infant, whom he can disarm and punish, appears a monster. A criminal, whom society condemns, is to her at most a vanquished and powerless enemy; he is before her more feeble than an infant before a man. Thus, in the eyes of truth and justice, these scenes of death which we order with so much pomp are nothing but cowardly assassinations—nothing but solemn crimes, committed not by individuals, but by whole nations, under the sanction of legal forms. But however cruel and extravagant may be laws, be not astonished at them. They are the work of a few tyrants; they are the chains which crush humanity; they are the arms with which they subjugate it; they were written with blood. 'It is illegal to put a Roman citizen to death.' Such was the law as made by the people; but Sylla triumphs, and says, 'All those who have carried arms against me are worthy of death.' Octavius and his companions confirmed this law. Under Tiberius, to have praised Brutus was a crime worthy of death. Caligula condemned to death those who had been sacrilegious enough to undress before the image of the emperor. When tyranny had invented crimes of high treason, always either trifles or heroisms, who dared even think of a punishment less than death? When fanaticism, born of the monstrous union of ignorance and despotism, invented, in its turn, crimes of high treason against Heaven—when, in its delirium, it conceived the idea of avenging God himself, was it not necessary to offer up blood also, and drag the Divinity down to a level with those monsters whom they called his images? 'The punishment of death is necessary,' say the partisans of the antique and barbarous routine; 'without it there is no check sufficiently powerful over crime.' Who has told you so? Have you calculated all the springs by which penal laws can act on human sensibility? Alas! before death how much physical and moral suffering cannot a man endure! The desire of life gives way to pride, the most imperious of all the passions which master the heart of man—the most terrible of all punishments for social man is opprobrium, is the crushing testimony of public execration. When the Legislature can attain the citizen on so many sides, and in so many ways, why must we think the punishment of death necessary? Punishment was not intended to torture the guilty, but to prevent crime by fear of its being incurred. The legislator who prefers death, and other atrocious *peines*, to the gentler means in his power, outrages public delicacy, blunts the moral sentiment of the people he governs, like the skilless tutor, who, by the frequent use of severe chastisement, brutalises and degrades the soul of his pupil; in fine, he wears out and weakens the springs of government by too much tension. The legislator who adopts this punishment renounces the salutary principle that the most efficacious mode of repressing crime is to adopt the *peines* to the character of the different passions which have produced them, and to punish them, as it were, by themselves. He confounds all ideas—he troubles all connection, and openly violates the very end of penal laws. You say that the punishment of death is necessary? If so, how is it that many nations have done without it?—by what fatality have these people been the wisest, the most happy, and the freest? If the punishment of death tend to prevent great crimes, there where it has been nurtured they will of course be rarest. It is precisely the contrary. See Japan. Nowhere has the punishment of death and executions been more frequent; and nowhere are crimes more rife or more atrocious. One would think that the Japanese sought to rival in ferocity the barbarous laws which outrage and irritate them. The republics of Greece,* where punishments were more moderate, where the punishment of death was infinitely rare or absolutely unknown, offered they the spectacle of more crimes or less virtues than countries governed by laws of blood? Think you that Rome was soiled by more guilt when, in the days of her glory, the Porcian law annihilated the severe punishments instituted by the kings and decemvirs, than she was when Sylla revived them, and when under the emperors the rigour of the law was on a par with their infamous tyranny? Has Russia been ruined since the despot who governs it has abolished the punishment of death, as if he wished to expiate by this act of humanity and philosophy the crime of keeping so many millions of men beneath the yoke of absolute power? Listen to the voice of justice and reason. . . . If you had imagined the most perfect judicial proceedings—had you discovered the most enlightened and just of judges, there will always remain room for error and prejudice. Why deny yourself the means of repairing them?—why render it impossible for you to hold out your hands to succour oppressed innocence?"

If afterwards Robespierre, under the influence of the revolution, with all Europe thundering at the door of France—with traitors everywhere—with the *élite* of the country in arms against the children of the soil—with baseness and cowardice everywhere,—struggling to preserve France from the curse of tyranny, made terrible use of death, the fault lies with those who left him the power. Robespierre asked the Legislature to remove the punishment of death from the statute book—the Legislature refused. When ruling France, without an hour's safety for his life, he seized the weapon which the law had insisted on leaving him. Some say that he used it recklessly—others that he did his best on all occasions to prevent bloodshed; unlike the tiger Marat, who revelled in sanguinary acts.*

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* See "Manners and Customs of Ancient Greece," by James Augustus St. John.

THE GRUMBLER.

BY A RETIRED FIELD OFFICER.

I CANNOT stand this infernal nuisance longer. If not "used up" I am *ground out* regularly. May the curse of Cromwell attend the first inventor of street organs! In boyhood, I venerated the ponderous instrument that bore the name. Grand in its own magnitude, and all around in noble keeping, as it thundered its "deep diapason" through "fretted arch" and pillared aisle, while the glorious inspirations of that mighty master Handel, issuing from its massive pipes, happily accorded with the holy dome it volumed over. Could they find no other name for the beastly box with which that saffron-faced vagabond disturbs the whole community?

There is a railway surveyor lodging over me on the next floor, and an elderly gentlewoman, of decided piety, located in the parlours. Between both, I am in that pleasant position which sailors irreverently describe as being between "the devil and the deep sea." The railway man has come to town about his bubble, and brought a blowsy wife to collect the fashions and view the wax-works. An idiotic country girl and an over-fed two-year-old complete the party. When he of the theodolite proceeds matudinally to the office of Messieurs Scampington, Solicitors to the Do-em-brown Grand Junction with the Swindlesex, and before himself and his tin case have rounded the next corner, a swarthy scoundrel in a conical hat advances, takes post beneath my window, and rests his mahogany abomination on a staff. At the first revolution of the handle, up go the sash frames of the second floor. *Madame Mere* occupies one window, and the fat child and idiot nurse take possession of the other. "The minstrel boy" opens with *Nora Creena*, and the butcher's ditto—first shop round the corner—at the second bar, grounds his meat-tray, and producing a couple of mutton-bones, accompanies the foreign *artiste*. *The Polka* succeeds: and the next musical offering is made to the pious lady in the parlour by the performance of the 139th psalm! What a pleasing relief to an ear already half distracted, and what exhilirating reminiscences are brought to memory by a tune, with which for the last century, every private soldier who issued feet-foremost from a barrack-gate has been played to the next grave-yard! The duet is interrupted—the knight of the cleaver has taken alarm at the well-known clatter of his apprentice's castanets, and steals slyly round the corner, whip in hand. The doubled lash springs from the back of the young musician, the psalm ends in a yell of consternation, as, catching up his tray, the artist upon bones levants at speed, before a second visitation of the whipcord can be administered by his master. The morning concert ends with "Tow! row! row!" From the parlour window, the lady of decided piety rewards psalm 139 with a penny, but "Tow, row, row" secures a double offering from the second floor. With an air of defiance, I scorned a retreat from the casement of the first floor, and the ululation of the Neophyte was indeed "music to mine ear." Unabashed by a look that spoke daggers, the organ-grinder addressed to me an "oh! messieur," and though a scowl dark as Erebus answered the entreaty, he walked away provokingly impassive. The Irish and the Savoyards are a patient, long-suffering, and persecuted race. God help them! Like Saxon repudiation of her Celtic debts, everybody owes money to these industrious minstrels, and instead of clearing off the score, nobody will admit the claim. * * * * *

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* In the concluding chapter I shall briefly sketch "Robespierre at Home—Robespierre in the Jacobin—and Robespierre in power." To paint minutely every act of his life, would occupy the *Mirror* pages during several years. For my part I should not be weary, but I doubt the patience of my readers.

"To what uses may we not return," I thought, as I looked at the particoloured scaramouch in Astley's arena, and asked myself, whether Heaven had ever created a Merry-Andrew? All there, was now, as it had been half a century before. The clown was perpetrating atrocious pleasantries, and the master of the circle flogging him for the same. "Blessed Mary can it be?" There, and in the flesh too, stands the identical personage who regulated the ring the winter before I tilted at Waterloo! Thirty-two long years have passed; and in that long interval, how many a lean and slippered Pantaloon has thrown his last summerset! Yet there stands that septegenarian, raddled to the eyes, and to parodise Moore's line, "the best wigged *ass* in Christendom." I pity him! Why should I? He is happy: nay, more than happy. Mark his smile of self-approval, as, in his own estimation, the "cynosure of wondering eyes," the antiquated hussar presents, front and rear, his simulated embroidery, as he follows the movements of the equestrian—the centre of his action being the centre of the saw-dust; while his adjunct fool tumbles occasionally over the area of the pit. His occupation is simple—like the upright shaft of a horse-mill, he *pirouettes* as the pie-bald goes round. Now stimulating a lazy horse to fresh exertion, and again, eliciting the season-jest of the wretched man, who pokes an elbow into his sides to inquire after his mother; and for that civility the pig-tailed wretch is rewarded with a lash.

And yet these mimes and fools are proverbially happy. Poor Simpson, *nomen venerabile;* although Widdicomb might be his father, had the birth of either been traceable, laboured under a delusion that no one could enjoy a Vauxhall supper without a bow, hat in hand, and an inquiry were delivered "if all were right." See Baron Nathan, at Rosherville, as he leads out a Thames-street *debûtante*—her first appearance in public and a polka. The Baron smiles a gracious encouragement to the neophyte, rectifies a false movement, leads her through the mazes of the dance, and returns the fair one to her mamma, who, with breathless anxiety has quivered as the Baron made the grand round, and now with triumphant exultation has seen all she hoped fully realised in the opening presentation to the *beau monde* of Miss Victoria Adeliza Smithers.

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I plead guilty to childhood of larger growth; admit a predilection for a pantomime, and enjoy its street row as heartily as any ten-year-old in the house. I do not object to a melo-drama, provided it has plenty of "startling situations" and ends with a "terrific combat." The domestic drama is my abhorrence, and were the choice permitted between a black draught and an act at one of the minors in which humble virtue is depicted, give me the former as the easier swallowed of the two. How truthful to nature is the beautiful delusion when one listens while a journeyman-carpenter out-sentimentalises the Prince of Denmark, and the artless innocencies of rustic purity issue from the lips of a lady with a complexion carmined by potations the reverse of "thin," and with an obesity of condition which indicate beyond dispute that her situation is an "interesting one."

There are two dramatic reminiscences for ever impressed upon my memory. John Kemble's* demand from within of "Who's there?" when Weazle knocks at his cottage door can never be forgotten. Accidental circumstances also made the impression lasting. It was the first time I had seen that glorious actor—or, I may add, any Thespian temple more extensive than the large room of a country hostelrie. The second theatrical recollection was imprinted on my mind's

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* Penruddock, in *The Wheel of Fortune.*

e cattle-fair of Ballinasloe. Owenson was then the leader of a migratory
hose histrionic exertions were generally confined to that pleasant dis-
ward of the Shannon, called Connaught. On the opening night, I re-
Lady Morgan sang a comic song, and her sister, Lady Clark, executed
hornpipe. The grand attraction of the night, however, was the tragedy
as; Norval, by a young gentleman, his first appearance upon any stage.
l was an aspiring youth, who, disregarding the vulgar restrictions
genius fetters" broke through parental authority and his indentures,
he disconsolate grocer, his father, in Dublin-street, Athlone, to mourn
l cleaned out and a lost heir. He hurried after the *corps dramatique*,
se acting he had been fascinated, found them under canvass in the fair-
esented himself as a recruit, and was received by all with open arms.
enson was rather short-handed at the time, for Lady Teazle was in the
d his leader in the heavy line snug in Bridewell under a strong sus-
picking pockets. The stars of the company were thus placed in tem-
lipse, and as the young grocer would cost nothing, the manager con-
im "a card:" while his having prudently robbed the till before he le-
deared him to every member of the *troupe*.

agic trump in Jack Owenson's establishment was a Mrs. Montagu St.
l, as was very natural for a mother to do, she immediately took charge
ing image of the murdered Douglas. Accommodation during the fair
ot to be had in Ballinasloe for love or money, and with maternal solici-
brought the young grocer to a sky-parlour in the suburbs, held in
pancy by herself, Glenalvon, Old Norval, a man who ate fire, and a
log. The weather was not amiss for a Connaught September, and all
ed comfortably on the carpet,—the renegade grocer finding the supplies,
return, Mrs. Montague St. Clair was kinder to him than a bad step-
-Glenalvon gave him valuable instructions in recitation—and the fire-
a the dog, commenced with him a course of sleight of hand, after pro-
y pledging his word of honour that his pupil, the levanter, should
ummerset within the fortnight!

are not built in a day," says an old saw, old as Rome itself, and a
n a ragged carpet, during which three quarts of excellent whiskey
re have been fairly discussed, is not sufficient to perfect a young gentle-
age business. "Nothing like leather in fortification," is a truism, and
rish set-to there is no balm like a hair of the dog that bit you; a *dé-*
eef steaks was followed by a jug of *scalteeine*,* which rendered the
ve the runaway grocer, "right as a trivet." *Scalteeine* is the finest cor-
e on earth for a Connaught stomach—everybody says that—but as a
c, I never heard it celebrated. Glenalvon went out to post bills—old
o try what he could do as a shipwrecked mariner—the dog-fancier had
g engagement at a puppet-show—and Lady Randolph, with the pledge
liest affections, was left alone.

attached relatives diversified their study from a tattered play, by rincing
ats occasionally with a little of the pure element, but to guard against
nconvenience from the cold, Mrs. Montague St. Clair prudently intro-
at she termed *a sketch* of spirits to the water, "merely to take the colour
from the same." Evening advanced, and would that the study of
orval had progressed with the march of time. His courage and memory
l together, and to restore both, Lady Randolph, as the trying hour
, made an alteration in the admixture, diminishing the water, but in-
he *sketches* considerably.

rtain rose, and her ladyship was discovered in great distress, leaning
ide scene. The soliloquy commenced, and her affecting appeal to the

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legant preparation is peculiar to the kingdom of Connaught. It consists of
r, black pepper, an onion, and a pint of whiskey. These ingredients are
ther and bolted by the patient—the hotter the better.

"woods and wilds," was sorely interrupted by an obstinate hiccough. "Spake plain!" cried one gentleman in the pit. "Come forward!" shouted another. Now attention to the first request the lady found impossible, and compliance with the second would have been particularly imprudent. "She's blind drunk," observed a personage in the stage-box. "It's only the grief that's choking the crature," returned another; "Give her another cropper, and it will put her right," said a third; while, amidst a general chorus of "Manager!" and "music!" Mrs. Montague St. Clair was dragged behind the fly, O.P., while Mr. Owenson came on from P.S., to apologise for Lady Randolph's "sudden indisposition." "Oh! holy Moses! what a wopper!" ejaculated an old woman: "Draw it mild, Owenson," said another of the audience. "Have ye anybody in the house that has the use of their tongues?" inquired another. "Give us '*The night before Larry was stretched!*' or send your daughter out to dance a jig!" "Ladies and gentlemen! for Heaven's sake let the tragedy proceed," said the manager, submissively. "Where the devil is the use of more gammon?" responded one of the dissentients; "don't you see Glenalvon can't stand?" Some groaned, others applauded, boys whistled, the unhappy manager implored indulgence. At last, the tempest lulled, and while wet towels were wrapped round Lady Randolph's head behind the scenes in the faint hope of restoring her to partial sobriety, her son and his putative father were brought into the presence of her lord.

Little did Mr. Owenson imagine that in his disinterested attempt to bring youthful talent into notice he was perpetrating, as far as property went, an act of *felo-de-se.* Old Norval bowed gracefully to the haughty baron, and his son, who stood at the slip, in mortal fear and stupified by liquor, was pushed on from behind, and desired to give an account of himself. Alas! a young gentleman who had forgotten his own name could give Lord Randolph but little information touching his birth, parentage, and education. He stared wildly round, attempted to stammer what the prompter very audibly directed him to repeat, but *vox in faucibus hesit!* "Oh, blur an nouns!" exclaimed a voice from the stage-box; "the son is drunker than his mother. The ould woman could have got on, barring the hiccough; but that divil can't spake at all, at all. Give him in charge."

This was the fatal signal for a renewal of hostilities, and

"The war that for a time did fail,
Now, doubly thundering, swelled the gale,
And *Norval* was the cry!"

A riot, in Ireland, would at any time draw more money than a tragedy: all was rife for one, and a mischievous boy, who, by happy foresight, had come provided with a dead cat, discharged the same at such of the *dramatis personæ* as still held the boards. With dramatic licence, the property-man had represented the "melancholy gloom" of a Highland forest, by a finely-executed back-scene, depicting Nelson receiving his death wound on the quarter-deck of the Victory! The cat shaved Lord Randolph's head, passed clean through the expiring hero of the Nile, and lodged in the maternal bosom of Mrs. Montague St. Clair, who was a patient under water-cure, immediately in the rear of the wounded admiral. A shower of apples, turf, potatoes, stools, and other missiles succeeded, while by tearing away a principal supporter, the canvass roof, and not the curtain, fell on a crowded and delighted audience.

The men swore awfully, as they used to swear in Flanders, and "murder! murder!" was responded from the fair sex. Although but a young soldier then, "coming events had thrown their shadows before," and when I saw the two fiddlers who composed the orchestra, to preserve their Cremonas from certain destruction, bundling out in double quick, I quietly slipped away, and evading the ruin that the fall of the roof entailed upon my brother Philistines, witnessed the catastrophe from a slit in the canvass that formed the grand entrance to the Theatre Royal. Under a shower of turfs and potatoes, the side scene which exhibited Dennis Brulgruddery's residence, "the Red Cow," was quickly annihilated, and its *vis-a-vis*—a Chinese temple—sank beneath the cannonade. With one sweep of his cudgel a Connemara gentleman removed the foot-lights. "A ry of women" behind the scenes succeeded, darkness followed, the chief tent-pole was pulled away, and down came the roof, enveloping actors and audience under half an acre of wet canvass.

The scene that ended this dramatic entertainment can neither be imagined nor described. Cimmerian darkness and a dread of suffocation abolished ceremony altogether, as every man struggled lustily to emancipate himself from a most unexpected captivity. Each fancied that he was wilfully impeded by his neighbour; and amid smothered exclamations of "Where's my hat?" and 'Mind your pocket!" a general *mêlée* ensued; all, with one accord, acted on he offensive; bosom friends pummelled each other without mercy; and affectionate fathers, could the agency be traced, might have dated a black eye to the irst-born whom they loved. As they issued into daylight, divers couples who had been belligerent in the dark renewed hostilities when they could see each other and ascertain who had been their antagonist. The mob poured to the battle-ground in hundreds; and the retainers of ancient houses, perceiving a Capulet or Montague engaged, flew to the rescue, and the row became general. The better portion of valour I recollected; I had discretion, and retired to "mine inn;" and at breakfast next day was indebted to a young gentleman who had greatly distinguished himself, and had a raw steak bandaged over his eye, to remove the halo that surrounded it, for a faithful account of the termination of this Irish "passage-of-arms." From him—who might proudly boast *pars fui*,—I learned that Mr. Owenson was utterly demolished; the *origo mali*, the young grocer, for robbing of the till, had been sent to the gaol of Galway; Mrs. Montague St. Clair was at present an occupant of the Bridewell; and, worse than all, the high-souled Lord Randolph in custody for being found in possession of a stolen——hat! Of the battle statistics no return could be obtained. There were a few collar-bones displaced, and black eyes and broken heads were altogether beyond enumeration.

"I have," said this pleasant gentleman, "visited Ballinasloe since I was sixteen, and I think I am a tolerable judge of a *raal rookawn*:* may the curse of Cromwell light upon young Norval and his mother! Between them they kicked up a row not equalled in the memory of man!"

ODE TO LIBERTY.

BY ARCHER GURNEY.

O fairest beam of Heaven, that gilds our mortal night,
Celestial Liberty!
Trembling the bard would sing of thine and thee.
Illume his fainting soul with thine eternal light,
Let him not sink beneath thy glances bright,
Attune his feeble lyre to harmony!

The noble heart's first love art thou!
The warrior, with the laurel round his brow,
The poet, with the odorous myrtle wreath,
Still turns in inward love to thee.

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* *A general row.*

Earth's leaves and blossoms—all of bright, and sweet, and fair,
In earth or ocean, or the buoyant air,
Around, above, beneath,
Breathes of thy influence, boundless Liberty!

The blossom wakes to life; the shoots aloft:
Her young buds play with the sweet summer breeze.
Around the flower entwine the tendrils soft;
But still she soars above,
Gazing on Heaven with eyes of love,
And courts the kisses of the thirsty bees.
Is she not free? scorns she not base control?
Is not instilled in her pure freedom's inmost soul?

Behold the ocean wave!
Playing in gentle peace 'neath daylight's golden beams,
Or roaming 'mid yon azure streams,
Softly to kiss the moss-grown cave,
And the young coral isle with gentle love to lave:
And now, gaze on yon billow, rearing, bending,
Now darting tow'rd the skies, now 'mid the furious waters blending,
Soaring and falling,
Our mortal eyes appalling:
And say, does not the ocean breathe of thee,
Immortal essence, boundless Liberty?

Gaze on the eagle, soaring in his flight
Above the mountains! On, still on, away!
His outstretch'd pinions bathed in rays of light,
Hasting to hail the parting smile of day:
Speaks not wild freedom from his glancing eye
As thus he soars on high?

Yes, still where'er we gaze, in earth, or air, or sea,
All that is bright and beauteous breathes of thee,
Celestial Liberty!

Yet, in our love and wonder blend we not
Thine essence with thy deadliest foe,
Unruly licence? Be it ne'er forgot,
That thy sun-beaming glow
In horror shuns that all-consuming fire,
Emblem of evil, and eternal ire!

When the Creator first from chaos woke
The powers that there had lain
In sleep inane
From all eternity—when He their fetters broke,
And called them forth to mingled peace and strife,
The joys and woes of life,—
Two wondrous principles of being lay
Before Him, where to choose:
Bliss, that should beam for age in endless day,
And know nor failing nor decay;
Bliss, that with myriad charms created beings' woes
To love, and light, and joy divine;
And Liberty, that in her train dark woe
And fearful ills must waft afar,
Above, below,
To each pellucid star,

Yet breaks herself through their portentous might,
With Heaven's own angel-light,
And beams of the Eternal's love the sure, the glorious ray!
Betwixt these twain
Were poised the heav'nly scales:
Here bliss divine, one endless spring, marr'd by no tempest gales;
And there eternal Liberty, with all her changing joy and pain.
By One to each created soul
Would sweetest joys and peaceful love be given:
The rival power would lead to a celestial goal,
And through earth's night of woes conduct to Heaven.

The Eternal spoke! In all the universe
Echoed His fiat. Thou, O Liberty,
Wast chosen, then, our guide, our ruling star, to be,
And in thy vortex all creation to immerse;
That, bursting through woe's passing night,
And soaring high in golden light,
Earth might with Heaven unite in purest harmony.

Then, as thy ceaseless foes, the sisters twain,
Licence and Tyranny, the Eternal gave:
The one to lure away even those that love thee well
By her delusive strain;
The other by might's fierce resistless spell
Created beings to enslave,
And bind earth's all of sweet and fair in her detested chain.
Both are thy foes, but this with open hate
Proclaims herself thy deadliest enemy,
While her more wily mate
Assumes thine outward mien, and by thy potent charms,
With thine own wondrous arms
In crafty rancour seeks to vanquish thee.
And o'er men's minds these twain wage ceaseless war,
And mortals can but gaze on thee afar,
As some o'erclouded gentle star;
'Till forth thou beam'st in thy celestial light,
And then those foes must fly to darkest night.

Nature is ruled by thee:
The flower, the wave, the eagle, all are free.
And when the ocean's billows foam like molten fire,
Even in their wildest ire,
They still are all inspired by Liberty.
Were Licence, then, their ruler, forth would break,
With boundless force and speed, each ocean-wave;
Her endless thirst on earth the main would slake,
And all be sunk in one benightened grave.

No more! no more! Too weak the poet's lyre
To chant thy wondrous beauty. Earth and sea,
And love and light, are all one endless choir,
That tells of thy Eternal Majesty:
The past and the to-be,
Yon myriad orbs, still chant of thine and thee,
Immortal essence, glorious Liberty!

A CHAPTER ON BIRTHS AND BIRTH-PLACES;

BEING HINTS FOR BIOGRAPHERS.

By W. LAW GANE.

A vast debt of gratitude is due to the author of "Homes and Haunts of the Poets." In his sketch of Burns, he not only very prettily describes the dwelling in which the poet was born, but takes us into the room in which the immortal ploughboy first saw the light; he speaks as artistically as a cabinet maker of the bedstead, gives us the colour of the curtains and the texture of the coverlet. This is as it should be. It is greatly to be lamented that biographers of all sorts and sizes, should so frequently omit, forget, or slur over one all-important portion of their labours. This melancholy deficiency may be traced alike in the penny ballad lines of George Barnwell, and the costly quartos of Moore's Byron. Biographers erect their structures and the key-stone is wanting. Alas! how frequently do they forget to name, or rest satisfied with some slight allusion to the birth-place of the subjects of their memoirs. They appear to think they have done well and quite enough if they bury a man respectably—that is, if they convey him to the church in a hearse with plumes and six horses, followed by mourning coaches and the private carriages of the nobility, and care nothing at all about the more important affair of his birth. What an immense amount of labour, of critical, analytical, and polemical disquisition would have been spared had that particular been properly attended to; what an awful waste of ink and good paper has resulted from its infraction. A vast load of this sin of omission rests on Plutarch: the historians of Joseph Ady and Peregrine Pickle have indeed much to answer for. In the one case there is yet time: Joseph lives; let us know all of the early hours of this illustrious personage; let not a thousand unsolved enigmas remain for the confusion of posterity. Forward a guinea, or a post-office order for that amount, and ten to one the necessary information will be sent by return of post. Nor allow his friend and referee, the adorable Sir Peter, to descend to the shades of night, and the fact unknown beneath what roof-tree the great sayer of wise saws and wholesome precepts first beamed on the world. We must have full particulars of that bright incident of his early childhood, his gallant effort to prevent a self-willed and suicidically-bent mouse from smothering itself in his mother's treacle-pot; and how he took his first magisterial lesson, sitting on a bench and deciding judicially in the matter of the desperate shindy between his father's terrier and his mother's tabby for the possession of a bone of beef. Let nothing be forgotten.

Dear Lord Brougham, for heaven's sake set the often-mooted question of your birth-place at rest; you have always been so near the Border, and so frequently skipping from one side to t'other, that future generations, if left in ignorance, will be sure to quarrel as to the pivot upon which your lordship is to be placed. And tell us, did nurse say, "little darling was a beauty and a sweet-tempered dear?" or did you show teeth early, and scratch in the mouth, and doat on pap flavoured with vinegar? Leave us not in the dark, we humbly beseech thee.

Kings, and princes, and potentates are generally born in palaces, and their birth-places are easily ascertainable: it is otherwise with nature's royalty; the out-of-the-way corners in which they are ushered into being frequently defying all the researches of antiquarianism. Their monuments may be land-marks for the world, but, alas! all relating to the nurse, the napkin, and the caudle-cup is forgotten.

Seven cities disputed the honour of giving birth to a Homer: how much better their time would have been employed in anathematising his biographers which would have been a lesson and a warning to the race for ever after. Le us implore, before it is too late, that the point be at once settled, that a simila result may not ensue in the case of Giles Scroggins. Fortunately, we know the dwelling in which the Swan of Avon squealed his first notes, but plague on the life writers, commentators and all, they have not pointed out the room—it might have been the *attic* for aught we know: his wit was such, and early impressions are apt to be permanent. It might have been the cellar, for the lad was tarnation deep. Might not his genius have been singed by the objects around him? but of these we know nothing. Immense research has presented us with one interesting fact: the doctor's boy was a black; need we search further for the inspiration which drew Othello? Some doubtful chroniclers have asserted that the weird sisters were suggested by his three spinster aunts, who ruled the roast at his birth, much to the terror of his mother's maid-of-all-work. The same suggest that Juliet came from an interesting and distressed damsel, in berlin wool, which, on their very doubtful authority, hung over the mantel-piece in his mother's bed-room. The omissions in his better-informed contemporaries are much to be lamented.

The house still stands in Ajaccio in which Napoleon the great made his *êntree*, which we are told occurred in a parlour; but the thousand loons who have written upon the subject have one and all omitted to state whether it was the back or the front. We may fairly infer that Mrs. Buonaparte had two parlours, one for every-day use, the other for Sundays and tea parties; therefore the Napoleonic historians ought to have been more particular. It is well known that Mrs. B. remained to the latest moment at her prayers; this fully accounts for the piety and devotion of her son. Some of the more philosophic of Napoleon's biographers attribute great effects to the particular pattern of his mother's parlour carpet; but how can we pay attention to such idle gossip, when the varlets have not even stated whether it was a Brussels or a Kidderminster?

The precise situation in which an illustrious individual is born, is a point of all-engrossing interest. To say that a man was born in England, in Tipperary, in Yorkshire, in Siberia, in Alleghany, or in Kabul, is vague in the extreme; to mention a particular house—No. 5, for instance—in some street a mile long, or a mansion, or mud hut in some unheard-of parish, is scarcely less so. But when I not only know the parish, the street, the house, but the floor, whether first, second, or third, and the identical room, whether back, front, or between the two, whether it has a southerly or northerly aspect, and am able to point out how the head of the bed stood, and how nurse made her gruel, then, indeed, I begin to consider that I know something. To ascertain the influence collateral attendants on a man's first appearance are likely to exert on his after career, would be an exceedingly interesting subject of inquiry, and as such is most earnestly recommended to the attention of the Statistical Society. It may reasonably be inferred that a person whose first hold upon the world occurred in a ditch, would grow up with rural tastes, would love the quiet pleasures of the country, exhibiting most probably extraordinary affection for the squire's hares, and the farmers' sheep, and much given to making ducks and drakes, and more to stealing them. A youth born in barracks, or *èn route* in a baggage-waggon, will assuredly be soldierly inclined, and the chances are that his boyhood will be spent in company with the drum-sticks, and that, eventually, he will march while others beat. Sir Robert was born beside a jenny; Debret may dispute, and Burke deny the fact, still we maintain the truth of the statement. The why and wherefore? He's such a capital hand at spinning a yarn.

The respected progenitor of Guy Fawkes was lord of a coal-shed. Does not this most naturally account for the son's infatuated attachment for coals, coke, and bundles of wood? His regard for gunpowder may indisputably be traced back to his mother, who was rather remarkable for "blowing up." It is quite true that Jenny Lind,

Nachtergallen af den nora
Zamla Swerige's schonſte ſtjerna,

exhibited in her infancy none of the usual infantine fondness for cakes, and invariably made wry faces at the tender of a *bun*. It is generally supposed that these dislikes have grown with her growth and strengthened with her strength. The house in which Nelson fired his first gun, was known in the neighbourhood as the spice-box; after this, can we feel surprised at the infernal pepperings he gave the Mounseers? Dietrich Klooptenhausen might have spared himself the labour of writing ten folio volumes, to prove that *Bacon* was born in a pig-sty—no reasonable being ever doubted the fact; in order to have completed his work, he ought to have done as much for that illustrious individual, the learned pig. We have been assured, and on no less authority than that of nurse Swaddle, that Grimaldi's first cry bore an astonishing resemblance to *Hot Codlings*. It is a well-known fact that Tim Bobbin came into the world with a grin, which convulsed the doctor, and caused Mrs. Fatsydes, the attendant dame, to roar out lustily for a cooper. The first object which excited the attention of that celebrated martinet, Col. Cuttemup, was a cat. Enough—our proposition is carried, *nem. con.*

We have before observed that royalty did not invariably display its earliest glories in a palace; witness that potent potentate *le Monarque de Chemins de fer.* Libellers have asserted that a horse trampled upon the innocent babe, whence his determination to extirpate the race. Nor was he born in a gold mine; equally foundationless is the rumour that his babyhood resembled that of Romulus and Co., inasmuch as they were suckled by a wolf and he by a *stag*. The naked truth—certainly the best attire in which truth can appear—is this, King Hudson's nativity may be dated from Share Hall, in the parish of Stock-cum-scrip, and from his earliest hour he evinced a decided tendency to get everybody *into a line.* He also was rather remarkable for what is vulgarly called grabbing; his boyhood much resembled that of Dickey Johnson, immortal in song, who, when everything attainable had been given him for which he cried,

> "Wanted the sun and moon beside."

We have good grounds for believing that he didn't get them; but what his great prototype may do, who will assume the responsibility of saying? These stupendous facts are supplied, gratis, for the especial benefit of the future biographers of *Hudson le grand.*

Another great power who saw his first dawn in a doubtful position, may be instanced in the case of the King of the Gipsies. Who can stand upon the hill-top, or thread the mazy vale and point out the spot where Melchior of the swarthy brow tumbled on life? Alas! for humanity, this classic spot shall never grace the epic, or gild the pages of the historian of the ring. It would be as futile to

> "Summon up him who left half told
> The story of Cambuscan bold,"

as to put the question to Screechy Ned the knife-grinder. In vain have we journeyed to *the forest*—in vain have we silvered the palms on Blackheath. This perplexing enigma must be interred between Junius and the Iron Mask. Who would not give a hundred for the fee simple of the identical ditch what streams would flow along it, perhaps at a penny, certainly at half that per head. Who but would *cut his stick* from the bush that shaded the monarch's early infancy? O! that we could find the very frog that croaked a jubilate at his birth, to encase it in granite, that it might be found by an admiring posterity after the lapse of fifty thousand years; but as these are only sad instances of the vanity of human wishes, we hereby offer to the antiquarian world and the rural nobility and gentry, the reward of six Pickwicks, and two pots of the best (sixpenny) commingled, for the first tin-kettle soldered, patched or plugged by the royal hand.

Royalty, avaunt! we turn to genius. At the birth of a certain celebrated author—still living and writing—the donkeys for ten miles round brayed incessantly the live-long night; and this, the malicious clodpoles asserted, they did because they knew that a near relative had, or was about to make his appearance. Apparently, the result did not falsify their prediction.

It is a sad, sad thing not to know one's birth-place; as bad, nay worse, than not knowing one's father. The rich, in this predicament, give huge oceans of trouble to the musty fictitionists at Heralds' College; for the poor, there is neither peace, nor rest, nor *settlement*. In the first case, towns or villages are as anxious to claim as they are in the second to disclaim. We might dictate long and eloquently upon the fierce wars engendered between loving parishes through this lamentable ignorance, on the fearful inroads it causes on good-will and gold. We say nothing of the frequent changes of air to which it subjects poor Hodge, who applies in his need to parish A, and is relieved by being bundled off to parish B, which summarily relieves itself, and packs the wanderer off to C; thus he goes through the alphabet, sees a great deal of the country, and luxuriates on a remarkably fine and attenuated dietary, but like a comet or woman's tongue, never rests. More cash is spent in driving poor Hodge about like a mad dog, than would have kept him a pack of hounds, with hunters, &c., *en suite*. Beware of the man who does not know where he was born; he is a dangerous character, some degrees worse than a punster.

It is vastly pleasant to reflect that so many end life where they commenced it. The individual who bursts on life in Newgate, will, in all probability, hover around the sweet scene of his birth, unable to tear himself away, and end his career where it began, although in a more elevated position; thus falling a victim to his love of home. The lad who started from his native hamlet with a wallet which by no means fatigued him to carry, and some fractional parts of a sixpence in his pocket, after he has grown wealthy in commerce, perhaps eaten turtle in right of the aldermanic toga, or sat in the civic chair of state, flies in his age back to the spot whence he sprang. He raises his own cabbages and cures his own bacon. At last he rests inside the village church, lulled to sleep with a marble monument and gilt inscription; while his fathers, who never roamed, moulder outside in the yew-shaded churchyard with nothing but the green grass and the blue skies above them. Oysters and Scotchmen are remarkably fond of home. They never roam unless money is to be made by it: and they resemble each other in never returning.

We shall conclude this part of our labours with a hint or two to a certain class of bo-peep auto-biographers, fellows who show enough of their noses to make you believe that something tangible is coming, when they suddenly dowse the glim, and leave us where the prophet was when the candle went out. One specimen will suffice. We take the well-known character who tells us—

"On the stormy ocean I was born."

Who would have supposed the solar goose would have broken off here? Yet so it is. In the name of all that's watery what ocean did he mean? We have no clue to lead us to a conclusion; certainly he says something about the sea-mews' scream, but the sea-mews scream in Chelsea reach. He also tells us of porpoises baring their backs of gold; we never saw them performing this glittering operation, but we know they occasionally show their noses at Gravesend. My fine fellow, this won't do: there's nothing at all in it. Should you again present yourself to the public let us know the whole truth. Now just see what your unpardonable obscurity leads to; we know several respectable City gentlemen who maintain you were born on the Paddington canal! We bid you farewell, with a sigh at such genius fatally perverted; such gorgeous opportunities thrown away. In your ear: pray be more particular; it really won't do, even for the marines.

Ye biographers, for whose especial benefit this immortal labour has been done, think, oh! think of the midnight oil that has burned in your service; forget not the hairs grown prematurely grey in your cause; we are not greedy, a reward equal to that bestowed on Cobden by the League will be deemed perfectly satisfactory.

PAUL PEVENSEY;

OR, THE MAN FROM BELOW.*

CHAP. XXX.—THE MURDERER'S GRAVE.

OPINION exercises in all cases a powerful influence on the mind, and perhaps tends more than anything else to render us happy or miserable. One chief delight in this world arises from triumph, the triumph of action, of success; to fail in our designs is to be weak, and to be weak is to be wretched. Success, therefore, of some kind or another is necessary to impart that sense of exaltation, without which there can be nothing of that tumultuous joy which the fiery and the impassioned experience at the accomplishment of their purposes.

The truth of this position the colliers experienced, when, through the instrumentality of Paul Pevensey, they gained a victory over the law which had previously prided itself on having defeated them. Never reflecting on the fact that the body of which they had obtained possession was that of a murderer, who, whatever might be his connection with their cause, had deserved his fate, they yielded themselves up to the intoxication of success, and laughed and shouted as though life had returned to their lost companion. When the first burst of excitement had subsided they began to deliberate among themselves respecting the choice of a grave. Some advised that they should bury the corpse upon the centre of the moor, and raise over it with stones an enormous cairn, such as our ancestors bestowed upon chiefs of renown; but then came the obvious suggestion that the public authorities would speedily demolish it and replace the body on the gibbet; next the idea presented itself of selecting some secluded spot where the dead might rest in peace in defiance of the law's myrmidons until the vengeance of justice should have subsided. But whatever precautions they might take discovery was still possible, if not probable, and they wished to provide for the deceased a narrow home which neither treachery nor accident could disturb. They were delivered from their difficulties by some one mentioning the sea, upon which a loud shout burst from the bystanders, in which the whole mass gradually joined as the idea radiated through the multitude, and ultimately embraced its whole circle. From nearly two thousand lips at once arose the words "the sea, the sea."

A rude bier was immediately constructed, upon which the body with its encumbering chains was placed, after which the colliers put themselves in motion and directed their march towards the coast. Ere they had advanced a mile the solemn nature of the service in which they had been engaged produced its effect upon their minds; so that from having been talkative and boisterous they gradually became quiet, and then so completely silent that they resembled those strange apparitions, which, according to the aboriginal belief of these islands, often proceed with shadowy biers and corpses to the locality of unmade graves.

The mother of the malefactor, old as she was, walked close behind the bier and by her Paul placed himself, that he might assist her whenever the unevenness of the ground, or a ditch or a stile, rendered his aid necessary.

Absorbed as she was by her sorrow, the old woman could not without astonishment behold the kindness of this lad, an utter stranger to her, whose sympathie seemed to be awakened merely by her sorrow.

"Mother," said he, when they had advanced some miles, "I am afraid you can't hold out. Shall I tell 'em not to bowl along at such a rate?"

"No, my child," replied she; "let them go on, they are carrying my son to hi grave, and I must not hinder them."

"True, ma'am," said Paul; "but shouldn't you like to see the end of it? And if they don't slacken a bit, I fancy they'll have to drop you by the way. Here, just lean on me, I'm 'nation strong, and it wont no way put me out."

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* Continued from page 115.

But the poor old woman appeared to know no weariness; thanking Paul, therefore, for his kind intention, she assured him she was quite able to walk, and proved her words by keeping up with the men.

The part of the country upon which they now entered was bleak and rugged, full of ravines and gullies, by which the land discharged its superfluous waters into the sea. There were but few trees, and such as existed were stunted, flattened at top, and had their boughs all flung inwards from the prevalence of the winds from the ocean. Here and there, however, in some sheltered nooks, they found quiet little hamlets, whose inhabitants were buried in slumber, and altogether unconscious of the strange procession which moved noiselessly by their thresholds. At this time the moon began to rise, and with the first appearance of its disc revealed the fact that they were approaching the sea. The very breeze assumed a different character, becoming fresher and more buoyant, and imparting an elasticity to the frame of those around whom it blew. Paul now, for the first time in his life, caught a glimpse of the ocean, with all its multitudinous waves glittering and leaping beneath the moon. All men of imagination love the sea, which, when it bursts for the first time upon our gaze, appears more than the overhanging firmament to excite in us the idea of infinity. Paul stood still to allow, as it were, the vast idea to enter quietly into his soul. He forgot everything else. He heard a wild murmur in the distance, a sound as of many voices engaged in fantastic revelry. It was the choral music of the ocean, the concert of winds and waves, and the perpetual divine service performed by the elements in honour of God. A new nature seemed to be awakened within his breast. His mind seemed to be elevated, enlarged, purified. He felt that there was something greater than the petty din of earth, and remembering the earliest records of our material universe, he fancied that the spirit of God still moved upon the face of the waters.

Occupied with thoughts like these, he became almost unconscious of the presence of those around him, the tramp of whose feet, multitudinous and irregular, formed a striking contrast with that of an army, which, regulated and measured, suggests the idea of one vast machine, moving on myriads of feet. By degrees, as they descended into the lowlands, Paul again lost sight of the sea. Sometimes they entered narrow lanes, and were consequently stretched out into a long file, with the vanguard far removed from the rear; sometimes they deployed upon the open fields, and resembled a swarm of bees moving forward in disorder.

At length they stood upon the sea-shore, where a broad expanse of sand left ribbed and dripping by the retreating waves, sloped downward from the cliffs to the ocean's bed. At a little distance towards the right, moored beside a jutting rock, lay a large boat, such as is employed in Sunderland and elsewhere in loading vessels with coal. Towards this the colliers directed their march. Arriving at the spot, they deposited their sad burden upon the rock, and began to consider among themselves in what way they should perform the last rites to their unhappy comrade. It was at length agreed that a stone should be fastened to the body, which, together with the weight of chains already attached to it, would effectually prevent its rising to the surface. At this stage of the proceedings the poor old woman, who had accompanied them to the spot in complete silence, now threw herself on her knees upon the sand, and begged they would take her into the boat that she might see the last of her wretched son. The colliers kindly raised her up, and said she should do as she pleased. They then began to inquire whether any one present knew anything of the funeral service, or could repeat a prayer of any kind. The question was put again and again, but no answer was returned. Not a soul there had learned to pray, and few, apparently, understood exactly what a prayer meant. At length Daniel Filmer stepped forward, and, laying hold of Paul, said—

"I think this boy can read and pray; let us put him into the boat. He shall be our parson, and I'll undertake to say amen."

To this arrangement Paul readily consented, though he said "he was 'nation little used to pray—at all events, not before strangers."

The corpse was then placed in the boat, ten or a dozen men took to the oars, Paul was placed beside the old woman at the stern, and out they pulled, while the multitude remained upon the beach gazing after them in silence. When they had proceeded seaward a full mile, they prepared to commit the body to the deep. Every collier took off his hat and knelt down upon the deck, except the two who stood at the gunwale ready to cast in the corpse as soon as Paul should have finished his prayers. They likewise were uncovered, a touching illustration of the influence of religion even upon the rudest and most ignorant minds. Without saying a word or being prompted by any one, they felt how weak and helpless man is, and experienced the truth of the saying "that in the midst of life we are in death." The influence of God's presence was among them, as amid the roar of the ocean, and with tears streaming down his cheeks, Paul pronounced the only prayer he knew—that which Christ taught his disciples. "Our Father which art in Heaven," he began, as all the boat's crew sobbed around him. Twice or thrice he interrupted himself and had to begin again, and each time as he pronounced the words "Our Father" the sobs of his companions interrupted him again. At length he got through the prayer and said, "Now is the time, commit his body to the deep; ashes to ashes, dust to dust; and may God have mercy upon him and upon us." Then plunge went the corpse into the ocean.

Where Paul learnt these words it were hard to say; but he had often been to funerals, and had read some books, especially voyages, which delighted him greatly by their accounts of distant lands and seas, and in them perhaps it was that he had picked up the phrase which he used on the present occasion. I have already said the moon was up, and that it was altogether a lovely night. The breath of ocean was fresh and balmy; all heaven seemed alive with stars; the waves as they leaped up burst into light as their foaming crests were silvered by the moon, and the solemn errand on which Paul and his friends the colliers had come thither co-operated with external nature in producing a powerful influence on their minds. Rough, uncouth, ignorant men are easily moved in new situations; far more easily than your stiff-starched conventionally-genteel people who are sometimes so long without using their feelings that they almost cease to have any. Death, moreover, is a great softener of the heart, and no one knows half the beauty of his own nature who has not been brought by circumstances into close contact with that shadowy power. When we lose those we love how we yearn and strain after them, with the hope, as it were, of being able to look over the brink of existence and catch a glimpse of their spirits as they fade away into the boundless expanses of eternity. Then it is that death, how terrible soever, seems beautiful. The beauty of those who die seems to be imparted to him; and therefore perhaps it was that the ancients represented Death as a lovely seraph, sad indeed of countenance, and everlastingly silent, but beautiful as the heavens themselves, which, like him, are without voice or language.

When the murderer's body had been cast into the waves, never to emerge again till the deep shall cast up its dead to appear before the judgment seat of God, the bereaved mother, who had been silent hitherto, burst forth into a sort of wild thanksgiving.

"Blessed be God!" she exclaimed; "he is now beyond their reach! and bless you every one of you for helping a poor old woman who has nothing but her blessing to give you."

She said no more, but sankupon the deck overwhelmed by the weight of her own sorrow. Paul sat down by her and wept bitterly.

"I wish, ma'am," said he, "I had any place to take you to, I would work for you, and be a son to you; but I am as poor as you are, and have neither house nor home, that I know of, though if I could but find my mother I should not want for nothing, I think."

These words were overheard by some of the colliers, who had now put about the bark, and were beginning to row towards the shore.

"It's well said, mother," cried one of them, resting on his oar. "That there boy has a heart in his body, and tells us what we ought to do; I am well enough off, and have neither wife nor mother, so you shall go along with me."

The old woman expressed, as well as she could, her gratitude, and Paul, addressing himself to the collier, said, "That's 'nation good of you."

There was then silence for some time, and Paul, making his way to the bows, stood gazing at the ripple which flew off like wings on either side of the boat. He then looked up, and saw the expectant crowd upon the shore, who, as the funeral party neared the land, greeted them with a shout of triumph. Presently the keel touched the sand, and the rowers jumped out, and with much kindness assisted the old woman to land. They then immediately turned their faces toward the cliffs and hurried off, entirely overlooking Paul, who remained leaning against the boat and looking out upon the ocean. He was not altogether unconscious of their departure, but though they had upon the whole used him well, rejoiced at escaping from them. When he found himself entirely alone, he took the painter and made it fast to the rock, and then, by way of enjoying himself, he thrust his hands into his breeches' pockets and walked along the sand, watching the playful motion of the waves as they coquetted with the shore, now rushing in as if they meant to embrace it for ever, and then instantly stealing out again into the arms of their parent ocean. Paul thought he could look upon the scene for ever. He was not in the slightest degree poetical, and could indeed scarcely distinguish verse from prose, but he felt, as he expressed it, "'nation queer" at the prodigious novelty around him. He never before had the slightest notion that there existed anything in this globe so marvellous as the sea, which he took to be a living thing engaged for ever in fretting and refreshing the earth. He saw beneath his feet innumerable shells, and his heart lingered with a strange delight as he picked up one curious specimen after another, inwardly persuaded that no one had discovered such treasures before. The long sweep of sand gleaming in the moonlight, the dark overhanging cliffs, the broad expanse of waters, the infinite sky above flooded with light—everything appeared so glorious to Paul that he felt almost beside himself with pleasure. However, he grew weary at last, as men generally do of everything in this world, upon which he made up towards the cliffs, where in a small hollow in the rocks he threw himself down, and was soon fast asleep.

CHAPTER XXXI.—DANGER AND DISAPPOINTMENT.

PAUL, on the present occasion, was what in Dogberry's language is denominated an ass; for on lying down to sleep, he never once reflected whether or not he was likely to be visited by unpleasant company before the morning. It was not yet quite light, however, before he was roused from his rocky pillow by a most dangerous customer. The cold touch of his visitor, however, felt like the finger of death, and seemed likely to prove so when it had unbound the bandages of sleep from his eyes. In plain English, the tide was coming in, and he was up to his knees in water before he became conscious of his danger. The rising and sinking of the sea in obedience to the influence of a planet rolling through space at an immense distance from the earth, by no means entered into the circle of Paul's knowledge, though he had no doubt sometimes read in books something about the tides; but the ideas we obtain from printed words are often not sufficiently vivid or real to influence our actions, otherwise our ragamuffin of a hero would, before he lay down, have taken care to see that his dormitory was above high-water mark. There, however, he slept in a cave, from which there was no egress, with the tide coming in and rising every minute. Upon starting to his feet he exclaimed to himself, "This is 'nation odd; can't I get out no how?" He then waded forward a little, and found that another step more would probably carry him beyond his depth, so he retreated back into the cave, and began to glance at the roof and sides to see whether they offered the slightest chance of his climbing out by their assistance; but, except that above his head there was a small projecting ledge on which an imp of his inches might manage to sit, they were as smooth as a brick wall. By dint of much exertion he climbed up to the ledge aforesaid, and planting himself there, resolved on paying obedience to the laws of necessity—that is, on doing what he could not possibly avoid.

Most persons have witnessed the coming in of the tide on a summer's morning, when not a breath disturbs the surface of the sea, and the water rises on the shore like a flood of gentle emotions about the heart, covering one object after another till all are steeped in the delicious element. Every time this phenomenon takes place there seems to be a new creation. The tide you see to-day no man ever saw before, the particles of the sea being in perpetual motion and change, and appearing thus to acquire everlasting vitality. Up from the calm surface an influence seems to spring which soothes and tranquillises the mind. You long to quit the land and to repose on the substance of that yielding fluid, which is softer than the lap of love; and then the transparency, the green freshness as of spring buds—the flocks of delicate foam which float here and there in fantastic patterns among the ripples—the cool fragrance which pervades the air, as if the breath of the chaste Thetis embalmed all nature. Oh! there is happiness in gazing at the rising tide, especially when the sun's golden disc sheds its first rosy tints on the eyelids of the morning. And it is of pleasures like this that our life in cities deprives us. When we escape from our artificial restraints, and plunge into forests, or stroll along the margin of the ocean, an irresistible desire comes over us to mingle with nature, and merge our individuality in the universal existence.

Paul, rude and untutored as he was, experienced these yearnings, and being ignorant of the approaching danger, looked with a sort of rapturous joy at the heaving and palpitating sea, which appeared to be thrilling through all its depths with the consciousness of life and happiness. But beauty is often destructive. The magnificent element on which he gazed with such admiration felt no compassion for him, and in the exercise of its own powers was as ready to stifle him in its embrace as to round a pebble or agitate a sea-weed. As he dwelt with a sort of mute ecstacy on their glorious features, the waters rose and rose till he found himself once more wet by them. This time there was no further retreat, and his admiration was replaced by fear, as the calm and beautiful death crept upwards over his frame. Already he found himself waist deep in the water, and his alarm became terror, and terror deepened into agony, as the tide continued mounting about his fluttering heart. His eyes now turned up instinctively towards heaven, whose blue depths answered his imploring looks with that ineffable, unchanging smile with which they regard equally all human joy and calamity, our loves and our hatreds, our birth and our death. The cold and half-congealed tears now stood on Paul's cheeks, or dropped into the brine as he thought on his mother, the Wilkinsons, and the wild beasts, and would now have given all his earthly hope to be transported into the tigress's cage, and lay his head on her speckled side. In the hope that somebody might be walking on the cliff above, or that a boat might be moored within hearing, he shouted till he was hoarse, but to no purpose. No answering voice greeted his ear, and nothing could he descry but the rock, the sea, and the overhanging firmament. His face became convulsed by the fear of death, —and all, as he said to himself, was his own fault.

However, he was not destined to be extinguished in that cave; so, after keeping him hanging between this world and the next, like Mohammed's coffin, between heaven and earth, the tide began to sink gently as it had risen, and ebbed away imperceptibly, till several inches of his wet figure previously immersed became visible to his own eyes. His tears began presently to dry, and he thought it was 'nation lucky that there was a ledge in the cave, and that he had had the wit to climb upon it. At the bottom also of his heart there was a sort of dumb thankfulness to Providence, whose power Paul secretly recognised, though he knew nothing of the laws by which it operates, whether on the physical or moral world. But the ocean knows its own limits, and observes them; and having flooded the shore to the appointed mark, retreated as he had come, and proceeded laughingly to carry joy or death to other parts of the world. At length the cave became dry, and Paul leaped down and followed the vagrant waves outwards upon the sand, where he ran to and fro to warm and dry himself; and then looking out for a practicable track, mounted the cliffs, in the hope of meeting with some one who could direct him towards Ulraven.

After walking inland for upwards of an hour, he came upon a high road, when he met with a pedlar, who, as good luck would have it, was proceeding towards his native place, and promised to show him the way. This worthy individual was a Scotchman, staid and taciturn, the very reverse of Mr. Brian Macguire, with whom he had travelled before he had fell into his last trials. Sandy was acute and canny, and as close fisted as prudence could desire. Nevertheless, when they sat down together on the banks of a little rivulet, and our plaided mountaineer took out his bag of oatmeal and tin cup to make himself breakfast, he frankly offered Paul a share of his grub. Paul's hunger made him think the smell of the oatmeal delicious, and to the honour of the Gael be it spoken, he put a little in the tin cup, then filled it with water, and stirring it with a green sprig broken from the hedge, presented the first mess to Paul, who, of course, accepted it nothing loth. Our friend then prepared for himself a similar allowance; and, when they had completed their frugal meal, started again, and in the afternoon of the same day arrived at Ulraven. Paul then shook his companion by the hand, and, thanking him for his kindness, started off towards his mother's cottage, never once looking about him till he arrived at the door. It stood wide open, and in he bolted; but what was his surprise when, instead of the beautiful and beloved face of Kate Pevensey, he beheld that of an elderly woman, whom he had never seen before.

"Ma'am," said Paul, fetching his breath with difficulty, "where's my mother ?'

The woman stared at him from head to foot, and then, in a kindly tone of voice, replied in another very natural question:—

"Who is your mother, my little man ?"

"Kate Pevensey, ma'am," answered Paul.

"Kate Pevensey," repeated the woman, "why she has left now a long while."

"And where is she gone ?" answered Paul, who never doubted he should still find her somewhere in the village.

"I don't know, indeed," observed the woman, whose pity was excited by the marks of extreme distress she saw in Paul's face, "I don't know, my little man; but she went away with a gentleman—not till they were married, though. And people said she would have been very happy but that she could not, no way, find out her lost boy."

At this intelligence Paul turned his face towards the door, and his cheeks became moistened with the bitterest tears he had ever shed. He felt that he stood alone and friendless in the world. His mother was lost—the Wilkinsons were lost—and the feeling of utter desolation which seized upon his heart no words could express. Mrs. Hopkins saw, at least partly, what was passing in his mind, and with a sort of rough good nature, for which the poor of this country are above all things, perhaps, remarkable, said—

"Come, sit down, my boy, and rest yourself, and take something to eat. You look hungry and weary."

"God bless you, ma'am," exclaimed Paul, hardly able to get the words out any how; "I don't feel neither hunger nor weariness, and would walk without wet or dry till this time to-morrow, if I could but hope to see my mother at the end of it."

He tried to keep in his sobs and his tears, because he did not, as he expressed it, like to make a fool of himself before a stranger, but he could not help it. Nature was too many for him; so, sitting down as he was bid, upon a stool, and bending down his head upon the table, he cried till his heart seemed fit to burst, the poor woman standing by all the while in helpless pity.

Relieved, and in some sort comforted by the tears he shed, Paul was at length in a condition to talk rationally with honest Mrs. Hopkins, who detailed to him the whole history of the village from the day of his quitting it. At length, yielding to her hospitable entreaties, he ate a little bread and cheese. Towards dusk he walked up to the inn, and made himself known, and told his story to Mr. Wilcox, who, when he heard him out, said—

"Well, my boy, I can give you a good snug berth here, if you like to take it. I want a lad to help Bob to look after the horses, and the place will just suit you, so consider yourself quite at home, and take up your quarters in the stable till something better offers."

CHAPTER XXXII.—OLD FRIENDS WITH NEW FACES.

An inn in the country is something like 'the backwoods in a new settlement; its wants and means are indefinite, so that a boy or man, more or less, on the establishment, hardly makes any difference. This accounts for the multitude of nondescripts whom one constantly sees hanging about inns and ale-houses with nothing particular to do, and nothing particular to expect, but who yet make themselves useful, and obtain a subsistence no one knows how, why, or wherefore.

Among this army of oddities Paul was now enrolled, and there he vegetated, picking up indifferently virtues or vices, just as they came in his way. He met with no adventures, because the place was as stationary as he himself had now become. Nothing happened in it. People got up in the morning and went to bed again at night without having anything whatever to remember, except that they had eaten their breakfast, dinner, and supper, and washed their faces, or left them unwashed, just as chance would have it. There is something utterly abominable in such bodily and mental stagnation, I mean to characters with any energy or vigour in them. The commonplace part of the creation are content to live together, as trees grow beside each other in a jungle, standing upright and bowing before the tempest at the same time. They sigh at each other, as the winds determine, or smile together in the sunshine; their existence is as monotonous as that of a rout of bears hybernating in an Alpine cavern. With them there is, properly speaking, neither love nor hatred, friendship nor enmity, but a drowsy current of still thoughts and feelings, in which they mope away their insipid existence. Yet such are the people who, in common parlance, are denominated happy. I had rather, however, be the shuttlecock of fortune—I had rather be frozen one day to an icicle among the solitudes of the Jungfrau, and thawed the next among the lavas of Etna, than doze away life in that apathetic golden means which your social philosophers regard as the *summum bonum*.

And Paul Pevensey, for his sins, had been plagued with as fiery a temperament as ever fell to the lot of a poor hero like himself. When not actually employed, therefore, he used to stroll about the village, and try to make adventures, and when he found it impossible to succeed, had recourse to building castles in the air. Plato, I know, is of opinion that this is a bad habit, which tends to weaken the dianoetic faculties. But I differ from Plato, and think, on the contrary, that there is nothing so refreshing as a good bout at castle building. In this happy state of existence you build your house as you please, make your coffers of the finest patterns, and stuff them to the brim with crowns, not to sleep and rust there, but to pass into active circulation, for the purpose of diffusing pleasure among those you love. But, chief joy of all! you can people your castle as you please—incarnate an impossible amount of intellect and tenderness in some form of mortal beauty, and make her as full of passion as the air is of sunbeams in summer.

Paul, however, when he built his castles, did not run up their turrets so high. He had not yet arrived at that age. He fancied himself in a big house, with his mother and the Wilkinsons, with plenty of money and grub, and enough to do to exhaust his spare energies. Idleness never formed a part of his paradise. If he could not get work he wished to fight with some one, not out of malice, but because he did not know what else to do with his hands and animal spirits. Whatever wise people may say, there is a pleasure in pummelling, and being pummelled. It is a sort of safety valve, which helps to let off the steam that might otherwise blow up our microcosm.

But whether happy or miserable, ill or well-employed, young people grow older and bigger; and so it fared with Paul. He made no progress any how, save in size and age, and at length found himself on the sunny side of seventeen. without knowing what was to be his settled course of life, or whether he should ever be anything better than a stable-boy at an inn. There is a power in some minds, however, which can fill even a stable with romance, and extract food for the imagination out of the smell of hay and oats, the jingle of bridles, and the comfortable noise of a horse's nose rubbing against a manger. One of his favourite employments would have immediately disgusted a civilised hero. He used to go out upon the moor, cut an immense quantity of young succulent furze, and bring it home upon his head to the stables, occupying himself with chopping it small in a trough as provender for the horses. He liked the peculiar scent emitted by the furze as the heavy chopper descended into it, and the exercise, which was rather violent, helped to keep his body in order, and restrain him from striking people just by way of gymnastics.

Paul's figure now began to settle itself, as though it meant to take no further development in an upward direction. He was about the middle height. I wish I could with truth have said he was a giant, and marvellously beautiful besides. But truth is truth, and there is no use in disguising it. Paul, I repeat, therefore, was about the middle height, not an inch more or less; and though if he had been converted into marble, he would not have passed for the Apollo; in fustian and corduroy he was still handsome in his way. In fact, he still resembled his mother, though his eyes had more fire in them, and appeared every day to acquire a greater amount of fierceness. Happily, some little events of his history were unknown at Ulraven, otherwise people would have said it was the effect of the tigress's milk. In most faces there is one feature which gives a character to all the rest. In Paul's, it was the mouth. Few women ever possessed one more beautiful. It was formed after the finest model—neither too large nor too small; and his lips were superbly red, like Kate Pevensey's. The eyes indicate the intellectual character; the mouth indicates the stamp of the affections. He had inherited, also, his mother's paleness, though, like that of the southern nations, it indicated no delicacy of health, but, on the contrary, a constitution which could endure anything, and enormous physical energy. Mrs. Wilcox used to say, as he stood by the kitchen fire, confidentially to her husband, but loud enough to be overheard—

"I think our Paul be the handsomest boy in the parish." To which Mr. Wilcox, with stereotyped fidelity, replied—

"And what's more, wife, he is the honestest and best boy, either in or out of it, for twenty miles round.."

"It's a pity, though," continued Mrs. Wilcox, "he's so fond of fighting."

"Yes, just so," replied the husband; "but what other amusement has he?"

Paul felt exceedingly grateful for the favourable opinion the innkeeper entertained for him, though it made him sad to think he had scarcely any other amusement. However, he kept up his reading, and when he could get at a book would leave horses, hay, furze, and all to devour it in secret. Among his favourites were "Don Quixote" and "Gil Blas," "The Arabian Nights," and "The History of the Buccaneers;" works all well calculated to improve his morals and whet his appetite for adventure. To escape from the dreary uniformity of Ulraven he would have followed the Knight of a Rueful

Countenance to his combat with the windmills, or have boarded a Spanish galley with Sir Henry Morgan, over decks and gunwales reeking with blood. Not that he was at all savage or ferocious; he only longed for action of some kind or another, and to escape from a state of existence which he thought little better than that of a spaniel in leading-strings. He said nothing of all this, because he had no one to whom he could speak; and by the people of his own age he was rather disliked than otherwise, though if questioned they would have found it hard to tell upon what feelings were based. Both Mr. and Mrs. Wilcox, however, were very partial to him, because he was respectful and obliging, and never inclined to spare himself when there was anything to be done.

One evening, in an idle mood, Paul walked down the village with his hands in his breeches' pockets, looking the very picture of a person in search for some healthful excitement. On turning sharp round a corner he came bang against a man the sight of whom sent back his thoughts to the very earliest dawn of recollection. Paul begged pardon, and retreating a step or two, stood still to gaze on the individual, and make sure there was no mistake. The stranger seemed to be occupied by the same feeling, for he did the same; and there they stood for a few seconds, puzzled and bewildered. Paul was the first to speak:—

"Mr. Link," said he, "don't you know me?"

"Why, Paul!" cried the old soldier; "How the devil you are grown!—Hand us your fist, my boy; I'm heartily glad to see you."

"But tell me, Mr. Link," cried Paul; "how is Mrs. Wilkinson, and Mr. Wilkinson, and Fanny, and all the rest of the children? Where are they? Are they all well? I should be so delighted to see them!"

"Avast there," answered Tom Link, "when I can get in a word edge-ways, I'll tell you all about it."

"Well, then," cried Paul, "how is Mrs. Wilkinson?"

"As well as ever."

"And Mr. Wilkinson?"

"Oh, he's like a brick."

"And the children, are they all right?"

"Every one of them."

"Where are they—here in the town?"

"Yes, to be sure, or what should I be doing here?"

"And have they the beasts still?—a tigress, like my favourite?"

"Hush!" cried Mr. Link, putting his hand upon his mouth; "no more of beasts, Paul, an thou lov'st me. We are players now."

"Players!" exclaimed Paul; "is Mrs. Wilkinson a player?"

"And what harm if she was?" cried Tom Link: "but she isn't, though; she only looks after the children, as usual. But Fanny is an actress; oh, such an actress! My dear fellow, you must go and see her play."

"I should like to see her first when she's not playing," said Paul. "Do they ever talk about me? But it is an ungrateful question; I'm sure Mrs. Wilkinson does. She was a mother to me, and I loved her like a mother. Take me to them, Mr. Link; I'll never leave them again. They can find something for me to do, I dare say. I would go about with them to the world's end, though they are players; and if they were beggars I'd do the same."

"Beggars, Paul!" exclaimed Mr. Link; "why, what a foolish boy you are! Why, players are gentlemen and ladies; we are all gentlemen now. Do I look like a beggar?"

"No," answered Paul; "I thought you 'nation smart. But you don't mean that you are a player?"

"And if you'll go along with us I'll make a player of you."

"It doesn't matter," answered Paul, "if you made a highwayman of me, I'd go with you. As to me, you see what I am by my gear. But take me to Mrs. Wilkinson; I long to see her; and as we go along you can tell me all about it."

"Right, my lad," exclaimed Link; "and you can give me a Roland for an Oliver; or, in other words, if I tell you our story you can tell me yours."

"And a 'nation queer one it is, I assure you, Mr. Link; for I have been shot, and gibbeted, and drowned since I saw you; that is, I mean, I was very nearly so. But come, I really can't talk of anything till I see my second mother."

Mr. Link understood this feeling, and moved on as fast as his wooden leg would permit till they came to the public-house where Mr. Wilkinson and his whole family were seated round the tea-table. Paul, in his stable-clothes, rushed into the room, but seeing Mrs. Wilkinson's change of costume he felt a little checked, and going up timidly towards her, he said with a trembling voice,

"Don't you know me, ma'am?"

"What, Paul!" cried she, starting from her chair and throwing her arms about his neck; "Paul Pevensey!" And she kissed him and cried over him as if he were still a child.

When after a few minutes Paul disengaged himself from this maternal embrace, he received a hearty shake of the hand from Mr. Wilkinson himself, who, addressing his children, said to them—

"This is Paul, about whom you have so often heard us speak. This is in some sort your brother, since we half nursed him, and treated him like our own child. But sit down, Paul, and tell us how we lost you, and where you have been, and what has happened to you since, and how you found your mother, and what you mean to do with yourself."

Paul was silent for a minute, and then answered:—

"If you have any work for me, sir, I'll go with you for the rest of my life. I have no mother and father but you, and I have never seen a home since I left yours."

"But don't you speak to Fanny?" inquired Mrs. Wilkinson.

"Which is Fanny, ma'am?" inquired Paul; "not this young lady, surely."

"Yes it is," answered the mother; "but you have not forgotten each other, surely?"

"Indeed I have, ma'am," answered Paul; "but it's not much to be wondered at. I've seen none but low people lately, except now and then at church, when I go there." He then held out his hand timidly to Fanny, and said, "Will you shake hands with me, miss?"

"Call me Fanny," answered she, as she held out her hand to him in the friendliest possible manner. "I remember you very well; you are bigger, but not altered a bit."

Paul soon began to feel a little at home. The younger children came round him, and kissed him, and some of them got on his knee, while Mr. Link was engaged in explaining to Mr. Wilkinson how and where they had met.

"Oh, ma'am," cried Paul, addressing Mrs. Wilkinson, "it was a sad day for me when I lost sight of you."

He then told his story, and the very strange adventures in which he had been engaged interested the whole family extremely. They were not going to act that night, but had made arrangements for a barn for the morrow, and Paul was invited to come and see the play.

"And then," said Mrs. Wilkinson, "you'll join us, of course. I look upon you as my own son, and it shall not be our fault if you ever part from us again. You must explain these things to the innkeeper, and tell him that we are your parents, and we claim you. I don't mean your real natural parents, for that wouldn't be true, and I should like you always to speak the truth, but your parents in affection."

Paul's heart was too full to allow him to reply immediately. At length he said—

"I knew exactly how it would be. I wasn't no how deceived in your characters, and if you knew how often I've thought of you, and dreamt of you, and prayed for you—when I've prayed at all—you wouldn't think your affection thrown away upon me. And after all, I have no other father but Mr. Wilkinson, and no other mother but you."

"But do you think you can take to the playhouse, Paul?" inquired Wilkinson, "for with us, you know, that must be your fate."

"I don't know exactly what I can and what I can't do," answered Paul; "but this one thing I can say, that if you don't turn me adrift, I'll do anything that you wish me, even though, as I've told Mr. Link, it were turning highwayman."

Wilkinson laughed heartily, and said—

"The stage isn't so bad as that, Paul, but you must turn genteel; in fact, must think yourself a gentleman, and act as if you were one."

"It will be rather hard, I fancy," observed Paul, "to make a gentleman of me, but to please you I'll try even to do that. When shall I come home?"

The last word pleased both Wilkinson and his wife, and they both replied together—

"You are right, Paul; your home is with us, so go and speak with your master, and come home this very night. We have always missed you; the list of our children never seemed complete, and your place has been left empty at the table. For a long while we put a chair for you, and a plate, and a knife and fork, beside Fanny's, and we always used to think you'd come in some day to sit in it; and here you are, and as welcome as ever you were. We can't say more."

"No, ma'am," answered Paul, "or do more. I am happy now, as happy as a prince; and I do think I never was happy before; and if you can ma ka player or a gentleman of me, I am ready to learn anything. I'll just run down and thank Mr. and Mrs. Wilcox for what they have done for me, and say good bye to them, unless, perhaps—" and he hesitated a moment.

"Unless what?" inquired Wilkinson.

"Why, sir, unless you let me ask them to the play to-morrow night, just to see Fanny, and put them in good humour."

"Do, Paul," cried Fanny, answering for her father, "it will increase my audience; I like to see a great many faces when I act."

The kind-hearted innkeepers entered very readily into Paul's feelings. They had heard all about the Wilkinsons a hundred times, and rejoiced that he had found them again. Besides, they really felt pleased and flattered by being invited to the play, and easily consented that Paul should rise from a stable-boy into an actor, if by any contrivance the transformation could be effected. For the present, however, their interest was centred in Fanny's performance, who, on the following evening, was to appear as "Juliet."

A BRIEF SKETCH,

INTENDED TO ACCOMPANY MR. JAS. SCOTT'S ENGRAVING OF "THE CONCEALMENT OF THE SCOTTISH REGALIA IN THE KIRK OF KINNEFF," FROM THE ORIGINAL PICTURE BY CHISHOLME, NOW IN THE COLLECTION OF MRS. MA PARKES, 22, GOLDEN-SQUARE.

Under this title a neat pamphlet has been written by James Logan, Esq. It certainly a brief but at the same time most interesting account of an event i Scottish history which can scarcely be surpassed in its romantic character, o for the heroic devotion and endurance of the actors in the important transaction which is, as the author justly observes, but little known to the general reader of the history of that nation.

Mr. Logan informs us that the regalia of Scotland consisted of the crown, sceptre, and sword of state; which, when the parliament was not sitting, were left in the charge of the Lord High Treasurer; but when parliament met they were delivered by his lordship to the Earl Marischal, to whose keeping they were then *ex officio* entrusted.

He then goes on to state—"That the army of the Commonwealth having advanced into Scotland, it became an object of immediate solicitude to secure the precious emblems of national independence; and as some of the royal castles had fallen into the hands of Cromwell's soldiers, and there seemed every prospect that the others would speedily be in their possession, it was resolved that the Regalia should be at once removed to the Marischal's castle of Dunottar, which was thought to be sufficiently remote, and of such strength as to insure their safety. An order of Parliament was accordingly passed on the 6th of June, the last day of the Parliament, 1651, by which the Earl Marischal was enjoined to transport them thither."

Dunottar, in the county of Kincardine, is described as a stronghold of no ordinary description, and as having been built on a point of land, projecting in high and perpendicular rocks into the German Ocean; of which George Ogilvie, of Barras, "a gentleman of the highest honour and bravery," was appointed Lieutenant-Governor, with a sufficient garrison under his command, and a supply of artillery.

This place, strong as it was, was not, however, from the continued successes of the Puritan army, considered a safe repository for the "national honours," and the governor seems to have been pressed by the committee of estates to give up the regalia, that they might be conveyed to some place of greater security. This, however, he declined to do; and, in his embarrassment, wrote to the king, entreating that he would have the invaluable charge removed. Charles was not, however, in a condition to comply with the request, and in the meantime General Lambert had invested the castle, and a strict blockade was ultimately commenced.

"In this emergency a plan was formed, originating, it is believed, with the Dowager Countess Marischal, but a humbler, yet not less devoted loyalist was the immediate agent in carrying it into effect. This person was Christian Fletcher, wife of the Rev. James Grainger, minister of Kinnèff, a small parish about four miles distant from the castle. She had been permitted to visit the governor's lady, who entered most gladly into the scheme; and, as no provisions were allowed to be carried to the castle, Mrs. Grainger made the pretext of executing some trifling matters for Lady Ogilvie. The day on which the last memorable visit was paid, the leal-hearted matron took the crown in her lap, and her maid followed with the sword and sceptre, wrapped in a bundle of flax or *hards*, which the besiegers were made to believe was to be spun into thread; and thus laden, they courageously left the castle, and passed through the English troops. Mrs. Grainger was accustomed to ride, and when she reached the camp where the horse was left, it being impossible to approach the castle except on foot, the commander himself assisted her to mount!

"They got safely clear of the enemy, and conveyed the precious charge to Kinnèff, when the worthy minister was let into the secret. He had been hitherto kept in ignorance of the design; for, as it was expected the castle would immediately surrender, this secrecy was observed, so that he should be able, if interrogated, to aver conscientiously that he neither knew how, when, nor whether, the regalia had been removed."

The following is the account which this excellent pastor gave to the Countess Marischal of the means taken for the effectual concealment of the treasure:—

"March 13, 1652.

"I, Mr. James Grainger, minister at Kinnèff, grant me to have in my custody the Honours of the kingdom—viz., the crown, sceptre, and sword. For the crown and sceptre I raised the pavement stone, just before the pulpit, in the night tyme, and digged under it ane hole, and put them in there, and filled up the hole and layed down the stone just as it was before, and removed the mould that remained, that none would have discerned the stone to have been removed at all; the sword again at the west end of the church, amongst some common seits that stand there. I digged down in the ground betwixt the two foremost of these seits, and layed it down with the case of it, and covered it up, as that, removing the superfluous mould, it could not be discerned by any body; and if it shall please God to call me by death before they be called for, your ladyship will find them in that place."

The brave Governor Ogilvie was forced, in the May following, to surrend the castle, honourable terms being granted to its gallant defenders; but wh the much-desired prize was not found, great was the mortification of the co querors, and although the governor's personal freedom had been expres guaranteed when the capitulation took place, "both he and his lady were treat with great severity, being dragged from one place of confinement to another.

"It is the tradition, that Grainger and his wife were likewise suspected, a were not only committed to prison, but were put to the torture, without e tracting a syllable respecting the object of their enemy's desire."

The valuable deposit, it appears, from Mr. Logan's account, lay inhum until the Restoration, when the brave Ogilvie, besides being created a baron received other marks of favour, but which were not, however, consider adequate to his services, and the loss sustained by the confiscation of his estat much jealousy was also excited by the disproportionate rewards bestowed up Sir John Keith, the youngest son of the Countess Marischal, who, havi written a letter from abroad to his friends in England, relative to the treasu was supposed to have contributed to its safety by throwing the Puritans on wrong scent. The equally important, though inferior actors in the preservati of the Regalia, the worthy minister and his wife received by virtue of an act parliament, two thousand marks Scots (about £111 2s. 2d.).

The ancient relics thus preserved we are informed remained undisturbed the strong-room at Edinburgh Castle, from 1707 until 1817, when a commissi was appointed to search for and report on the Regalia of Scotland; and 1818 they were discovered in the Crown-room, whereupon the greatest enth siasm was displayed by the people, especially when the crown was publi displayed.

The talented author concludes this exceedingly attractive history with graphic description of the treasures; and beautiful as Mr. Scott's engraving as a work of art, its value is without doubt doubly enhanced by the liter accompaniment.

The typographical arrangements are also highly creditable to Mrs. Ma Parkes, who is the proprietor and publisher of the engraving.

We cannot resist the following original stanzas on this interesting subje they appear to us to require no commendatory remarks:—

THE MINISTER OF KINNEFF.

A midnight scene arrests the eye,
What means this open grave,
And these pale forms thus ling'ring nigh
The dark sepulchral cave?

Why keep they watch and ward to night?
Why wake whilst others sleep?
And, jealous of the moonbeams bright,
These silent vigils keep.

Has lust of gold their bosoms filled?
For gems of price are spread,
And strangely does their radiance gild
The dwellings of the dead.

Nay, wrong them not; o'er souls so pure
Gold boasts no potent sway;
A nation's honours they secure
From pillage and decay.

For woman's zeal and woman's heart,
Scarce chronicled in story,
Have borne this day a glorious part
In saving Scotland's glory.

Meek is her trust. Her aspect view,
Dark shadows round her stealing;
Yet firm in faith, in purpose true,
She owns no coward feeling.

Less moved than he, whose heart with h
Has throbbed in kindred union,
And still through troubled anxious years
Shall hold its deep communion.

His eager glance is raised on high,
Where wakened birds are flutt'ring,
And scarce his lips repress the cry
His anxious heart is utt'ring.

He knew the alien bands were near,
That hostile arms surrounded;
He perilled all he held most dear,
Yet loyal love abounded.

Rest, humble pair! Your midnight toil
Through weary years enduring,
Withheld the mighty from the spoil,
Old Scotia's pride securing.

And long as faith and truth have power
To charm in simple story,
We'll bless the art, which at this hour
Still crowns your name with glory.

DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL MIRROR.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Time was that the announcement of the opening of the Italian Opera House in the Haymarket excited a commotion, not only in the world of fashion, but through all the various grades of society. The nobles of the land, who during the vacation had sought repose and renewed health on their ancestral domains, now exchanged the balmy breezes, rural landscape, and the ever-varying aspects of nature, for the gas-fraughted theatre and the painted canvass—the natural melodies of the birds and the music of the forest for the artificial warblings of *prime donne* and the clangor of the orchestra. The Italian Opera House was then the centre of fashion, and the possession of a private box conferred upon its fortunate owner something akin to a patent of nobility. Here was the true cynosure of the aristocratic beauties of England—hence issued the fiats of fashion—here were marriages managed—parties arranged—alliances settled—and diplomatic devices developed. Within these four walls assembled the true congress, composed of the female and male magnates of the earth. It was a spot apart—sacred to the mysteries of the silver-forked members of the great Babylon, into which none but the initiated could hope for admission. The pit was then tenanted by ladies in full dress, and by gentlemen in strict evening costume. But these were days when the etiquette of dress was not deemed macaronic, and when the vulgarities of street life dared not seek entrance into the refined precincts. The subscribers were then suffered to pronounce judgment upon the merits or demerits of the works produced, of the true qualifications of the singers, and the capabilities of the members of the ballet. There were no riotous manifestations got up by persons hired, either by sums of money or an unlimited receipt of admissions, to force the public to countenance meagre talent and immature artistes. No name figured in the bills that had not already received the stamp of authority, that had not previously earned its lyrical laurels—there were no puffs anticipatory—no private rehearsals for the press, to secure beforehand the partial verdict of a jury of journalists—no private boxes were then used as retaining fees to the public advocates. The Italian Opera in those days stood upon its own merits, unswayed by managerial diplomacy, or paid-for praise. The unfledged talent and the future promise of genius were left in their native Italy, to bloom and blossom, and only when fully perfected exhibited here as worthy the patronage of the opera-goer. The crude effort would in those days have been driven from the boards, and the direction been made sensibly to feel the heinousness of the attempt. The incapables of the smaller theatres of the Continent would not have been essayed on that stage consecrated only to the ruling geniuses of the world. The mere attempt to produce such *ensembles* as have been lately witnessed would have met with instant reprehension. Well, these errors were for some seasons persisted in; subscribers complained—the public grumbled—the great artistes naturally suffered from their collision with inferior talents—a chorus inefficient in numbers and without discipline—works produced with an utter disregard to truth of scenery or correctness of costume, would, in the common course of mundane things, produce their inevitable consequence. A total disruption took place. But the quarrels of singers—the complaints of musical directors—the want of temper, and impolicy of managements—it is not our task to dilate upon. Sufficient for the day be the evil thereof; the old Opera-house was abandoned by its ruling stars—the band packed up their instruments and departed—the chorus dispersed, and the manager was left almost alone in his solitude. The long-cherished plan of a second Opera-house, which until then had only existed in *nubibus*, grew into consistency. Covent-Garden, with its hallowed memories of the Kemble dynasty, was taken by the chiefs of the old Opera; the former interior vanished, and a new and brilliant theatre, specially formed for an enlarged rendering of the lyrical art, arose; the celebrities of the ancient theatre joined the ranks, strengthened by recruits of established fame in the mother-land of song; the orchestra, which had been the former stronghold, headed by their own chief, took their places; and even the chorus joined the mighty phalanx. The old *prestige* was quickly passing away, for noble and aristocratic patrons laboured zealously in the cause of the advanced movement. An impetus was thus given to a more complete interpretation of the high lyrical drama; the wanton lethargy and the dormant energy was now found necessary to be roused, and Mr. Lumley scoured through Europe to fill the voids left by the simultaneous desertion of all the hitherto great attractions. Grisi and Mario, and Persiani and Tamburini and Costa were not to be replaced; an orchestra composed of great instrumentalists, trained by continuous practice, was not to be easily combined; there was "the world before him, where to choose." But Europe was not affluent in commanding talent; the great singers, even those that did exist, were dispersed; a few instrumentalists were found, but when the orchestra was completed, it proved to be thin in tone and ill balanced, and the effect between the past and present was distinguishable to the most uneducated ear. This very foundation of all lyrico-dramatic works proved to be weak, ragged, and unstable. The operatic *troupe* was found to be so inoperative for any enlarged purpose that there was not even a vocalist capable of undertaking the part of Adalgisa. Gardoni was purchased from his former owners, and though young and good-looking, and endowed with an excellent organ, could, admittedly, bear no comparison with Mario. Coletti, a fine artist, though dramatically monotonous, fortunately filled a gap. Madame Montenegri, with an exaggerated style and unsympathetic voice, and Castellan, though an agreeable vocalist, could not weigh with the gorgeous Grisi and the refined Persiani. Lablache, whose engagement bound him to the management, separated from his singing mates appeared to pine amidst the mighty desolation. Many and various have been the reasons assigned for the sudden and entire retreat of all the great artists from the scene of their several well-earned triumphs. Monetary considerations here had no loop to hang a doubt upon; for in a commercial point of view their salaries were secure—their several positions were uncontested—the public received them with its usual enthusiasm up to the last moment of the closing season—and yet, despite of all, they heartily joined in a then new and doubtful speculation, determined unanimously to venture all they had formerly achieved to carry out what they deemed an act of self-justice. Artistes are of peculiar idiosyncracy—they are the true monarchs of the world, for God has gifted them with genius for the delectation of mankind, and therefore they cannot submit to haughty commands, and the want of warm fellowship. The discipline of an office is repugnant to their natures, and their souls rebel against the merely managerial *dicta.* Kindness and a feeling for art are as necessary to them as the weekly salary. In this dilemma all was doubt and gloom; not a glimpse of sunshine was observable athwart the wide expanse. Suddenly was bruited forth the engagement of the one bright and particular star—Jenny Lind. She came, and for the moment all was light and success. She stood alone in her glory, for not even the smallest satellite could be found to move in the same orbit. The ruin was stayed, and the season finished, as far as Jenny Lind and the treasury were concerned, fortunately. The new season has commenced, but with all the good wishes we entertain for the old opera, we can perceive but small means for ultimate success. Signora Cruvelli is young, and possesses a soprano voice of singular extent, but it lacks power and finish, and her dramatic experience is small. There are the elements to produce a fine singer, but time and assiduous practice are necessary to fit her for the rank thrust upon her inexperience at Her Majesty's Theatre. The old objection remains—we want positive excellence, not promise of excellence. The stage of the Italian Opera is not a school for tyros. The new tenor, Cuzzani, may at once be dismissed. He has neither vocal nor dramatic power, and the public should have been spared the insult of his appearance in the leading character of *Ernani.* As a substitute for poor Corelli he will pass muster, but how the *repertoires* of Tadolini and Lind are to be illustrated by Gardoni alone in the tenor parts, remains to be proven. Of Signor Belletti, who made his first appearance in the character of Don Ruy Gomez di Silva, we cannot but speak in terms of commendation; he possesses a fine, rich, well-cultivated voice, of perfect flexibility, and will form a very good substitute for Staudigl, who has not joined the *troupe* this season. Thus, anything approaching to completeness in the works produced in the present state of the *troupe* can scarcely be anticipated. Jenny Lind may remain an absorbing attraction, but the experience of the star system has proved that this cannot be secured. The ballet is, as usual, to be the grand support; thus the lower art takes precedence of the loftier, but the passion for choregraphy has cooled, for during the past season ruling favourites, who were wont to call down showers of floral offerings, were literally left to *pirouette* and exhibit their well-poised limbs to vacant boxes, empty stalls, and scattered pits. The theatre opened with the unpopular *Ernani,* and a very pretty new ballet. The audience was of a mixed nature, and bore intrinsic evidence of being packed for the purpose.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

Whatsoever may be the conflicting opinions of the advantages of free trade in commercia laffairs, there can be no question as to its beneficial results on art. The antiquated dogmas of prescribed rights and special privileges, and peculiar monopolies, do not, and should not, apply to the free cultivation of the broad lands peopled by the muses. It is a received principle in political economy that the demand of the market inevitably produces the material required; and we may set it down as incontestible, that had not a second Italian opera-house become necessary, that a second Italian opera-house would never have been thought of. Without suffering ourselves to be heated into partizanship, and feeling ourselves actuated alone by the desire for the perfection of the lyrical drama, we cannot but recognise the benefits that have already arisen from the rivalry of the two houses. The efforts of the Royal Italian Opera have stimulated the old property to a more vigorous action, and an enlarged view of the true objects of such institutions. The wonted system has by this very collision been departed from, not from any views in which the public was concerned, but by feelings of self-defence. The array of strength set forth in the programme is beyond former precedent. Each and every point is affluently provided for—there are great *prime donne* for the due rendering of the most opposite schools of music—Grisi, Persiani, Alboni, and Viardot Garcia—not to mention Steffanoni, Corbari, and others. Tenors have multiplied, and basses and barytones quadrupled; and great as was the instrumental force of last season, it has been strengthened. The great works of Meyerbeer are to be given under the guidance of the illustrious composer, and the last new opera of Scribe, with the great French tenor, Roger, in his original part, is to be produced under the superintendence of the gifted Auber. Alboni having achieved a series of successes in Paris, will combine with her former popularity the prestige of her triumphs in the French capital. Various important improvements have taken place in the audience portion of the house, which will materially contribute to the comfort and enjoyment of the public. *Spectacle*, which forms so ruling a feature in the great operas of Glück and Meyerbeer, will here find ample verge and scope; this is a vast advantage which the stage of the Royal Italian Opera House possesses over its rival. Though the current outlay will necessarily be enormous, we feel convinced that the patronage will be commensurate with the greatness of the undertaking; for we have an abiding faith in the theatrical proverb, that "money thrown from the window always returns by the doors."

DRURY LANE THEATRE.

This ill-fated theatre has at length closed its short and eventful season. The rich hopes that were entertained of establishing a national opera-house have been dispersed, not for want of a sincere desire in the public to foster the intent, but from a series of accidents, and want of the necessary managerial experience. That M. Jullien has energy few will deny, but this very energy carried to an imprudent excess is peculiarly dangerous in theatrical affairs. His views have been Utopian, and as it would seem, his pecuniary means insufficient to meet the current expenditure. An overwhelming company was injudiciously engaged, which, though excessive in numbers, was singularly weak in alent; with the exception of Mr. Sims Reeves, Madame Dorus Gras, and Miss Miran— he rest were comparative failures—the slightest accidents were unprovided for, and the ne opera which really succeeded, the *Bride of Lammermoor*, was put aside in the very ush of its great triumph, to give place to a second-rate opera by Balfe. Thus bad began, ut worse remained behind; the introduction of a comic pantomime was a material lunder; without adding the engagement of two gentlemen to write and produce t, both of whom were totally inexperienced in this peculiar class of composition. A arge outlay was thus incurred without the slightest chance of a profitable return. For want of time and tact the affair was a signal failure; and then came the opera f *Linda di Chamouni*, a work for the due interpretation of which first-rate artists are bsolutely necessary, presented by debutants wanting in the simplest rudiments of tage knowledge, and vocally inefficient in all and every respect. The chorus was ound to be too numerous at the expiration of the first week for the treasury, nd a large portion on the spot was cashiered; while the leading instrumentalists ft the theatre to accompany M. Jullien in his provincial concert tour. Thus the establishment, which had commenced so prosperously, fast lost its interest and its certainty, when, to crown the ruin, Madame Dorus Gras refused longer to sing, because the manager had, by the non-payment of her salary, broken his contract. Letters *pro* and *con.* appeared in the public journals, the result of which was to cast fresh discredit on the theatre. Various reports were soon in circulation, casting doubts on the solvency of the manager; so many accidents and offences were sufficient to sink an argosy. The public yet owe M. Jullien gratitude for the engagement of Mr. Sims Reeves, certainly the most accomplished tenor the English stage has ever produced. To a voice of power, richness, and extension, he unites musical knowledge, dramatic experience, and passionate feeling. We had sanguinely hoped that with such a tenor as Reeves, with a contralto like Miss Miran, and with the ultimate chance of securing the celebrated soprano, Miss Hayes, who is delighting the dilettanti of Italy, that a national opera was within our grasp. Are these hopes all to fade into thin air? Will no other attempt be made? That the public is anxious for a national opera-house is certain; the elements for its success are experience, prudence, and a well-considered liberality. One of the prominent features of the season was the engagement of the distinguished *feuilletonists* and composer, M. Hector Berlioz. This gentleman is one of the most learned musical critics of the age; his essays on the art are signalised by profound knowledge and a piquancy of manner and style *sui generis*. The opinions are conflicting of his genius as a composer, though few, if any, have questioned the advances he has made in orchestral effect, and his knowledge of the constitution and peculiar powers of the various instruments. At his grand concert, specimens of his best works were given, but from their novelty of construction and style it would be hazardous to pronounce upon a single hearing an opinion of their innate value. They are principally distinguished by an absence of rhythm, and the seeking to express, by musical means, the loftiest aspirations of the poet, and the representation by sounds of metaphysical thoughts. "Harold in Italy," a symphony, is somewhat vague and unseizable, though many novel combinations are happily carried out, and a march of pilgrims singing the evening hymn to the Madonna has unquestionably high merit. An Hungarian March, founded on a national melody, is instrumented with great skill. A lyrical drama, entitled *Faust*, is more within the usual method of musical composition. The intellectual qualities, and the deep seeking into the secrets of nature, and the yearning and discontented spirit of Faust are embodied in dramatic recitative; while an original air of diablerie is imparted to Mephistopheles totally unlike the develries of Weber or Meyerbeer. A chorus and dance of sylphs are exquisite. But we must hear more of the music of Hector Berlioz ere we are enabled to pronounce judgment upon his claims to take his position amongst the masters of the art.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

An unbroken stream of success has set in since the production of Mr. Lovell's play *The Wife's Secret*. No other proof need be adduced in corroboration that dramas of merit, interpreted by good *artistes*, never fail to secure the patronage of the public. It has become a sort of fashion to insist on the decadence of the general taste for theatrical amusements—to indulge in rhetorical quasi-despondency, upon the want of due illustrators, and numberless other complaints, the tendencies of which serve but to cast a doubt upon the healthfulness of this most delightful art. Let us rather seek for proofs of its vitality, of its power for good, of its directness in stimulating to virtuous action, and of its corrective moral agency. If the play be honest in its purpose, if the sentiments be elevated by poetical figures, if the characters be naturally drawn, and the interest comes home to the "business and feelings" of man, there is but little cause ever to fear a failure. *The Wife's Secret*, although not of the loftiest order of the poetical drama, is free from common-place, and is peculiarly distinguished by the natural flow of its incidents, and the clearness and smoothness of its versification. The ruling characters stand out in bold relief, and the lesser agents, though unobtrusive, are vital to the thorough perfection of the story. The character delineated by Mr. Charles Kean is admirably adapted to his peculiar powers—the somewhat rugged and spasmodic starts of passion, the quickly-recurring faith and doubt, the bursts of passionate agony, and the succeeding calm, are just the means suited to his style. There is also a perfect appreciation of the poetical bearings, the result of a careful scholarship, and sufficient physical energy for the more palpable points of the character. Sir Walter Amyott is one of his completest illustrations. Mrs. Charles Kean may be justly considered as the Miss O'Neil of the actual stage; there is the same melting tenderness, the same pathetic voice, a similar gentleness of demeanour, the same moral dignity, the same deep intensity. Like her great predecessor, she is never tempted into turgidity or exaggeration. There is always the assurance to the auditor that his taste will not be outraged, nor his sense of the natural offended. Indeed, the play, in all its bearings, is admirably delineated. The wily steward, with his Puritanical cant and fell hypocrisy, is graphically exhibited by Mr. Webster; as is the quaint assumption and hearty goodness of the chamber-woman by clever Mrs. Keeley. The applause increases in fervency upon each representation; and thus the satisfaction is mutually shared between author, manager, actors, and the public.

SURREY THEATRE.

Bunn, like Louis Philippe, has abdicated, but we are happy to add, unlike the late King of the Barricado, with the regret of his subjects. His reign was prosperous, his ministers respected, and the budget satisfactory. He has vacated his throne with all honour, accompanied by the thanks of the house. Was the realm too confined for his capacious mind, and does he now but repose to gain renewed vigour for future victories? The mind of Bunn a prey to inaction would suffer from repletion; the sword would eat away the scabbard. His indomitable energy and managerial tact must ere long find ample verge and scope for exertion. Mrs. Davidge is now the manager, for fortunately the Salique law prevails not here. The new bills display an array of new names and new dramas, which may perhaps create a new impetus, for good novelty is the only trump card in the theatrical pack. The theatre has been doing well, and promises even to increase in attraction.

MARYLEBONE THEATRE.

The novelty of the month at this admirably-conducted theatre has been Sheridan Knowles's play of *The Wrecker's Daughter*, originally produced at Drury Lane. The incidents are purely melo-dramatic, though the author has sought to elevate them by the introduction of poetical embroidery. This, however, but tends to produce a mixed feeling which sensibly detracts from the interest of the drama. Mrs. Warner enacts the character which she originally sustained with the same power and refinement that signalised her earlier effort. Nothing can exceed the admirable style in which the piece has been placed upon the stage. The church-scene has infinite propriety; and the view of the ocean, with the foaming breakers, is artistically managed. A quaint farce called *Invisible Green*, from the successful pen of John Oxenford, has been acted. The princi- al character, which gives the title, is never seen, and the humour grows out of the anger f an old gentleman being excited by never being able to encounter the desired personage. t is smartly written, and has abundance of epigrammatic salt.

EXETER HALL.

Mr. Hullah and his pupils are rivalling in attraction the Sacred Harmonic Society. f the truth must be spoken, the execution is much more perfect, and the *ensemble* more atisfactory in every respect. Want of the necessary rehearsals in the choral masses, he mixed nature of the orchestra, and the want of decision in the conductor has tended o keep the old institution in its normal state of half-doing. Mr. Hullah has the advan- ge of a full command over his people, and hence results an almost perfect combination. he last work performed was Handel's glorious heroic musical poem, "Judas Maccabeus," ne of the greatest works of the immortal composer. The beauty of the melodies, the in- ividuality of the personages, the dramatic power of the recitatives, and the mixture of ublimity, martial feeling, and jubilancy of the chorus, places it next in rank to the Israel in Egypt." Independently, however, of its innate excellence, the announce- ent that Mr. Sims Reeves was to appear for the first time as an exponent of Handel ttracted an immense audience. Great as was the reputation achieved by this vocalist s a dramatic singer, however unanimous was the opinion of his fine voice, and purity f style as an interpreter of the operatic schools, many persons doubted his qualification fill the void which had for half a century been so magnificently occupied by raham. Every attempt since the abdication of the Nestor of Song was listened with a sort of respectful patience. His followers lacked voice and power,

LITERARY MIRROR.

The Peasant and his Landlord. By the Baroness Knorring. Translated by Mary Howitt. In two volumes. London: Bentley.

There are in these volumes many passages of infinite beauty, and throughout a powerful moral is intended to be conveyed to the heart of the reader. It exemplifies how a man naturally disposed to good may resist evil, and be led to the performance of many noble actions. His passions are powerful, and he is thus at last in a heated moment betrayed into a crime, which his life must be the penalty of. Yet we do not despise the murderer, we look back upon the long train of evils which has led him to the commission of the crime. His fallen wife forced upon him by the Squire, who afterwards meets with death at his hands; the happy prospect of what he might have been continually before his eyes; the child which bears his name, and yet is not his own,—all these circumstances we say conspire to move our pity for the unfortunate man, who suffers throughout the novel, with only distant glimpses of happiness.

Elin, the young heroine, is a very beautiful character, who throughout maintains her spotless innocence and purity of feeling, though she turns aside in her heart by nourishing a love for the married Gunnar. He does not seek to tempt her; they both see and understand each other's feelings—each knows that the other is beloved, but each respects the other; and thus throughout, in the wildest moments of passion, in the agony of an eternal separation, they remain pure. To love another when once married is never excusable; but if ever it was excusable, it was so in the present instance. Lena, though prudent and thrifty, and to a certain extent attached to her husband, could never be looked upon by him as the pure and spotless partner of his home. He could not regard her otherwise than as a guilty thing forced upon him by circumstances, bound to him against his own will. His character, however, is even in respect to her admirably worked out. He is never harsh, but treats her gently, if not tenderly [illegible] never speaks unkindly, but looks on her more as a good honest housekeeper than as his cherished wife. To understand the whole beauties of the book it must be read; we therefore recommend it strongly to our readers' perusal.

The Parlour Library, Vol. XII.—"Gertrude and Rosa," and "My Uncle's Library."

There are in this volume two very remarkable tales, from the pen of a writer of the name of Topffer, who was in every respect an extraordinary man, remarkable for the versatility of his talents. He was the son of a painter, and fully intended to have pursued his father's profession, for which his abilities pre-eminently fitted him; but a misfortune which dimmed his eye-sight took away all hopes of success in this art. He, therefore, turned himself to the pursuit of literature, though as a source of pleasure he still continued to have recourse to painting. In the latest hours of his life, he appears to have sought relief from suffering and pain in this delightful occupation; and he has left behind him many essays and pictures which display his intimate acquaintance with the rules which regulate the art. The work before us displays great ability, and much respect for the highest range of morality. The style is peculiar; we are insensibly reminded while we read of Sterne's "Sentimental Journey." The narrative is related in the first person throughout. The heroines are two young girls who have eloped from their families—the one deluded by a false marriage by a heartless villain; the other accompanying her in her flight as her friend and adviser, though nearly the same age as herself. Arrived at the town where the principal scenes of the tale are enacted, the false count abandons them to their fate, without money or any resource but selling their jewellery. To protect them from insult and injury now devolves upon the minister of the town, by whom the narrative is related. Their position excites the greatest curiosity; the young girl waits long in expectation of her supposed husband—time flies, and still he comes not. Her spirits droop day after day. She is pursued by the importunities of a villain; and at last, after numerous incidents, she is compelled, with her friend, to take refuge in the house of the minister. There she is safe, but all applications to her family for forgiveness are vain; and at length a child is born, who lives not a moment, and soon after the mother hourly pines away and dies. The events are simple, but are narrated with touching pathos, and produce a powerful effect upon the mind of the reader, who alternately becomes elated and depressed by hopes and fears. Gertrude, her friend, is more fortunate. She is beloved by the son of the clergyman, and is afterwards married to him with the consent of her parents. As a whole, "Rosa and Gertrude" is one of the sweetest tales of the kind we ever remember to have read.

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FOR APRIL, 1848.

THE HIGHLAND BIVOUAC OF 1845.

By the Author of "Highland Sports and Highland Quarters."

> " Will you go to the Hielands, Lizzy Lyndsay,
> Will you go to the Hielands wi' me ?
> Will you go to the Hielands, Lizzy Lyndsay,
> The beauties of nature to see ?" Old Ballad.

CHAPTER I.

The city of Perth is justly entitled to the appellation of the Fair City, if so be that the term is derived from its locality. As a town it ranks with most others anent the Borders, save Edinburgh, which the eye of a stranger cannot behold, or in which the foot of the wanderer cannot linger without admiration, whether in reference to its splendour of position, gratification of the new town, or interest in the old. Aberdeen has one noble street, all else is bleak, dreary, dirty, and desolate; and from Glasgow, city of smoke, commerce, and filth, Heaven defend us! But in truth Perth, the birth-place of fair maidens, chosen city of Agricola, washed by the bright and rapid Tay, truly art thou fair to look on, if not agreeable as an abiding place; thy streets are narrow, thy alleys filthy, and thy public buildings little graceful, and rare in interest; for all this thy importance is admitted. And if the rigours of winter hang with a heavy gloom over thy brightness for several long weary months out of the twelve, when the sun of summer once more sends forth his cheering and welcome rays, and deep purple of autumn paints in sombre hue the distant Grampian range, or gilded by its rich roseate tinge, then the busy scene of life makes all merry as marriage bells, for thy ancient streets are thronged with the stranger, the tourist, and the sportsman. In fact, there are few places in Europe whose features are so entirely changed by seasons as the fair city of Perth; and notwithstanding its locality is in the present day almost as well known as the beautiful spot from which we have sent forth these pages, we venture to affirm that among ten individuals not actually residing there, you will scarcely find two who having beheld it from the same spot will mentally trace the same picture of its charms.

Alike when covered by Alpine snow, amid Siberian coldness, summer sunshine, and autumn's brightness, have we looked on the waters of the Tay, and selecting the palmy season of midsummer, we may venture fairly to declare that there are few more pleasant sights which discerning man can look on in such season, than that which is said to have so gratified the Romans, as with unblushing generosity they compared the clear and glittering waters of the Tay to the muddy, slothful meanderings of the Tiber. This is, however, an old story. And Sir Walter has also immortalised the fair city, without, in this instance, allowing his unequalled imagination to carry him, as regards Scotland, beyond the limits of the painter's varnish. In fact, when approaching Perth from the south, nothing can be finer than the landscapes which present themselves after passing south of the range of mountains called the Oichill hills.

The first of these views is the richest part of Strath Earn, and the junction of the river Earn with the Tay, taking in the bridge of Earn, the wooded hill of Moncreiff, and the plantations of Dupplin, the seat of Lord Kinnoul, for its northern boundary. After ascending the hill of Moncreiff, two miles north of the bridge of Earn, we approach the charming spot where the Romans in admiration halted. To the right, in many picturesque windings, glides the river Tay, sweeping from the north round the base of Kenworth Crags, and flowing calmly to the east, towards the rich carse of Gowrie and Dundee. Below, glittering in the sun's rays, you behold the spires of many churches, which form the chief beauty of the Fair City; its handsome bridge crossing the Tay, the Inches, the foreign-looking avenue approaching the southern entrances; all nestling snugly enclosed by wood-clad hills and distant mountains.

The waving corn in the fertile district of Strathmore, with the grand chain of the Grampian mountains in the back-ground, all pleasingly combining to make this scene one of considerable beauty and undoubted interest; in fact, one addition alone is wanting to make that which is already charming, grand, rich, luxuriant, and of unsurpassing beauty,—that which, with few exceptions, is everywhere missed in the land of the mountain and the flood,—that which is alone seen in its native grandeur in merry England, wide-spreading woods of oak, and beech, and elm, to clothe the mountain side, and cause rich valleys to look richer still; instead of the cold, bleak fir and pine forests, and the still colder though lovely hanging birch tree. We do not presume to infer that there are not fine trees, and many, in the Highlands, but they are chiefly met with in the west and on the route we are about to take you; whereas the east is as bare of timber as is Salisbury Plain. There are fir woods and plantations in abundance hanging around and about the neighbourhood of the Fair City; woods, however, there are none; yet many snug and graceful villas, enshrined in shrubs and growing plantations, cast their shadows on the waters of the Tay, and some few modern mansions, and others of less recent date, grace the immediate hill sides, beyond the city's noise; yet, when the moon is hidden, from these pleasant abodes the myriads of lights are seen to glitter o'er the rippling surface, as it glides rapidly onwards to the German Ocean.

In one of these villas or small country seats which we have already named, in a pleasant airy room, the French windows of which opened on a wide lawn, surrounded by graceful evergreens—were assembled one evening of midsummer time a merry and a happy party, consisting of six individuals, all English. Four of the party were of the male sex, the remaining two fair ladies. The whole group may be termed young, as not one among the number had attained the age of forty; while the majority were far younger. These persons it is unnecessary we should dwell on, save the ladies. In reference to and as regards them, both were pretty—one fair, the other dark; both agreeable—the one possessing sense and heart, the other laughing eyes, and ready to make what she termed love, or be made love to by any of the poor chevaliers, married or single, who might be inclined to the tender pastime.

The windows of the room were wide open. The landscape was pleasing, the city of Perth lay peacefully in the distance, the surface of the Tay was unruffled. It was not a bright or splendid summer's evening, though grey, fair, and soft—for bright summer's evenings are few and far between in the Highlands. Such, however, is a grave reason to hope for a period of fine weather, and stimulated by such hopes the party had anxiously looked forward with pleasing anticipation for the morrow; for they had determined on a week's absence from their present head quarters. And after a variety of discussions and pleasant railleries, their line of march was decided on, and thus was it carried out. As, however, the route selected—the traversing of which was to occupy six days—that is, starting on the morning of Monday, home was again to receive them on the night of Saturday—was through one of the most beautiful parts of Scotland, and undertaken in a manner by no means usual, it may not be uninteresting to some to join their party now; while many may thus be induced hereafter to take the same pleasurable excursion.

In the first place a good strong pair of post-horses was hired, with a trusty and intelligent post-boy to drive, man and beast being entirely under the control of the excursionary party as to time and distance each day, consistent with humanity and circumstances. These hardy animals were then harnessed to a roomy though not heavy britska, in which, on as fine a morning as ever broke o'er the Grampians, two ladies and two of the gentlemen were seated—the remaining two, being inveterate smokers, being satisfied with seats in the rumble, as there they could puff, stand up, and talk, &c., *ad libitum*.

The light baggage consisted of a few clean shirts, and for aught we know to the contrary, a few clean chemises, with other light articles appertaining to male and female attire usual on such occasions. The heavy baggage, however, was of far more importance, so much so, indeed, that we find it necessary to mention it in detail for the advantage of those who may be similarily inclined to bivouac on the flowery heathered mountain side, on the border of a Highland lake, or beneath the woodlands, as was our intention, instead of being delayed for hours in a roadside inn—bad in most places, but abominable in Scotland. Freedom to go where we liked, halt when we liked, and enjoy all we saw was our determination on starting, and this admirable arrangement was duly adhered to; therefore the heavy baggage consisted of a cold round of beef, a cold ham, sundry tongues and fowls, cold pies *ad infinitum*, sherry and cognac, some fresh bread—which is only to be obtained in large towns—various sauces, a good large stew-pan, and an equally large saucepan for the purpose of boiling potatoes, Protean matches, &c. Such was the commissariat department.

What would not the followers of the Iron Duke have given to have cut off such a party wandering amid the Pyrenees, as were we about to wander amid the Highlands? We question whether the smell of the stew we concocted on these friendly mountains would not have put a whole regiment, instead of a few shepherds, on the scent, who forthwith left their flocks, and approached our bivouac to taste and pronounce it excellent. Thus packed and provisioned, with light hearts and cheering weather, we drove from the door, ere the sun began to scorch the vales. It is not, however, our intention to trace each mile we pass over; we shall leave such details for guide-books, referring ourselves only to such spots as more particularly interested us—sufficient, however, we trust, to excite in others a curiosity, having read of them, to look or view personally instead of mentally.

The high road from Perth to Creiff is known in the present day almost to the whole excursionising world; we shall therefore content ourselves with shewing that it is a very pleasing road to travel on, and the approach to Creiff, having passed the residence of Sir David Baird, particularly striking. At Creiff we halted. This was our first stage, seventeen miles; enough, and more than enough, to secure, in health, a most untiring appetite; and well were we satisfied by the ample fare speedily set before us by the worthy boniface of the Drummond Arms.

Few men, we venture to assert, have travelled more in Scotland than have we, and yet this was one of the only places where we truly realised the oft-told tale of a Scotch breakfast. What these meals may have been in days lang syne, ere steam-boats and railways brought English writers by tens of thousands to eat them, we pretend not to assert; but now, alas! the peasant and no slender portion of the gentry thrive on porridge—though, perchance, the season admitting, the stranger may luxuriate on broiled salmon, and excelling, once discarded from repletion by the menials of the Land of Cakes. But on nature's beauties, not on Scotch breakfasts, let us now briefly dwell, for we are about to enter the jaws of the Highlands—jaws, justly so termed, for we have observed in most grand passes rugged hills are placed at the entrance as sturdy guards to defend the way and obstruct the path from all obtruders.

Those that stood sentry over the pass towards Loch Earn, by which route we were desirous to advance, were peculiarly beautiful, having all the appearance of having been formerly covered with wood; and it is by no means improbable that strongholds of lawless chieftains were, in days "lang syne," perched thereon, as their Gaelic name denotes. To the south-east of Crieff, about two miles distant, stands Drummond Castle, the beautiful domain of the Lord Willoughby d'Eresby, in itself sufficiently interesting for a journey from England; but so well known since the Eglinton Tournament as one of the chosen resting-places of our gracious Queen Victoria during her first visit to the Highlands, that we will not delay our forward route by a recapitulation of its beauties here; suffice, that we passed onwards through the mountain, warriors rejoicing, till we reached the House of Ochtertyre, embosomed in trees on the left bank of the Earn. To do justice to such a scene requires an abler pen than ours; but this far we dare say—the approach to it, on so bright a morning as that on which we travelled, was truly lovely, and, by the distant variety of ground, woods, lakes, and western boundaries of the sublime and picturesque hills around Loch Earn, it is rendered one of the most enchanting spots in the Western Highlands. In the woods are two falls; the first and highest fall is rendered the most beautiful by the scenery about it, which is strikingly pleasing; indeed, all that here meets the eye shows forth nature in its most luxuriant charms. But onwards rolls our britska, with merry laughter sounding from within, and white smoke curling from without; brilliant was the scenery, ever-changing in variety of form and foliage, till Comrie is reached. Unhappy town of earthquakes, sad are thy disasters, bonnie Comrie! Yet beautiful is thy locality; and yet thy very houses stand as if in awe of earthquakes, while thy inhabitants look as were they shaken out of all cleanliness and bed. Here we crossed the river Earn, still gently travelling on through unrivalled scenery till another charming spot claimed our attention—a spot, if equalled, certainly not surpassed in its romantic position throughout the Western Highlands. We speak of Deneira. If we err not, this charming retreat is the occasional residence of Sir David Dundas. Envy is a sin—a grievous sin; nevertheless, we committed it to the fullest extent, in the desire that he might better suit himself, and we call the Paradise master for the brief months of August and September—*du reste*, give us, for choice, the humblest cot in merry England to the proudest castle in the Land of Cakes. But of Deneira it is scarcely possible to speak in terms too high, and it would require far more time and space to dilate thereon than these brief pages; travel by that road, however, good friends, it is a pleasing summer excursion, and will well contrast with your last year's trip to the Channel Isles or steaming up the Rhine. That spot has left a lasting impression on our minds, particularly in reference to its singular position and truly romantic beauties. Indeed, we fearlessly declare, though no lovers of bonnie Scotland—the bonnie, we presume, in some measure being read as "bonnie Dundee," the most obnoxious of all towns—that for rich, luxuriant, indeed, splendid scenery, the whole strath, from Drummond Castle to Loch Earn, where we are about to form our first bivouac, for sublimity and variety is not surpassed by any other part of Scotland. Still onward rolls our carriage, while many a pleasant joke is passed around, and many a joyous exclamation of delight is uttered from the blue-eyed blonde, who turns her head to answer some passing remark of us smokers in the rumble, as to the exhilirating effects of the bright morning, on the still more pleasing sensations derived from the beauties of nature on which we looked; while the dark-eyed, laughter-loving, dark-ringletted damsel by her side, now approving of this, and then of that, approved still more of the gentle flirtation she was carrying on with an amiable gentleman, fat, fair, and forty, who sits before her—to her taste a more pleasing picture than the towering pinnacles of Mealfournich and Morven now the distance. If heart to heart be really bound by the ties of love, ion amid such beautiful pictures of God's painting will bind them still ndly. But of all the pests on earth is a flirt requiring man's attention tanding by her side on the mountain's brow. You look down on the ley and the distant mountain, and the winding stream—without one enthusiasm being uttered from lips which almost ask to be kissed; u pay a compliment to the particular hue of her pink bonnet or the ice of her tresses, instead of dwelling with excitement on the glories od here on earth has given to man, and which man so rarely appreciates.

sun has not yet passed the meridian, and we approach Loch Earn, our l halting-places for a few short hours—the western end of the lake ur point selected for a first night's resting-place. Already the glittering f the lake now seem calm and placid like a sheet of glass in the division, fast approached—

> "The witch-elm that shades St. Fillan's spring."

l truth, it was like coming out of one world to give a peep down into on the contrary side of the mountain. We now halted before the little lebrated as the spot where the Highland revellers of the district are vont to meet, and for the season casting care into the loch, many a d reel is danced, and many a whisky dram quaffed off to the health of stan. But here we lingered not, save to inform the good landlord that es would be sent to his stables for rest and refreshment; while we, a arty, puerile as it may appear, bivouacked on the bright sandy shore of the Vith this intention we proceeded on the south side of the lake till reached an opening in the thick birch and hazel coppice which borders auteous waters, sufficiently large to admit our carriage, and, well hidden rees, we then halted, and having detached the faithful animals who veyed us thus far, sent them back to St. Fillan's; while we, selecting ful spot shaded by graceful foliage and rocks, through and over which clear mountain rivulet, into the very lake at our feet, thus formed uac. Cushions and provisions were taken from the carriage—the most f the party set to work in good earnest to prepare the sylvan feast— were washed in the clear lake—dry wood collected, and a bright fire near the rocks; and while the cooks were actively employed and ndeavouring to fish,—though fishing weather it was not—we crave or the sake of those who love such scenes, still more for the sake who may desire to behold them, to give a mere sketch of its charms.

ld the traveller approach this small lake—in our humble opinion one of t beautiful, if not the most beautiful, in the Highlands of Scotland—as om Crieff, we may suggest that the route by the north side of the waters, Earn head, holds forth to the admirer of nature a far wider and ble prospect—on the south, Benvoirlich, Mealfournich, and Morven raise ty and picturesque forms; while Eden Ample, an ancient and romantic d stronghold, is not the least pleasing feature of the distance; 'tis a l spot, surrounded by wood, and washed by the water of the lake; e glen at the mouth of which it stands is a deep and wild ravine, through ows a rapid stream from Benvoirlich.

oad on the southern side, rising near the spot where we had pitched uac, is far more wooded and hilly—indeed, so secluded that in few spots the lake beheld; and yet nothing can be more sequestered and more hly wild and sylvan than is every yard of it. In fact, Loch Earn is lly surrounded by hills, mountains, and crags; and at the foot of the eye is charmed with a small island, beautiful in shape, and covered od the picture on which we looked from our encampment, while the nmits of Benvoirlich, Mealfournich, and Morven, haunts of the eagle, he sense of its sight. Such were the scenes, such the bouquet from nature's ffered to us on this, our first day's dining-table. Those who love such far more beautiful than man can paint or works can tell of, go and dine there also. But hark! the merry shout breaks on our dream of mountain, wood, and vale to realities—and not bad ones, either—in the shape of an excellent and well-seasoned cold pie, and a saucepan of potatoes just taken from the burning embers, boiling and bursting from their coats, as in the time—the good old time!—when potatoes were wont to burst in mealiness and excellence. The clean damask cloth was laid on the silvery sand, and all arrangements for the coming feast made by fair hands—rocks and stones piled up formed our seats, the rushing mountain stream our wine-diluting fountain; the lake our mirror, and birch wood a canopy of shade. Appetite, the best of sauces, made all, even had it not been really so, appear excellent, even beyond the art of Soyer. Ude was not wanted there; now health, happiness, and merriment reigned. Long did we linger on this pleasing spot. Dinner over, we threw ourselves on the turfy bank, and sat on the rocks against which the clear lake rippled; cigars were smoked—now the clear voices of two of the party joining in a duet sounded pleasingly through the calm air—now the merry laugh echoed through the mountain till the warm golden sun, sinking inch by inch behind the western mountains, told it was time to strike our tents, and hasten on our way to the inn at Loch Earn head, from which we were still some three leagues distant. Oh! how calm, how still, how lovely was that long summer's night; scarcely a breath of air moved even the light leaves of the birch trees which overshadowed the waters of the lake as we drove gently forward to our resting-place for the night. This little inn, termed Loch Earn Head, commands a fine view of the lake nearly to its foot at St. Fillan's, where we had first entered on a view of its beauties; we there found ample accommodation for those who are not desirous to make difficulties—though we must admit the season does much for such a resting-place. This little house, singly and pretty as it stands at the foot of mountains bare to their very summits, and sheltered solely by a narrow fir plantation, nevertheless looks on some of the finest Highland scenery, and, moreover, is a place of no little importance—inasmuch as it is honoured by the service of the Crown, being her Majesty's post-office for that district; it is also a convenient posting-house for those who travel through this frequented part of Scotland during the fine season, and is so placed as to secure the roads leading in four directions—Killin to the north, St. Fillan's to the east, westward to Tynrun, and Callander to the south. At this solitary Posada we halted, well delighted with our first day's journey. The ladies of the party were soon called on to do duty at the tea table; after which a merry round game at *vingt-et-un* soon made sad inroads into the advancing night; and the hour of midnight sounded ere, tired, but gratified, we parted to rest for the night. Simple as were our pleasures, and rustic our proceedings, those were merry days when we went gipseying; and with freedom from all restraint, with the heathered hill for our resting-place, the clear sky of summer for a canopy, we envied not those who revelled in luxury in foreign hotels, or feasted in the *restaurants* of Paris, or slept at Secheron, whose windows looking oblong Lemartin only as we did, we saw ere we closed the shutters after one long look at the glassy waters of Loch Earn, glittering in the moonlight, while mountain shadows strongly marked their outlines on its surface—good night!

The sun, awaking through the smoky air
  Of the dark city, casts a sullen glance,
Rousing each caitiff to his task of care,
  Of sinful man the sad inheritance—
Summoning revellers from the lagging dance,
  Scaring the prowling robber in his den,
Gilding on battle-tower the warder's lance,
  And warning student pale to leave his pen.

To us it rose a harbinger of joy and exhiliration; we had before us another day of hope, and happy rambling amid scenes of beauty and interest, in company with those whose presence added to the happiness of each event, however trivial. It rose, not, however, to please a poet fancy, or in sparkling brilliancy over the waters of the Earn, but peeping and struggling through a dense fog, as if a thick veil of gauze had been drawn athwart the sky. We speak not with the intention of calling on imagination to vary our pleasures, but simple facts, as they occurred in our onward route. It was, however, by no means a mountain or a Scotch mist, which soon convinces you that it is a decided damper, both physically and mentally, for no cloth has yet been invented through which it will not penetrate in an hour; and as for animal spirits the lightest heart that ever walked across a heathered mountain side would cease to smile ere ten minutes' exposure to it. A fog, however, particularly amid the mountains, is a totally different atmospherical intruder, and by no means, in our humble estimation, an unpleasant one, as one feels it is only a gossamer curtain, which when drawn aside displays nature in all her brightest charms. Nor were we mistaken in this instance, for scarcely had we dressed and walked forth to the loch side, ere first one monster streak appeared, then a patch of blue, then lower down the mountain the curtain rolled, then lingered upon the waters, and ere the whole party had assembled before a substantial breakfast, the brightest of bright pictures called us all forth to admire it; and soon we once more started on our march. Our intention this day was to travel the route leading to Callander, wisely looking on the walls of Ardwhillary House, where Abyssinian Bruce arranged his papers and printed the account of his travels to the source of the Nile—a spot where, truly, he could have met with little interruption, for nothing there is seen but high and barren mountains on every side, the winding lake Lubnaig with rushing streams issuing therefrom, and entering therein with the lofty Ben Ledi frowning o'er the vale. On the west side of Loch Lubnaig, termed the Crooked Lake, which lay also on our line of route, you behold in its very centre a large and picturesque rock called Craig-na-coheady or the rock of the joint hunting, with the forest of Glen Finglass, formerly abounding in red deer, and a favourite locality of the hunting kings of Scotland. We do not presume clearly to explain what joint hunting may infer, without joint means haunch—a very superior joint indeed, whether it be of venison or mutton; but as a sportsman we own that we looked on this wild scene with an eye of no inconsiderable interest. Gently we trotted forward with increased delight. The day was brilliant, and nature looked gay and smiling; yet not more gay than were our party. Ah! what gladness is it even to write these words, for, alas! the lot of man is such in this passing world of sin and misery, that, though great are the joys that God in his bounty has cast at our feet, how few—how very few—will stoop to pick them up; how few admit they ever have really known a day of real unalloyed happiness; we desire none such for companion of ours, thank God we had none such on those bright by-gone days. But permit us to push gently aside the parasol of the young lady with dark tresses, who, as we said before, turns her back on us from the britska—for we are one of the rumblers—she shades her face and her complexion from the sun's rays, and shades her eyes from all but him who sits before her, on whom she looks instead of Ben Ledi in the distance, as we desired her to do, but which her parasol has hitherto prevented. The other dear creature is discussing the merits of a luxuriant English valley over a dark Scotch glen. She is doubtless right for a permanency; but for a season the eye is well pleased with such scenes, so let them talk and flirt on, while we tell you a tale of this Ben Ledi, or Ben le Dia, the hill of God, which stood out boldly in the distance, in height three thousand feet above the level of the sea. Its form is conical, and its appearance, even on this sunny day, was somewhat black and gloomy. In many parts it is craggy, but mostly it is covered with coarse verdure and heath, where sheep, nevertheless, feed in numbers, till becoming first-rate mutton, they are sent to the southern markets. Fancy the gastric pleasure of a saddle from Ben Ledi, currant jelly and greens—would not this suit you as a speculation? But excuse us. Innumerable springs flow from this mountain, as from most others in the Highlands, of the purest and brightest waters; and even on the very summits of many you will frequently find a small lake. Such is the case on Ben le Dia, near the summit of which will be found a small loch, termed Lochan-nan-corp, the lake of Dead Bodies, so named from an afflicting catastrophe that happened to the attendants of a funeral who were proceeding from Finglass to a kirk—*Anglice*, church—on the north of the pass of Lennie. The corpse, doubtless, was that of a person of some consideration in the district, as almost all the inhabitants of the glen attended the funeral, amounting to nearly two hundred. The lake was frozen over, and covered with snow, but whether that circumstance deceived them, or the thickness of the ice on which they ventured to shorten the way, has never been ascertained; sufficient that the procession, almost to a man, were on the frozen waters when the ice, with one awful crash, gave way, and eight-score souls were placed in the presence of their Maker. It can scarcely be necessary to dwell on the feelings caused by an event so sudden and awful to all in these secluded regions, where all are in a measure connected, an event engraved in tears of blood on the hearts of father to son, and friends, on to the present hour, of the few who lived to tell the tale.

THE WORLD OF DREAMS.

A SERENADE.

Soft be thy slumbers, love, to-night,
As pure as our midnight meeting;
For thy spirit hath fled to a world of light,
And mine hath given it greeting:
Like moonlight shadows that fall on snow,
Thy tresses are darkly twining,
A bower of curls for thy marble brow,
On a paler arm reclining.
But thy soul is away in the world of dreams,
Far from that form divine,
And 'twill linger there till the day-star beams,
So sleep, ladye mine.

Bright be thy visions, love, to-night,
The day hath enough of sorrow;
And dreams are the wings for a lover's flight,
That melt in the sun of the morrow:
Yet fancy's realm is the world for all
Who sigh for its golden pleasures,
And only when held in slumber's thrall,
Have we the key of its treasures.
Then wander with me in the world of dreams,
My spirit is linked with thine;
And 'twill linger there till the day-star beams,
So sleep, ladye mine!

E. L. B.

A NEW MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

> "Bless thee, Bottom, bless thee! thou art translated."—*Shakspere.*

ANNOT other persons besides Shakspere have Midsummer Nights' Dreams? ndoubtedly—although less poetical and sublime. The one I am about to relate of this species.

Whoever has travelled through Switzerland on foot knows what it is to be ed. But no descriptions, my friends: I am merely going to tell you my eam. But am I right in calling it a dream? Was it a dream, properly so lled? No; it was more properly a state of somnambulism, and therefore ore extraordinary than a common dream.

I was ascending Rigi, when I saw, coming down the path before me, a man, hose exterior was very striking. His figure was very tall, and consisted, parently, of only head, neck, and a pair of incredibly thin legs. His arms ere thrust into his coat-pockets, and at a distance he looked like a monstrous avat hopping about on insect-legs. I know not why this remarkable indiviual gave himself the trouble to ascend the mountain; all he need have done ould have been to wait for a favourable breeze to carry him along. This an—or rather this moving cravat—touched me (whether by accident or pursely I cannot pretend to decide) as he passed by, very lightly with the tip of s forefinger, and from that moment I felt an indescribable pain in my arm. is pain went upwards, and during its progress in that direction changed into isagreeable feel of burning, until at last, when it reached my brain, it became ather pleasing sensation of giddiness. The moment I felt myself touched I rned suddenly round, in the expectation that the stranger was about to make esture of apology; but, no! there he stood, if possible more straight and agre than before, staring at me full of wonder, with his large, brown, goggle s. I involuntarily turned my back upon him, and then this strip of a man ished. When I had reached the summit of the mountain, upon consulting visitors' book I found the name of a professor of chemistry written in it, the ink still wet. While I was endeavouring to decipher the illegible chaters of which his name was composed, a waiter who stood by me, said, "You erve, sir, that the ink is still wet, although the gentleman who wrote this has this time reached the foot of the mountain."

That is very strange," said I.

Very strange," rejoined the man.

This man's ink," he added in a tone of contempt, "never dries; it always ains wet. He was here a year ago, and what he wrote then is not yet dry. enerally keep this a secret, especially from ladies, for I am sure that if I told m they would not venture to sign their names in this book."

You are quite right," I replied, and involuntarily felt my arm.

now walked upon even ground, and looked around upon the riches of nature. mist which had hitherto overspread them dispersed, and we had a fine ning. I say we, for besides myself there was a young lady of about sixteen rs, who was leading her grandmother by the hand to introduce her to the uty of the scene. At a little distance from us was a gentleman with a saffronured umbrella, and another with a very strangely shaped travelling-cap, ch had the appearance of a helmet. The old lady drank tea, the young one hed and played with an Italian greyhound, the gentleman with the remare cap admired the beauties of the landscape, whilst he with the saffron ella very slowly and with his little finger gracefully raised took a pinch of f from a box adorned with the picture of a lady with a yellow head-dress and a yellow shawl. This gentleman, thought I, must in the course of his life have come in collision with yellow.

"If I were to say this is a fine view, I should be telling no falsehood, I think," observed the gentleman with the helmet.

"I have nothing to say against your speaking your sentiments," observed the gentleman in yellow, with an air of great good nature—"you may go still further, and call it captivating if you like."

"I should like to know who would prevent me!" observed the helmeted gentleman, in a tone which betrayed some irritation, excited by the presumption of the gentleman in yellow.

"Not I," said the latter, noisily tapping the lid of his snuff-box.

At this moment the dog made a sudden leap, and stopped close by the edge of the precipice. The beautiful girl screamed, and in trying to rescue her favourite incurred the same danger herself, for her foot slipped and she perilled the equilibrium of her elegant figure. I ran forward, and saved both her and her wanton little favourite. "*Soyez donc raisonnable, ma chère,*" exclaimed the old lady, holding up her tea-cup.

A waiter now brought several glasses of punch, and some little saucers, from which a strange, nondescript mixture emitted a volume of steam. This mixture was for the gentleman with the yellow umbrella. He had prepared it himself for a quarter of an hour in the kitchen. He arranged the saucers (which were five in number) before him on the bench where we were sitting, and contemplated them with a thoughtful silence, like a priest at the altar. The gentleman with the helmet thought it great presumption in his neighbour to partake of a beverage the composition of which the former was unacquainted with. He accordingly withdrew from the vicinity of the bench, as if he feared some noxious miasma would arise from these cups; at the same time he took off his helmet, and aired it awhile, and then had recourse to his telescope, which he looked through with restless impatience, and extraordinary perseverance. At last twilight came on, and drew a veil over the splendours of the scenery. The old lady had drunk her tea, the gentleman in yellow had finished his fifth cup, the helmeted gentleman packed up his instrument, and we all went into the house, the lovely maiden fluttering before us like the evening star which precedes the luminaries of the night.

The reader, who has ascended Rigi twenty years ago, will remember the old house, that singular, fantastical edifice with its hundred nooks and corners, occupied by the comical denizens of the mountain. To-day no traces of it remain. Luxury has found its way thither, and introduced its silken curtains and embroidered tapestry into the old house of Æolus. All is now changed! We live on Rigi as we do in our own chamber, where we are now writing; and we shall one day drink tea and play at whist on the top of Chimborazo with the same comfort and complacency as in our drawing-room.

But to return to my dream. The sleeping-chamber that I occupied was one of those little narrow rooms which have now disappeared, but which contained in the smallest possible space whatever a traveller in those regions then required. I had not long to complain of the diminutiveness of my apartment, for the first grey dawn of day and the shrill clarion sounded by the sentinel, that kept guard over the beauties of nature soon drove me out of bed and bedroom. I now stood, as I thought, upon the top of the mountain, and beside me stood the strip of a man, the geometrical line, the moving cravat—in short, the doctor who had thrown me into this state of somnambulism. He still kept his hands in his pockets, and his goggle eyes were still fixed upon me. I wished not to see him, turned aside, and crossing my hands upon my breast, exclaimed: "How beautiful this is!" "No beauty," exclaimed my persecutor, "can stand its ground against an acid." "Against an acid?" "Yes! we chemists are acquainted with all dissolving and destroying agents, and of all these acids are the most powerful." "Except poetry," I exclaimed, with eagerness; "that cannot be displaced or destroyed." "Oh yes!" said he, coldly, "by science, for that, too, is an acid."

ight of the many golden dreams of my childhood, of the beautiful
l traditions of the times that were past, and sighed deeply. "It is not
' I observed, "but life that destroys these lovely images." "We have
life, we have only science now," murmured the lipless mouth of the
"Life has deeds, but we have only ideas; life has warm blood, but we
d ink; life produces life, but we produce books." "Therefore we are
e." "Therefore we are perfect," rejoined the Doctor. "It is only
nce and through science that we are perfect."

ed aside, and saw on my right hand a maiden, whom I had not before
l. It was a youthful figure, and very like the handsome young lady
en, whose favourite dog I had rescued on the previous evening.
' said she to me, "let us examine more closely the beautiful lands of the
hich we see yonder at so great a distance." "A useless journey!" said
fessor. We disregarded what he said. As, in Dante's "Divina
ia," Virgil's shade extends his hand to the poet, so did this lovely being,
ced half angel, half maiden, extend her hand to me. "You are leaving
d the professor; "but remember, that in whatever country you travel,
ur one drop of my acid out of this phial, and you shall not find the
at you seek." "Never fear," said the angel, "although I have not the
warrant you safe against this acid, still it shall not completely destroy the
which I shall create. The effect of that destroying power and of my
power will be that you shall see certain prodigious visions, the mean-
hich you must make clear to yourself." "A species of irony, then?"
so."

ere now hovering above the earth. "Do you see the North Pole yon-
quired my guide, whom I shall now call Sanna, the abbreviation for
h, as I had heard the beautiful girl called yesterday by her grandmother.

replied I, "an extraordinary-looking cone, of a transparent greenish

cone," said Sanna, "is a thousand times bigger than the greatest
Egyptian pyramids. It has been standing thousands of years, and
of no navigator has ever ventured near it; for whatever touches
me boundaries of this fearful ice-palace becomes frozen immediately."

ourselves?" I exclaimed, shivering.

ot dismayed: whilst under my guidance you will meet with no
e. I will even present you to the ice-monarch."

w drew nearer, and my eyes were dazzled by the stupendous pyramid,
eamed with the lustre of a chrysophras or a beryl in the rays of a
sun. But the silence which reigned all around was terrific. No
und was heard in this vast region—a boundless black sea and the
ountain rearing its head to an immeasurable height in front of it.

ens!" cried I, "how melancholy the life of this ice-monarch must be!
r sees the spring, he never hears the rustling of a tree, he never enjoys
ance of an early flower!"

espises all such frail, perishable charms," replied Sanna, "there-
power is based upon granite pillars, and whatever enjoys life here must
re him." We now reached the foot of the pyramid, and a secret gal-
disclosed to us. By means of this we arrived at a projecting building
nple, a portico formed of eighty gigantic pillars of the purest ice, as
crystal. Having reached a huge saloon, we found this apartment
by a multitude of courtiers, the greater number of whom had a proud
nanding aspect and wore crowns.

e are the princes of the neighbouring islands," said my companion, in
on, "who are here to do homage to the mighty ruler. Let us enter
n."

with astonishment the guests, before they went to audience, cover
es from head to foot in an unwieldy armour of wood.

is necessary," said my companion, "because the immediate contact of the prince would freeze them to death, although they themselves reign over fields of ice."

The audience-chamber opened before us; and now this phantasma of unearthly splendour floated before my eyes. The spacious saloon, with its cupola as high as the heavens, displayed upon the walls the richest groups of the most luxuriant vegetation; slender palm trees, tall cypresses, broad aloes, plane trees, cedars, and others forming magnificent tress-work of every kind, all these noble plants made of ice with their leaves and blossoms twinkling like stars. The most beautiful ice flowers were sprouting from the vaulted ceiling, and a glowing evening sun shot its fiery red through the transparent walls into this magic garden sparkling with a million diamonds.

The ice-monarch was standing on his throne; but whenever I wished to look up towards him, I felt an acute pain in my eyes. My companion hastily threw her veil over me, but it was now too late; nose, eyes, and mouth were frozen, and I could not open my eyes again, for the lashes were glued together with ice. Being unable to see, I left the saloon; and now I heard a wild, tumultuous murmur fill its vast arch.

"What is the matter?" said I.

"An uproar has arisen," said Sanna, hastily hurrying me forth. "We must leave the palace. I feel the ground tottering under me already; the prince of the warm islands has declared war against the ice-monarch, and is now advancing with his army. I already begin to feel the warm air blow."

We came to the portico; and here I recovered my sight. We saw serfs and vassals wildly running about in all directions. Two of the outer pillars were already melted of their huge dimensions. "There is the general of the enemy!" several voices cried out, and a thousand hands were pointed to the air. There was seen floating along in slow circles a beautiful purple-coloured bird which dropped little blossoms of the aster-flower one at a time from its beak. Wherever one of these blossoms fell, the ice gave way and a perilous breach was made in the magnificent palace. "Help! help!" exclaimed the trembling vassals. At the same time an icy shaft hissed through the air, and the beautiful bird fell dead into the dark foaming sea. "An excellent shot!" several voices exclaimed. The prince of the warm islands is scared away. The power of the ice-monarch is now again secured for centuries to come." These expressions were interrupted by hymns of thanksgiving, which resounded from the interior of the palace.

"All this is very wonderful, no doubt," said I to my companion; "still I should be very glad to leave this palace."

"Why? Accustom yourself to the climate, and you will make your fortune."

"Oh! very likely. But what is the use of that, if I am always to be blind, or when I wish to make use of my understanding, I must keep myself shut up in a wooden cage?"

"I thought you were fond of the sublime and marvellous; I could have procured you an excellent fortune. Let us seek out another country."

Whilst she was speaking, we were already at some distance from the Colossus of ice, and beneath our feet lay an island, from which arose a murky, foul-smelling vapour. Thank Heaven the climate here, although far from being good, was somewhat milder. As we drew near, I saw that the island was covered with a hideous kind of vermin, and these upon closer inspection proved to be an infinite multitude of small spiders.

"Are there no men here?" I inquired.

"No!" replied Sanna; "but these spiders are much wiser than men; they supply the whole world with the fruits of their ingenious labours. Let us enter the palace of the united brotherhood of spiders." This palace was a very plainly built house; and a large extraordinarily fat spider, with a cravat of snow-white muslin round his neck and a wig on his head, came to meet us. This spider received us very unceremoniously. There was as much presumption and insolence in his features as the face of a spider is capable of.

"We spiders," said he, "care little about empty and unprofitable splendour. Satisfied with the conviction that we are the first and the most extraordinary race of beings on the earth, and that our political arrangements are the best and most enduring in the world, we are perfectly indifferent as to whether the sun shines or not. Our pride is founded on our wealth, and this wealth is the fruit of our laborious genius. If we ceased to exist, what would become of the world?" With these words the spider adjusted his cravat, and manifested tokens of impatience.

"Excuse me," said he at last, "so many idle and inquisitive people come to our island, and we have so little time, that we cannot lose an hour in chattering. Go and look round the island, and then—leave us again. You will find everything here excellent."

With these words he withdrew, with great gravity. I followed my companion, and we proceeded in great haste (for the air was so thick that I could scarcely breathe) through a multitude of cities, which were all filled with laborious spiders. They sat at monstrous looms, and I must confess that many of these wretched creatures had a very crippled appearance. Others were preparing gigantic machines, which some extraordinary and mysterious power set in motion. All the spiders, whether fat or lean, were uncivil and sparing of words. They all alleged that they were too busy to find time to exercise the duties of hospitality and civility to strangers, unless these strangers were excessively rich. As I could not boast of much wealth, I bade my companion set out upon another journey. She did so; and I rejoiced when we had left behind us the hissing looms and vaporous atmosphere.

The country which we were now entering appeared not to be an island; at least, I saw no sea. But this land bore still greater wonders than I had yet witnessed. Feeling myself tired, I was about to lie down and rest under the first tree I met with, when the strange rustling of its leaves prompted me to examine it more closely. What did I see? The tree had indeed leaves, but leaves of newspaper. It was hung all over with advertisements. Thunderstruck at this prodigy, I was about to sit down on a bench which was near me, when I observed that this was formed of large folios, closely laid together. There was also a little footstool formed of half-a-dozen pocket books, the gold edges of which were very ornamental. Nay more, the house before which the bench stood was built of books.

"What does all this mean?" I inquired of Sanna.

"Wait till the occupier of the house explains it to you—he is now coming out to breathe a little fresh air."

A little man now made his appearance with a large pen behind each ear, and a third in his hand, with which he was writing memoranda in a little book; he was so short-sighted that he did not see me before he ran against me; he remained standing upon his thin legs, and looked at me with his staring eyes.

"Who are you?"

"A stranger."

"Ah! therefore a reader! Very well; I will announce you publicly, and you shall receive the legally-appointed salary."

"I!" I exclaimed with astonishment. "Why am I to receive money?"

"Only that you should engage yourself to read the books which we write; the salary to a reader is ten ducats a day."

"How many books must I read each day?"

"As many as you can; they will be brought to you from all sides. I hope however, you will begin with mine!"

"Have you written much?"

"I! this house which you see here is built of my own productions."

"Is there, then, no wood or stone in this land?"

"Wood and stone are a great deal too dear. As we continue for centuries writing and printing, and as our books never go into foreign countries, what should we do with this mass of literature? The libraries will no longer contain it, we therefore build our houses with it."

" Then you should not write any more books."

" That we cannot help, and the infection has certainly spread very rapidly. My grandfather could remember the time when there were men in that populous city which you see yonder, really living men, who had never written a a book; but these miracles have ceased, and now every one writes, and we are obliged to send for our readers from foreign countries."

" But the trees bear leaves of newspapers."

" To what more profitable purpose can they be applied? There is no more room left on the walls of the city, and therefore I have planted this little reading-room in my garden."

Upon my expressing my willingness to read, a multitude of the inhabitants of this strange land pounced upon me and brought me their newest works. I read till my head smoked. Certainly never were ten ducats more laboriously earned. Half the day was now spent, when I accidentally cast my eyes down upon a stone which lay covered with grass; how shocked I was when I read upon this stone the following words:—" Reader, whoever thou art, beware! When once in this country you have no means of escape; take me for an example; I have been forced to read myself to death."—A shudder ran all over me. I immediately dashed down the books and ran away.

" Wont you stay here, then ?" said my companion.

" No; never!" I replied, and pointed to the gravestone.

My companion smiled. " But these are simple, kind-hearted, upright people," said she.

" Yes, yes," I replied; " but they have a great, a fearful fault. As I did not choose to be frozen to death in the kingdom of the ice-monarch, or to be stifled in the fog and vapour of the machinery in the country of the spiders, I will not die here of treatises, introductions, and abridgments. No, no!—forward, forward!" The beautiful female genius wished to lead me into other lands, and we had already taken our flight when a loud bell sounded in my ears.

" Heavens! how can any one sleep so long?" exclaimed a lively voice, and I saw the blonde locks of the beautiful girl as she passed my low window. My midsummer night's dream was at an end.

When I came out, whom did I see on the platform? The professor.

" How do you like your journey ?" he inquired.

" My journey ?" I did not know whether I was not still dreaming.

" I mean your tour in Switzerland."

" O! very well," I replied, and turned aside, shivering.

The pretty girl looked roguishly, and said, " We shall take many journeys together, shall we not, sir ?"

" I hope so, mademoiselle."

At this moment the gentleman with the strangely-shaped cap and the one with the yellow umbrella came out of the house; they were in a violent passion, the helmeted gentleman reproached the one in yellow, saying that he and his five saucers with the mysterious beverage prevented him from closing his eyes all night.

I called for a glass of water. It was brought, and the waiter to keep it cool had put a piece of ice in it. I could not drink the water, it reminded me too much of the palace of the ice-monarch. A spider was crawling on the collar of my coat, I dashed it down with horror. I mechanically put my hand into my pocket, and took out the " Guide to Rigi." I threw the book away, and for a long time after I could not taste ice, look at a spider, or touch a book. The tall professor and his phial filled with acid, and the girl with the pretty laughing mouth and joyous eyes, I never saw again.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF PANCAKES.

A SHROVETIDE REMINISCENCE.

By E. L. Blanchard.

With profound feelings of melancholy and regret we have observed, during the last few years, a gradual cessation of that pleasant propensity for pancakes which was wont to be felt among our intimate acquaintances. We have a chilling misgiving upon us that the custom is falling into disuse; the present generation appears to be growing careless about its pancakes, and we no longer hear the friendly sibillation of the frying-pan, rising from the kitchen furnace as a hymn to the sun of Shrovetide. No wonder that those who have the welfare of England at heart view with anxiety the defenceless condition of its inhabitants. Our old customs are part and parcel of our "National Defences," and they should be retained, at whatever cost. "Fortify the coast," quoth the Duke. "*Fortify the interior*," say we. "Preserve your ports," cries the Earl. "Preserve your pancakes!" we thunder forth in return. Batter is better than batteries, and the true protecting ægis of Britannia is—the frying-pan.

But raised upon the pinnacle of the present, let us glance through the dark vista of the past, and see what Shrove Tuesday was in the times of old. With what gusto honest Taylor, the "water poet," gave some two centuries back a summary of the City pastimes on this day, and how the ironical rogue seems to sneer with seeming contempt at the excitement that prevailed; knowing all the while that he was one of the foremost at the feast, and that even as he indited the account, his lips smacked in contemplation of the picture he had conjured up. Hear him:—"I now speak of Shrove Tuesday, at whose entrance in the morning all the kingdom is inquiet; but by that time the clock strikes eleven—which by the help of a knavish sexton it does commonly before nine—there is a bell rung, called the "Pancake bell," the sound whereof makes thousands of people distracted, and forgetful either of manners or humanitie; then there is a thing called wheaten flour, which the cooks do mingle with other tragical, magical enchantments; and then they put it, by little and little, into a frying-pan of boiling dripping, where it makes a confused hiss, like the Lernean snakes in the reeds of Styx and Acheron, until by the skill of the cook it is transformed into the form of a flip-jack, called a pancake, which ominous incantation the ignorant people do devour very greedily." Limiting the process of devouring to the "ignorant people," is evidently a sly touch of Taylor's caustic humour; for had he not been twitted himself for his scanty acquirements?—and was he not, therefore, proud to number himself among them, anticipating the truth of a line to be thereafter written, which, with such blissful ignorance, would show "'twere folly to be wise?" It would be flat heresy and downright treason to doubt it.

On Shrove Tuesday we make it an express point of religious observance to have a pancake placed upon the table before us, the better to "mark and learn" during the time that we inwardly digest. There is a sound wholesome lesson to be imparted by the dish, as we hope in some degree to make manifest; and as Lent comes to us before Easter, as an inductive season of meditative reflection, teaching us to extract the materials of thought from the most trivial images around us, we make Shrovetide preach us a homily, and pancakes provide us with philosophy.

Those who accustom themselves to plough beneath the surface of things, who love to look at the occult meaning as well as that which lies visibly before them, will readily accord with us in our desire to regard this famous custom of Shrovetide as one endowed with a secret interpretation hitherto hidden from the eyes of the vulgar. We may be assured that even a pancake was not concocted without a purpose, and though in the lapse of time its original signification may have been forgotten, and the profound reasons for the manufacture of the ideal abstract lost in the enjoyment of the substantial entity, it will be by no means an uninteresting task to trace the intimate connection existing between them both, and thus gather up a few scraps of worldly wisdom, left us a heirloom upon our Lenten table by the sage cookery of our more contemplative ancestors.

A pancake—what melting memories of bygone enjoyment are enshrined in those syllables of suggestiveness!—is in its very etymology is subject for profound speculation. Pan—the Universal—

> "For Pan is *all* in dialect of man
> Interpreted, and he to *all* was dear,"—

and *cake* the heathen offering to him, whom Homer described as—

> "Mercury's darling child,
> Goat-footed, two-horned friend of jocund noise,
> Who traversing leaf-shaded valleys wild
> Mixed with dance-roving nymphs."

Imagine for one moment a temple to Pan in the groves of Arcadia, with the priest perpetually frying pancakes for a sacrifice! Have we not thrown out an idea for some artistic triumph in the next exhibition of the Royal Academy? Is there not here the germ of a new epic? Can we not fancy pœans joyously chanted forth every time the priest tossed a fresh offering into the ambient air, and how a chorus of silver voices swelled into tuneful praise as the dexterous functionary again received the toothsome edible in the hissing pan? Thus also may we not see how the primitive cause of its employment stood sponsor to the familiar implement of the kitchen?—and is there not more than the mere link of the quibble to unite the presence of the cook with all the associations of Greece? And then did not Arcadian mouths water at the savoury pile of seething batter?—and was not the honey of Hybla its sweet accompaniment to their lips? Nay, we can even believe the invention was Mercury's own, registered in honour of his bearded son, and secured by Jove's own patent, from whose private cookery-book the secret for compounding its [illegible] ingredients was perhaps originally stolen.

But to the true meaning of which this is the myth. Why was a pancake made circular? Why might it not have been, for all mere edible purposes, a square, an oblong, a cube, a polygon, an isosceles triangle, or like one of those odd French *cauffres* that the venders squeeze out from a pair of tongs into a vile caricature of a curricomb modelled in batter? But it was fashioned like unto none of these; it had all the deep significance of an Egyptian hieroglyph, and therefore was it bound, as by a Macbeth injunction, to "take any shape but that." Listen—it was bounded by a ring, as the emblem of eternity, so it was circular, on account of its dedication to Pan the *universal*, and, as the mystic symbol of the world itself, it was round. Ay, in a pancake have we the very rolling territory on which we live, move, and have our being figuratively shadowed forth. Is not sugar and lemon—the sweet and acid concomitants of the dish—a faint type of the mingled good and evil found within the world? Is not the main secret of the relish which attends upon the junction of the two antagonistic elements to be solely traced to this union of two opposing qualities? And is it not so with life? Doth not the good absorb and mellow down the evil, and doth not the evil give an extra appreciation to the good? Are not the two visibly dependent on each other for their mutual benefic influence upon the heart; and is not the real source of our mundane delights to be traced to the intimate blending of these antithetical compounds? Already must the reader perceive a pancake rising in his estimation, and growing up into the dignity of a fine moral preacher!

We would boldly assert that he who is a lover of pancakes must be a lover of human nature also. The annual custom of banqueting off the one engenders the habit of critically contemplating the other. We can then truly see how "sweet are the uses of adversity," and make the ascerbities of the lemon *misfortune* but a finer medium for the keen appreciation of the sugar of existence—*prosperity*. This rolling world of ours, alternately bathed in light and shadow, is itself the temple of contrasts; and man was manifestly made to share its attributes. Clouds and sunshine—such is life; sugar and lemon—such is society. What, then, is the globe but a vast pancake, on which we live? What is human nature but the junction of the yellow rind and the saccharine virtues of the sugar cane?

In fact, to now really begin our article, we can trace so close an analogy between the concrete and the ———

"Please, sir, missus says the pancakes are all ready!"

If Mary had not thus interrupted us at this moment, we should have indulged the reader with one of the finest metaphysical disquisitions ever penned, but —— "Coming down directly, my dear,"—but, with pancakes in prospect, we really have not the philosophy to resist eating them.

Shrove Tuesday, 1848.

RICHMOND GREEN.

BY MARY ROBERTS.

"I have seen things that were, and are not, on old Richmond Green."

THICK-COMING fancies and fond thoughts often brood over sites once renowned, but now forgotten, which some few perchance discern, but the most turn from unheeding.

What see the generality of those who visit Richmond Green but an open space, intersected with broad paths which the windows of modern houses look upon, and where equipages stop before the gates of isolated mansions, with their ancestral trees?

Did a palace once stand here, and did people rejoice or suffer where now our younger neighbours are pursuing their unruly instincts, and romping dogs chase one the other with open mouths and playful barks? That question might be asked as well of the old trees as of those who, occupied with the concerns of daily occurrence, pass quietly along the way.

But that place is dear to me, and I often stand there musing on the time when two noble ladies, mounted on palfreys, passed beneath the portcullis of a stately edifice—old Richmond Castle, which covered that open space, and with them a goodly train, besides five hundred spears, and as many archers with banners and loud music—the one fair Anne of Luxemberg, betrothed to King Richard; the other, my own maternal ancestress, niece to the King of Bohemia, her most dear friend and cousin.

The river flows now, as then it flowed, with a pleasant murmur; and green meadows, with bees and butterflies hovering among wild flowers, sloped to its banks. It flowed too, with the same soft swell and sound, when all who bore sway in King Richard's days had vanished from the earth, when men of another generation sat down in their banquet halls, and ladies looked from the windows whence the queen and her fair cousin had gazed a hundred years before.

The same ample river went sounding on its way, and with equal beauty uprose the meadow flowers among the grass, when unusual silence prevailed one day within the palace, and around the walls, when the watch-dog's bay was hushed, and the spacious court through which retainers passed was strewed with rushes. That day an aged man was dying in one of the apartments within the palace.

Beside his bed sat a noble lady in widow's weeds, who read to him at intervals from a richly-ornamented book—then pausing for a while, as to give the dying man space for thought; and then speaking in a solemn and subdued tone, while his eyes were turned to her, as if the words she spoke were both good and comfortable.

That dying man was Henry the Seventh, and the lady who sat beside him, his widowed mother, the Countess of Richmond.

Mournful visions of past days seemed at times to flit before him, and again his heart was cheered with hopes of mercy through the merits of his Redeemer. He loved to hear the Scriptures read, and often spoke with much sorrow of many past transactions in which he had eagerly engaged; but which on his dying bed could afford no satisfaction in the retrospect. And solemnly did he then declare that if the Almighty spared his life, he would have justice administered, truly and indifferently in all causes, that he would bestow promotion in the church only on able, virtuous, and learned men, and grant a full and free pardon to all those who had offended him. Feeling his end approach, he received the offices of religion, and after folding his hands in the attitude of prayer, and beating sorrowfully on his breast, he spoke at some length; touching those worldly pleasures from which men in general derive the greatest satisfaction, the dying king affirmed that he had now full little pleasure—yea, rather discomfort and sorrow in their remembrance. All his goodly houses, so richly bedecked and adorned, were nothing to him, nor yet his halls and galleries of pleasure—his gardens large and wide, with curiously-wrought arbours—his orchards set with vines and trees that yielded the finest fruit—his marvellous riches and treasures—his meats and drinks, were they ever so delicately prepared,—no pleasure, he repeated, could they give him; he was passing from among the living.

Such were the thoughts of this great monarch when taking a mournful retrospect of his past life. But the time was come that he must be gone, and the past availed him nothing, except as it regarded his eternal destiny. He died on the 22nd of April, in that joyous month when early flowers begin to open, and the buds of trees assume a ruddy appearance—when too, the swallow and the martin return to their summer haunts.

The countess sat beside him till his spirit passed away, and her grief for his loss was commensurate with her exceeding love for him while living. The charm of life was gone, when she resigned into the hands of his Creator the soul of her beloved and loving son. She had survived parents, husband, children, and kindred, several of whom had fallen in sanguinary conflicts,—no hope remained of joy on earth; and she now sought only to be prepared to join again, those dear ones whom she humbly trusted were at rest.

Men of all conditions grieved sincerely for Henry VII.; for notwithstanding the sternness of his temper, his reign was fortunate for his people, and honourable abroad. His accession terminated the civil wars with which the nation had long been harrassed, and while he maintained peace and order in the state, he depressed the exorbitant power of the nobles, and acquired the consideration and regard of foreign princes. He possessed too, those qualities which men generally admire, and was very susceptible to associations of early life, loving whatever was consecrated by ancestral recollections; such scenes especially, as he had visited in his boyhood days, or loved for his parents' sake. Bishop Hatfield, with its noble balastrades, and terrace walks, its stately avenues, and ample park, the dwelling-place of his illustrious ancestress Queen Katharine, became the nursery of his children. Bernard Castle, that spacious mansion overlooking the Thames, where his mother resided in her youug days, and where he, too, had principally sojourned during the interval that elapsed prior to his marriage, seemed especially dear to his remembrance. He caused it to be rebuilt in a style of great splendour, and those who sailed up the Thames often rested on their oars to admire the noble castellated front, with its embattled parapets, and towers which rose proudly beside the river.

old time-worn and dilapidated palace of Sheen, in Surrey, was partly
in the sixteenth year of his reign; he called it Richmond in honour of
which he derived from his father, and thither he loved to retire from
es of royalty.

less worthy of remark was the noble appropriation of the Savoy palace,
ourite abode of John of Gaunt and his bold retainers, for a goodly hospi-
owed with lands for the maintenance of two hundred poor and afflicted
. Next came in order the completing of that stately edifice which his ances-
begun and carried on, both in war and peace, during successive centuries.
perhaps, did the art of man produce such a splendid specimen of skill,
isplayed by the architect of that superb chapel, appended to the Abbey
tminster, and which bears his name. Stone assumed the character of
lery, and even the strong walls looked as if they were covered with the
etwork. Heavy and ponderous buttresses were surmounted with orna-
domes, and enriched with niches and elegant tracery; the cross springers
erforated into airy forms, and even the cornices and parapets were
with armorial cognizances and knotted foliage.

that the king was gone, those erections were remembered to his honour.
said concerning him that his great achievements were worthy to be re-
among the noblest actions of England's kings. Men spoke of that
ble day when the *Te Deum laudamus*, pealing far and wide over
th field, succeeded the fearful shouts of men engaged in mortal conflict.
too, a loud voice was heard amid the kneeling thousands of weary and
rn men, that of the youthful king, who returned thanks to the Almighty
great victory which he had gained—not by his own might nor power,
numbers were inferior to those of hunch-backed Richard, but because it
the Most High that England should rest at length after her long day of
ng trial. Many a veteran general who fought at Bosworth loved to
n the great victory then achieved The death of Henry VII. brought
o their remembrance the stirring events of that perillous conflict, and
a old soldier told proudly of the valorous deeds which distinguished the
Richmond, and concerning his having given orders when scarcely risen
is knees, that all care and kindness should be shown to the wounded,
r enemies or friends.

rs, on the contrary, spoke harshly respecting him who had been their
his eagerness in amassing wealth, and reputed unkindness to the queen.
regarded that ruling passion, which predominated even over his love of
Henry had suffered much in early life from the want of money, and
his bitterest moments were caused by that want. The joys or sorrows
dominate in youth exercise a powerful effect on the mind in after years;
llowances are ever made for the faults of kings, they are expected to be
from the infirmities of our common nature. With regard to reports
rrent, that the leaning of the nation towards the house of York had
d Henry both neglectful and morose towards his queen, it is impossible
k with certainty, for nearly four hundred years have passed since
VII. and Catherine of York plighted their vows before the altar at
nster. But concerning the queen, it may with truth be said that she
ch and universally beloved; she had won all hearts by the kindliness of
osition, and the sweetness of her temper, and by the forbearance and
ion which had supported her through years of peculiar trial. Even her
respected her—for enemies she had in early life; yet not for her own fault,
use she belonged to a different faction. Her friends loved her with
and sincerity, and whatever drops of bitterness were mingled in her
ife, when she became a queen, from those infirmities of temper which in
trospect might have troubled the last moments of the dying monarch;
it is, that he always caused her to be attended with such honour as
her high station, and that he consulted her on many important and
occasions.

Great preparations were made for conducting the remains of the late king with funeral pomp to their last sojourn in the Abbey of Westminster. Nine solemn days were given to the vain parade of lying in state, during which the town was crowded to excess, for thousands of all ranks resorted thither, and passed and repassed beneath the open portal of the decorated archway, of which not a stone remains. To this succeeded the bearing forth of the richly emblazoned coffin, with its trappings and escutcheons, and train of nobles and attendants in deep mourning, and on went the funeral train over the wild heath and through the forest paths towards the city, where it was met in St. George's Fields by the Lord Mayor, with the Aldermen and Members of the Common Council, accompanied by numerous ecclesiastics from all the religious fraternities in and around the metropolis.

The procession as it passed through the city was headed by the Sword-bearers and Vice-Chamberlains of London with two Masters of the Bridge-house, whose office it was to marshal the procession. These were followed by all the city companies in their order and array, with trumpeters and minstrels. Then came two heralds riding in coat armour, followed by a noble knight, Sir Edward Darrell, mounted upon a goodly courser, trapped with black velvet, bearing the king's standard, and having with him other knights as companions. To these succeeded the late king's Chaplain of Dignity, his Council, and Knight of the Garter, with the great lawyers and the Master of the Rolls; after whom came a long train of friars chanting a requeim, and five canons from each religious house, with those of the royal chapel in their surplices. Next succeeded all the temporal lords and barons riding on horseback, after whom rode Sir David Owen, bearing a steel helmet surmounted with a rich crown of gold. Sir David Howard, accompanied by Sir Thomas Fyne, came next; the one armed *cap à pie*, in King Henry's armour, having his facc uncovered, and bearing in his hand the king's battle-axe, reversed. Then followed the Lord Mayor, as chief magistrate of the noble city, through which the corpse of the late king was borne thus solemnly: he rode in front of the funeral car, upon which an effigy was placed, which closely resembled the departed monarch, whom it was designed to bring once more before the view of his people, crowned and richly apparelled in the king's parliament robes, bearing in its right hand a sceptre, and in its left, a ball of gold. Vain pageantry! for that which seemed a hand was powerless to hold the sceptre, and as the figure nodded and swayed with the motion of the heavy-laden car, it was clear that nought save the trappings of majesty remained. Four pillars upheld a splendid canopy of cloth of gold above the seeming monarch, and the car on which the effigy rode was drawn by seven huge black horses, covered with black velvet emblazoned with the arms of England, and right and left walked a knight, bearing a banner in his hand. Noblemen of the highest rank followed in procession, two and two, then came nine of the king's mounted henchmen, carrying caps of maintenance, swords and targets, spears and helmets, all of which had been either presented to, or used by the king. Next followed the Master of the Horse, Sir Thomas Brandon, leading a black courser covered with velvet, richly embroidered with the arms of England; and after him Lord Darcy, captain of the guard, heading his troop, and a train consisting of gentlemen and their attendants with the crafts of London.

Night closed in long before the solemn procession reached St. Paul's. And awful it was to see the huge car creaking onward by torchlight, with its ponderous coffin, and the strange, unearthly-looking effigy, the seeming king that rode thereon, clothed in royal vestments, with ball and sceptre, yet rocking to and fro, because there was no life to sustain it; to hear, too, the thick and heavy tread of living men, and the trampling of the horses moving onward, in silence and in darkness, excepting what the glare of the torches could dispel. No one spoke unto his fellow, and if by chance a whisper sounded on the ear, it seemed out of place amid the deep dead silence.

Forward, then, moved the car, with its long train of men and horses, till it stopped before the west door of great St. Paul's. There stood the Bishop of London, mitred and in his robes, holding a magnificent silver censer, and when he had censed the coffin, it was taken from off the bier, and carried with the same strange effigy before the altar. Nineteen strong men of the guards were appointed to this service; and weary work they had, for the coffin was exceeding heavy, but when they placed it for the night, those who liked to remain saw indeed a solemn spectacle. Full in front of the high altar stood the huge black coffin, with its strange-looking effigy sitting thereon, and flinging their giant shadows on the pavement. Above them, and nearly opposite, a glare of torches chased away the gathered darkness which yet moved not far off, but brooded and hung heavy in the lengthened aisles and gloomy corners of the church. Knights and heralds stood round, whose office it was to watch through the night; and there was the Bishop of London in his robes, with the abbots of St. Albans and Reading. All else were gone, except perchance some lingerer who looked on, awestruck. Then broke forth a solemn dirge, which reverberated through the building, and sounded from the lofty roofs, and throughout the aisles, as if unearthly voices had joined in the chant.

Next morning the bier and its attendants proceeded onward, gathering as they went both monks and seculars, till arrived at the convent of Westminster, where the weary company halted for the night. But scarcely had the light of morning dawned through the fretted windows of the abbey, than three solemn masses were sung, and the Duke of Buckingham, and seven English earls, with one lord from Scotland, came forward, according to the custom of those days, having each somewhat to offer. They were received in turn by the Archbishop of Canterbury, with the bishops and abbots, upon the second step of the altar, where the Duke of Buckingham, who represented the king's person, offered his late majesty's testament bound in gold. Next came the earls, each accompanied by two heralds, solemnly bedecked, and gave into the hands of persons appointed to the office, who stood on the south side of the altar, his coat armour, and richly-ornamented shield, his sword and helmet. This part of the solemn ceremony was indescribably affecting. It was the giving back to the church of the personal possessions with which the king had been invested, as now utterly valueless. After this, Sir Edward Howard, second son of the Earl of Surrey, in complete armour, but having his head uncovered, rode upon his black charger to the hearse, and after passing through the accustomed ceremonials, he was conducted with the English and Scottish earls, to the robing-room, where palls were given them, with which they returned to the coffin, and having pressed them to their lips, they were laid across the lid, in token of the last homage which they in duty ought to do unto the king. The king's great banner and standard was lastly resigned into the hands of the archbishop by Sir Edward Farrel; and a solemn sermon having been delivered by the Bishop of London, the effigy was taken from off the coffin, where it had remained seated, with its ball and sceptre, the pall removed, and the four royal banners lowered from each corner. This done, the two ends of the strong oak coffin became visible, but the upper portion was still covered with black velvet, having a cross of white satin, curiously embossed. The remains of him who lay within the spectators saw not, for they were inclosed in a leaden coffin, upon which was engraved in large letters,

"Hic jacet Regus Henricus Septimus."

Presently the coffin began to move, upborne wearily by strong men, on account of its great weight, and the heavy tread of those who bore it sounded throughout the abbey. Great was the reverence with which they placed it beside the coffin which held the remains of the noble Queen Elizabeth, the wife of him who now came to the same dark resting-place. When this was done, the archbishop and the bishop, laying their crosses upon the coffin, solemnly absolved the unconscious occupant. Earth was then strewed by the archbishop; and the Lord Treasurer and Lord Steward broke their staffs of office, and cast them into the vault. After which solemn renunciation of all future fealty to him who had been so great on earth, the principal officers did the same. Then was the vault closed, and a rich pall of cloth of gold laid upon the bier or hearse. A few moments of deep silence ensued, after which the heralds cast off their emblazoned coats, and threw themselves upon the hearse, crying aloud with lamentable voices—

"The noble King Henry the Seventh is dead!"

Another moment and every herald hastily resumed his coat and proclaimed!

"Long life to the noble King Henry VIII. !—Amen!"

LITTLE MABEL BY THE BROOK.

A LOVE STORY OF THE OLDEN TIME.

BY FANNY E. LACY.

WHERE a rustic cottage stood,
  A sunlit brook went singing by;
As though 'twould say an if it could,
  "I would all were content as I:"
This cottage was a maiden's home,
  On whom full many loved to look;
And known by all that way to roam,
  As little Mabel by the brook.

'Twas at the sultry dreamy hour,
  Of summer's noon; when pictures seem
Glowing by enchantment's power,
  On the shining glassy stream,
She sat her down the water near,
  Oft therein to cast a look;
And smiling as she saw appear,
  Pretty Mabel by the brook.

Smiles there were, and pouting, thought,
  To rule those rosy lips in turn;
And where nature kind had wrought
  A passing shade some might discern:
Yet the bloom upon the bough,
  Pride of many a leafy nook;
Was not a fairer sight, I trow,
  Than little Mabel by the brook.

With a mellow lullaby,
  Chimes of distant village bells;
In music-rounds, went floating by,
  To echoing caves and deep green dells:
And the maiden thought to say,
  As her little head she shook;
"I wish I were a ladye gay,
  "Instead of Mabel by the brook.

"I wish I had, of satin sheen,
  "A mantle fine, and kirtle too;
"And a little page in Lincoln green,
  "To buckle on my daintie shoe:
"A gentle hawk upon my hand,
  "To heed my every lure and look;
"And a gentler Lord, with house and land,"
  Sigh'd little Mabel by the brook.

And then she clapp'd her hands and laugh'd,
  To view the picture of her thought;
You'd guess'd, I ween, the wench was daft,
  To see her thus so fancie-fraught;
When, oh! the wonder! there stood nigh,
  Just like some tale of faerie book;
The page—and all that waked the sigh,
  Of little Mabel by the brook.

No more the stream reflects—good lack!—
  The likeness of a rustic maid;
But on a snow-white palfrie's back,
  A ladye, gloriously array'd;
And a youthful knight of noble air,
  Held her hand with loving look;
Oh! who'd have guess'd such ladye fayre,
  Was little Mabel by the brook!

On she went with the bonnie train,
  So beauteous in her grand disguise;
When, lo! one crossed them on the plain,
  Whose *heart* look'd through his wondering eyes:
Who, as he pass'd that ladye by,
  With all a lover's last fond look;
Breathed sad farewell to days gone by,
  With little Mabel by the brook.

Yet once he paused; and 'twas to tell
  A tale of true love's patient life;
How he had loved her long and well,
  With hope some day to call her wife:
He could not boast of golden store,
  His wealth was but a shepherd's crook;
But his true heart ne'er sigh'd for more,
  With little Mabel by the brook.

Oh, then, with keen remorse to quake,
  The maiden leap'd her palfrie down;
And "Ne'er," she cried, "will I forsake
  "A loving heart for England's crown!
"Take back, great sir, your proffers great,
  "And leave me in my lowly nook;
"To wed my humble, faithful mate,
  "Still little Mabel by the brook."

Just then a whispering summer breeze,
  Pass'd lightly o'er the dimpling stream;
And Mabel *woke* beneath the trees,
  To find the whole had been a dream!
And idle dream of worldly gain,
  That as a page from wisdom's book;
Contented taught her to remain
  Still little Mabel by the brook.

PAUL PEVENSEY;

OR, THE MAN FROM BELOW.*

Chap. XXXIII.—Fanny Wilkinson in the Character of Juliet.

HE nature of our story will not permit us to indulge in minute details
specting the quirks and contrivances by which the strollers sought to keep
p the delusion of the scene. As far as possible the barn was successively
ansformed into Verona and Mantua, the palace of the Capulets, a street,
riar Laurence's cell, Juliet's bedroom, and the tomb.

Our attention just now must be engrossed by Fanny Wilkinson, who, little
der than Juliet herself, projected her mind by the force of nature into the
aracter, and looked so completely the young beauty of Verona that her
ownish and credulous audience for a moment fully believed her to be all
at she personated. Fanny, whose figure had already attained its complete
velopment, was a small light and graceful person, with a beautifully-formed
som, neck, and shoulders. A severe critic might perhaps have objected to the
regularity of her features, which as a whole, however, were so fascinating that
e was pronounced by the provincial connoisseurs as quite irresistible. She
d a rich fair complexion, a mouth of inimitable loveliness, eyes of a wild
strous blue, and a profusion of dark brown hair which, when its luxuriance
certain characters shaded the neck and forehead, imparted to her figure
uch elevation and dignity. Her countenance was infinitely flexible; it
peared to have no habitual expression, but passed through every metamorphosis
hich passion causes with so much ease and rapidity that each new form
emed in turn to indicate the natural feelings of her mind. Among all
nny's perfections, however, her voice was the greatest; rich and melodious,
nder, powerful, and invested with inexpressible sweetness, it thrilled through
e whole theatre literally intoxicating those who heard her.

Up to this moment Fanny's mind was no less beautiful than her form: in
e ordinary sense of the word it had not, of course, been much cultivated;
it as in some new tropical colony the fresh virgin earth puts forth at the
st touch of the plough a richer, more varied, and marvellous vegetation than
e highly-wrought soils of long-inhabited countries, so her fancy and imagin-
ion, broken up by the genius of the poet, threw forth beauties of manner
d character which astonished all whom nature had fitted to enjoy such
hibitions.

Romeo and Juliet has always been a favourite on the stage, notwithstanding
e defects, and indeed absurdities, which it contains; the magic influence of
e poetry blinds our judgment, we forget the great dramatist's contradiction—
not laugh when he talks of Lady Capulet at twenty-eight as an old woman,
akes a similar blunder respecting the Nurse, and represents a man of princely
rtunes intermeddling, like a poor citizen, with the internal economy of his
usehold; for objections are all floated away on the tide of passion, Juliet's
auty, youth, inexperience make us for the time overlook the strange irregu-
ity of her impulses; and her dissimulation, her hypocrisy, her ingratitude
wards her parents, in the hurry of stage action, are eclipsed by her love
Romeo. We are allowed no time for analysis or reflection, through emotion,
citement, and calamity, the poet hurries us towards the end; and the faults,
d even vices, of Juliet's character are obliterated by our sympathy for her
sfortunes.

Paul entered the playhouse in company with Mrs. Wilkinson, who appeared
at night among the spectators to witness her daughter's performance. We

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* Continued from page 210.

shall not dwell on the imperfections of Mr. Wilkinson's company, or relate how Mercutio was impersonated by a fellow without an ounce of wit; how the fiery Tybalt was content to limp about on Mr. Link's wooden leg; nor how many other strange things were perpetrated and endured, for the sake of the somewhat dashing Romeo of Mr. Redmond, and the exquisitely-natural Juliet of Fanny Wilkinson.

Everybody has felt what I may perhaps find it impossible to express; I mean the curious magic by which a small point of space, enclosed by brick and mortar, and lighted up with tallow candles, is transformed for a moment into a sort of Paradise, filled with thrilling emotions, and calculated to transport the imagination into regions of unknown and delicious joy. Earth is all delusion, all external show, all vapour and unsubstantial shadows, upon which our minds—themselves unsubstantial—feed during their brief dream of existence.

Paul, as I have already observed, sat by Mrs. Wilkinson; and, on looking upon that which was as much the mimicry of a stage as the stage itself is the mimicry of life, experienced an absorbing interest in which no other individual present could possibly share. The moment Fanny appeared, all his soul was in his eyes. The scenes that wanted her presence he scarcely noticed—they were only so many dull points of transition from reality to reality. Off the stage, his affection for Fanny had been mild, gentle, unobtrusive, resembling a modification of friendship—though a little more earnest, perhaps, than that feeling is apt on a sudden to be. As soon as he saw her on the stage he loved her. How or why this should have been I leave for philosophers to explain, but the fact was as I have stated; and every time that Mr. Redmond, as Romeo, addressed her in the language of passion, he felt disposed to rush forward and throttle him. Unaccustomed to conceal his thoughts, he fairly broke out to Mrs. Wilkinson after the scene at Juliet's window:—

"I'm 'nation wishful to pitch into that fellow!—And why will Fanny talk to him so freely? I don't like it at all."

"Hush, Paul!" said she in a whisper; "it's only acting."

"I ain't no way sure of that," answered he: "all the blood in my body boils like a tea-kettle! I shan't be able to sit here much longer; I can't look on it—I can't indeed."

"Nonsense, child; you'll get used to it," cried the mother."

"Never," replied Paul, "unless you make a Romeo of me."

"Well, you've only to learn to act, and you shall play Romeo."

"And how can one learn to act?"

"I don't know, Paul; you must ask Fanny."

"And who taught her?"

"Why, Mr. Link, to be sure."

"And who taught Mr. Link?"

"He got, I believe, among the players when a boy, and afterwards assisted the officers when they got up private theatricals in the army abroad."

"Private what?" inquired Paul.

"Private theatricals."

"And what are they?"

"The performance of plays by people who are not professional actors. But hush, here comes Fanny."

Paul's attention was now once more riveted on the stage, and his face became by turns red and pale, and he clenched his fists, and set his teeth, and groaned audibly, as he witnessed in succession the liberties that Romeo takes with Juliet. Several times he muttered half aloud to himself—

"I'll kill that fellow, as sure as life!"

Sometimes his faith in the events in progress caused him to forget even his jealousy and his anger. When Juliet, left alone in her bed-chamber, prepares to swallow the poison, Paul started on his feet, and cried—

"Don't drink a drop of it, Fanny!"

At this interruption many of the spectators laughed, and Paul re-seated himlf, excessively ashamed of what he had done; but when the representation me to the scene in the tomb, his feelings again overpowered him: he gasped, it were, for breath; and as Fanny proceeded to mimic suicide and death, he came intensely agitated; his dilated eyes were filled with tears—his lips, separting and trembling, grew pale as his cheeks—his breast heaved—and at ngth, as the last crisis of Juliet's fate was over, he again rose and exclaimed—

"Oh, God, she is gone!"

This time, the audience, having been worked up to nearly the same pitch, rongly sympathised with Paul; and at the conclusion of the piece Fanny was mised amidst thunders of applause, to which the emotion and excitement of r incipient lover had largely contributed.

"Well, Paul," said Mrs. Wilkinson, when they had got out into the street, what do you think of Fanny's acting?"

"I think she did not act at all, ma'am," answered he; "it was all true—she eant every word she said; and that infernal Romeo will take her away before ng, you'll see."

"You astonish me, Paul!" replied Mrs. Wilkinson.

"How so, ma'am?"

"I thought you knew what a play meant, and that actors and actresses only y what is set down for them, and not what they themselves think or feel."

"Well, I believe I do know that, ma'am; but whatever may be the case with anny, I'm sure that fellow was 'nationly in earnest. And now tell me, ma'am, ho is he?"

There was a certain tone of uneasiness, if not of anger, in Mrs. Wilkinson's oice when, in reply to Paul's question, she said—

"I'll tell you all about him some other time. See, here is Fanny and her father." And the youthful actress, coming joyously up, shook hands with Paul; nd then, putting her arm in his, said, in her sweetest manner—

"How did you like me to-night, mother? Did I please you—did I throw enough of earnestness into my part—was it like life?"

"Oh, 'nation like life!" exclaimed Paul, before the mother could have time o reply.

Oh, you think so, Paul," cried Fanny; "but what do you say, my mother?"

Mrs. Wilkinson replied, in an encouraging, but somewhat thoughtful tone—

"You acted with great force and earnestness, my child, and my heart, as I oked at you, overflowed with pleasure; yet there were moments———"

"What, mother? Explain, for God's sake! Were there any parts in which failed?"

"Oh, no, my dear; I mean there were moments in which I thought you sucteded but too well; and Paul was of exactly the same opinion.'

"This is all a mystery to me," observed the father; "I never saw her disly so much strength in her part. Did not you like her acting, Paul?"

"My notion was, sir," answered he, "that there was no acting in it. I thought was every bit of it real."

"Well, my boy," exclaimed Wilkinson, "that's the best of all criticisms. it I'm confoundedly hungry, as I hope you all are; and as we have been re than usually lucky to-night, we'll have a supper. I have given orders it already, and have invited Redmond to join us."

"I'm very sorry, dear," answered Mrs. Wilkinson; "I should have liked ch better to have had none but our own family."

A slight shudder of rage passed through Paul's frame. Mr. Wilkinson reed to his wife—

"I'm sorry you are vexed, Mary, and I won't do anything of the sort again thout asking you; but I was pleased with his acting, and gave him the invitan thoughtlessly."

At this moment the subject of their conversation himself came up, and acsting Fanny with the utmost coolness, and at the same time holding out his m, said, in a gentlemanly, but somewhat affected manner—

"Permit me to have the honour to escort you home, Miss Wilkinson."

Fanny, with careless good humour, replied—

"Thank you, Mr. Redmond, but that honour has been already claimed, and granted to another cavalier, a much older friend of mine than you are."

Redmond bowed, and said—

"Perhaps you will do me the honour, Miss Wilkinson, to introduce me to the *gentleman*," at the same time eyeing him from head to foot as much as the moonlight would permit.

Paul never in his life felt so much ashamed of his costume. He was awfully shabby; in fact, looked no better than an ordinary stable-boy, while Redmond was equipped in a tolerably respectable manner.

Fanny, however, with the most philosophical *nonchalance*, replied—

"Mr. Pevensey, Mr. Redmond; Mr. Redmond, Mr. Pevensey."

Mr. Redmond was a persevering person:—

"As you have two arms, Miss Wilkinson," said he, "perhaps you will still do me the honour———"

"With all my heart," answered she, interrupting him; and without more ceremony they all set forward to the public-house. Paul scarcely uttered a syllable during the walk, except in reply to some question of Fanny's; while Redmond was eloquent, full of ostentation and compliments, of anecdote and wit, and of everything else that, in Paul's estimation, would serve to throw him into the shade. Self-love, however, stepped in to his aid.

"I suppose I have some talents in me," thought Paul to himself; "I'll at least try what I can do; and if I don't flabbergast this fine gentleman, my name isn't Paul."

CHAPTER XXXIV.—THE STROLLER'S SUPPER.

It may be regarded as a great discovery in the philosophy of social life that while flirting makes people hungry, love takes away or spoils the appetite. Whenever, therefore, the former process is going on, there is a fast consumption of fowl and champagne, or of beef and ale, as the case may be; whereas, when people take up arms in the service of Eros, they immediately become independent of customs and excise, and take to a certain provender which pays no duty to Government. Of course, they do eat occasionally, just by way of keeping the microcosm on its legs; but, as a rule, the imagination is their caterer, and serves them with that sort of ambrosia and nectar to which the old dwellers on Olympus were so partial.

Wilkinson had ordered a splendid supper, consisting of oysters, fowl, ham, salad, and the devil knows what besides; and in addition to bitter ale and brandy-and-water, had ventured on a liberal supply of port and sherry. Mrs. Wilkinson, by a fine stroke of maternal tactics, had placed Fanny between herself and Paul; while she dedicated to her husband the task of amusing Mr. Redmond. But this gentleman was not to be out-generalled so easily; he made himself overpoweringly amusing—talked to everybody—discussed politics with the father, Shakespeare with Mr. Link, the young children with Mrs. Wilkinson, and sentimentalities across the table to Fanny. He even condescended occasionally to address a few phrases to Paul, who received these civilities in the most ungracious manner; sometimes without replying at all, other times with a simple "yes" or "no."

In point of eating and drinking Mr. Redmond seemed to resemble the Giaour in "Vathek;" and Paul sometimes fancied he would swallow the table, after having cleared everything that was upon it. He ate, he drank, he laughed; he volunteered song after song; and seemed resolved to put everybody in good humour with him. Even Mrs. Wilkinson suffered herself for the moment to be amused. But Paul was inexorable; he regarded Redmond as his rival, and his own ignorance and helplessness only tended to strengthen his aversion. He sat at table, therefore, boiling with a sort of indefinite indignation against imself and everybody else, which prevented his doing justice to the good hings before him. Mrs. Wilkinson pressed him like a mother, and Fanny ike a sister, to make a good supper; but when, at their invitation, he attempt-d to eat, the victuals stuck in his throat and almost choked him. At length Vilkinson himself, observing his abstemiousness, exclaimed—

"What the devil is the matter with thee, Paul? Thou wert wont to be a ood trencher-man. Here, let me help thee to some beef. There, that's my earty; take it and fire away."

Paul, brought to himself a little by this speech, did endeavour to do justice the beef; after which, having done Mr. Redmond the honour to take wine ith him, he began to be a little more like himself, and found courage to enter to an animated conversation with Fanny, during which he expressed over nd over again the vehemence of his desire to become an actor, that he might lay Romeo to her Juliet.

At this observation Mr. Redmond's upper lip curled with scorn. He looked to Paul's face to see what sort of spirit was to be discovered there, and omewhat to his astonishment observed indications of energy, resolution, self-ill, and vigour almost amounting to ferocity. His eyes flashed, the veins in is forehead swelled as if they would burst; and when not speaking, the com-ression of his lips indicated that he had made up his mind to some course of ction which, in one so wild and uncultivated, might be dangerous. Address-ng Paul, therefore, with somewhat more of courtesy than he had hitherto hown, he said—

"If you really design, Mr. Pevensey, to figure on the boards, I shall be most appy to become your instructor. I have gone through the whole theory of cting, and have Shakespeare at my fingers' ends; and have seen so much of ife that I trust I may, without vanity, be said to have a thorough knowledge f human nature."

"I dare say you know a great deal," answered Paul; "but perhaps you ouldn't know how to make an actor of me. I'm much obliged to you, how-ver, for your offer, but I think Mr. Link will be best able to manage me."

The hero of the wooden leg, flattered by this preference, and rejoiced at an pportunity of expressing his opinion on a favourite subject, replied to Paul's observation:—

"Well, perhaps I should know best how to manage you, Paul; no offence n the world to Mr. Redmond, for whose talents I have the greatest respect: ut you have been, I may say, a sort of pupil of mine from the cradle, and ad not the breath of ill-luck blown you in another direction, I have no doubt I should have made something of you by this time. However, what's done an't be undone; you have only to take to it heartily, and I'll engage to drill ou into a Romeo, or even into an Othello, in the course of a year or two."

"Excuse me, Mr. Link," interrupted Redmond.

"No, don't excuse him," cried Paul, becoming rude in his turn, "but go on with your story; only I must tell you now, at the outset, that I won't take o the thing at all if I must give up a year or two to drilling. Why can't you itch me into the business at once? I'm just like a piece of cobbler's-wax; you may put me into any shape you please in no time. My mind is just like an mpty jug, which you may pour anything you like into, especially as it isn't dirty, and don't want to be washed."

"Your figures, Mr. Pevensey, are very elegant and aposite," observed Redmond, "and I must—"

"Oh, never mind my figure," interrupted Paul, "it's no great things, I dare ay, but it's 'nation strong though, as any one that provokes me may ind out."

"Hush, Paul," whispered Fanny, "you misunderstood Mr. Redmond; he lid not allude to your figure, but to your figure of speech."

Paul, though not a jot the wiser, saw that he was wrong, and said immediately—

"I beg Mr. Redmond's pardon, I did not know what he meant; but he shouldn't use such fine words in speaking to a person like me."

"That's well said," remarked Wilkinson; "it's half the battle in this world to suit yourself to the people you talk with. In more ways than one, fine words butter no parsnips."

"You're quite right, sir," cried Link; "but I was just, if you remember, explaining to Paul—"

"Shall I have the pleasure of taking wine with you, Mr. Link?" said Redmond, desirous of escaping his dissertation on the drama.

"I shall be most happy," answered Link; and filling his glass, and bowing to the superior actor, he stretched out his wooden leg under the table to be more at ease, and, taking a second sip just to clear his whistle, again returned to the science of histrionics.

"My dear boy," cried he, addressing himself to Paul, "acting—I speak under correction—is a thing which requires many qualifications on the part of him who undertakes it. In the first place, he must be well built, and have a good-looking face, if not a handsome one."

Fanny glanced at Paul, and, in her own mind, felt convinced that so far he would do very well.

"But," continued Mr. Link, "he must have a voice like a running stream, deep, broad, and clear, that without any difficulty clasps the biggest rock and the smallest pebble, and shows you the size and shape of both."

"That's very fine," exclaimed Redmond.

"It's very much to the point," said Wilkinson.

"It's very clear," observed his wife.

"It's beautiful," cried Fanny.

"It's disheartening," murmured Paul, "for I havn't a voice of that sort; and I never heard nobody that had, except you, Fanny."

"Oh, I perceive," replied she, laughing, "that you are beginning to be a flatterer."

Mr. Link resumed:—"But the mind's the thing after all. Your ordinary actors have no mind. They take a poet's work as a monkey does a watch, and pull it to pieces, without discovering how it was made, or what it was made for. They see glittering things here and there, and hold them up foolishly to the spectators, in the hope of dazzling their eyes; but it won't do. There is no such thing as a great actor now-a-days, though there are many able men upon the stage, who understand a great deal of their art, though not the whole of it."

Mr. Redmond bit his lips, and threw a strong expression of disdain into his countenance, which Mr. Link not observing, proceeded:—

"There is, I say, no such thing as a great actor now on the stage, and I have heard many people give their reasons for this. Some say it is because the world has got too wise to be amused by the sham life of the stage; some say it is a mere accident, and that great actors come like warm summers or cold winters, just as it happens; while others maintain that the thing is worn out, and that the world wants some new sort of amusement, better suited to the age of steam-engines and railways, reforms and revolutions, and all that. My own notion is, that great men of all kinds are scarce. We have no Shaksperes now-a-days, nor, indeed, anybody that can write a good play, whether tragedy or comedy. You have got some clever people, that aim at the thing, but mostly make a mess of it, because they don't go to work heartily, and are always in a hurry to have done with it; and are always much more eager to hear people talk of them than to do anything worth talking about. How do we account for this? Some people answer, it is because we are vain; but if so, how happens it that we are vainer than the people of other times? I think myself that people don't write good plays merely because they can't, and that people don't act well for the same reason."

"But you forget"——— interrupted Redmond.

"No, I don't forget," answered Link, cutting him short; "and if you'll just pin my yarn after my own fashion you'll see I don't. I was just going hat I hope we shall see great actors—ay, and actresses too. There's ilkinson, now, who sits opposite—if she won't take it amiss that I make upon her."

in the least," cried her mother; "pray go on, Mr. Link."

ll, my notion is, that she was born to be a great actress. She took to re as a Newfoundland dog takes to water. I have seen a great deal of 1 my time, but I never came across anything like it. I think I underhakspere myself, that is to say, a good deal of him; but she no sooner the book than her mind seemed to run through the meaning of everyike a hound through a covey, hitting upon the finest scents, and folhem wherever they led, without once missing the way. Sir, it was a to see her. She would take the book in her hand, and stand out before put on, as easily as her clothes, the tragic terrors of Lady Macbeth, the nd beauty of Imogene, the shrewish fondness of Constance, the tender of Ophelia, the melting uncertain love of Desdemona, the passionate ss of Juliet, the filial affection and constancy of Cordelia, and the volupandishments of 'the serpent of old Nile.'"

Mr. Link!" exclaimed Fanny.

at I am telling you is true," said he, "and the public has now proved it. rs. Siddons in her glory, and if she doesn't leave the stage Fanny will r."

1 about the wine, Tom," cried Wilkinson; "you must be thirsty after g speech."

't stop him, sir," exclaimed Paul—"let him go on. I could listen to ever. I don't know what business I have to say so, but I think he ak the truth, for every one of his words makes my heart leap. I begin stand something about acting. Will you, Mr. Link, do for me what e done for Fanny?"

n't answer for that," answered the old soldier, flattered and delighted. ere's the sherry; fill your glass, my boy, and we'll drink together to d luck."

oin in that toast," cried Wilkinson.

I," observed his wife.

I," said Fanny; "and won't you also join us, Mr. Redmond?"

h great pleasure, Miss Wilkinson," answered he.

illing their glasses, they all drank to Paul's success as an actor, before y he knew what acting meant.

ink now pulled out his watch, and, observing that it was about the time of night, begged the master of the feast's permission to beat a

ras the signal for breaking-up the party, and every one soon after reed; some to sleep, others, among whom Paul was one, to weary themth schemes and projects which might never, perhaps, be destined to anything.

CHAPTER XXXV.—PAUL'S VENGEANCE.

ld presents few more interesting spectacles than a young mind in the f its first studies. The great work of creation seems to be enacted over onfusion gives place to order, and darkness to light. The imagination t the whole universe of thought, and seems equal to the reduction of e empire of nature. Defeat follows rapidly upon defeat, but the mind, undiscouraged by failure, gradually surmounts every obstacle, length, it accomplishes its purpose, and tastes the inexpressible sweets s.

the evening the events of which we have related above, Paul took to the d, placing himself entirely under the direction of Mr. Link, and devoting to study every hour of the day and night not consumed in sleep, soon made a progress which astonished himself no less than others. Though his, however, was a labour of love, it was carried on, not in the midst of pleasure, but of anxiety, apprehension, and anguish. The necessities of the stage brought Redmond into perpetual contact with Fanny, and though she gave him, as far as Paul could perceive, no encouragement, still there was danger, in his view of the case, and he could never satisfy himself that the superior talents of his rival would not ultimately prove triumphant.

Redmond was a man of the world, a scholar, and a gentleman, who, through his own imprudence, had reduced himself to the necessity of joining a humble company of strollers for bread. He possessed, therefore, in reality, an immeasurable superiority over Paul. He could converse fluently on all the topics usually discussed in society; had wooed women until wooing had become an art in his hands; had gone completely through the circle of what is called experience, and delivered himself from all the laws and restraints of nature, while apparently conforming to them most rigidly.

In his conversation with Paul when they were alone, he spoke frankly of his dissipation, and without apparently caring what inferences he might draw from it, denied his belief in the existence of disinterested and passionate love. But before Fanny he held another language, totally different. He then sought to appear highly poetical in his conceptions, and laboured with all the skill he possessed to create in her mind the belief that, though he might have been guilty of some irregularities and excesses, she was in reality his first love; and that whether successful or unsuccessful, with her would terminate altogether his attention and devotion to women. This was often said in the presence of Paul, who, though highly disgusted, could not prevail on himself to expose his hypocrisy. What he privately declared to him seemed to be spoken in confidence, and therefore to refer to it before another would, he supposed, have been a betrayal of trust. He persuaded himself, moreover, that Fanny could not be blind to the arts of Redmond; and as he saw through him, thought that she necessarily must. These fears and jealousies, however, interfered materially with the progress of his studies, because in the midst of Mr. Link's instructions his mind would unconsciously wander to Fanny, and represent her as either rejecting or listening to the insidious and dangerous proposals of Redmond. When he was near her he felt comparatively satisfied; though when the hour of parting arrived, and he came to reflect on the time they had spent together, he usually reproached himself with having left unsaid nearly all he ought to have spoken, while the words he did really utter seemed to him trivial and absurd. In her language, on the contrary, he discovered all the perfection of which human speech, according to his notion, was capable; and in reality, her quick perception of what is fit and beautiful—her retentive memory—her ardent and prolific fancy—her formative, powerful, and enthusiastic imagination,—rendered her remarkably eloquent. Possessing, besides, a sportive wit and inexhaustible vivacity, she played before Paul's mind like a meteor, and often sent him back to his studies sorrowful and disquieted, under the conviction that one so gifted and so beautiful could not possibly be designed for him. In spite, moreover, of himself, he could not avoid recognising the superior qualifications of Redmond, who, except that he was false and vicious, appeared altogether calculated to be beloved by Fanny.

In his difficulties, Paul selected a strange confidante, and that was no other than Fanny's mother. He had begun to appear upon the stage, in inferior parts, and by his perseverance and assiduity had succeeded in commanding a certain degree of applause. Link praised and Wilkinson encouraged him; and occasionally, when they were alone, Fanny expressed her thorough persuasion that he would ultimately rise to the highest triumph of the art; but for the present she necessarily gave the preference to Redmond's acting, which had a certain dash and warmth in it, proceeding much more from animal spirits and a knowledge of what should be done, than from those quick, instinctive impulses,

haracterise the efforts of genius. Nevertheless, her just praise of his
gmented his jealousy; he thought she threw too much warmth into her
ons, and was dazzled and carried away by those accomplishments and
ons which he valued at a low rate, or knew to be false.

heir way from church one Sunday, when Fanny had been detained at
y a cold, Paul, finding himself alone with Mrs. Wilkinson, ventured to
heart to her. He spoke of his jealousy, of his detestation of Redmond,
nbounded love for Fanny, and of his unalterable resolution to do and
nything for her sake. It was still by no means his intention to disclose
character of his rival, which had been revealed to him in confidence;
he fervour and vehemence of his jealousy he accidentally made use of
ons which begot questions from Mrs. Wilkinson, and led him, before he
re, much further than he intended.

now," said he, in conclusion, "as you must know your daughter better
yone else, tell me, have I any chance? Does she love me, or that man
hate too much to pronounce his name with patience? Have you ob-
nything between them? Is it, in short, to be he or I?"

dear Paul," answered the mother, "as you have been frank with me, I
frank with you. I fear she likes him, and for that reason have been
upon my husband my desire to get rid of him."

what does Mr. Wilkinson say?" inquired Paul.

hesitates."

you think she likes him?"

ar she does, Paul."

hero was silent for a few minutes. His temper, fierce and impetuous,
not vindictive, inclined him towards violence, while his regard for the
Vilkinson family, for its tranquillity, for its interests, checked his pas-
Now he resolved to attack Redmond, and even to kill him, if he could
rwise succeed in ridding himself of his rivalry; now he determined to
an understanding with Fanny herself, to interrogate her, to discover
re of her feelings, and to regulate his course accordingly.

Wilkinson, during this brief interval, diligently observed his features,
at first alarmed by the ferocity of their expression. By degrees, as the
nce of his emotions subsided, his look also grew calmer, and she saw that
vas obtaining the victory.

ll," cried he, terminating aloud the dialogue he had been carrying on
nself, "I think my best course will be to be patient. Say nothing to
If she loves him, it can't be helped. But my own mind is made up,
shall see what will happen."

e subdued quiet of this language Mrs. Wilkinson perceived greater cause
siness than in the violence of his anger; but she was careful not to
erance to her alarms. With a woman's tact, she now, by all the inno-
at her command, sought to rekindle his hope and dissipate his appre-
, lest, giving way to some temporary access of despair, he should listen
oice of rage, and plunge madly into a vortex of crime. Paul felt the
effects of the influence she desired to exercise over him without being
nscious of it, and allowed his thoughts to wander into an agreeable
luminated by dreams of happiness, and strewed thickly with the most de-
owers of hope.

ner had come round again, and their wanderings had conducted them to
own situated on the skirts of a wood, whither in the fine calm evenings
k and Paul used to retire, each with a copy of Shakespeare under his arm,
e, beneath the shade of a vast oak, discuss the philosophy of acting and
re of the characters in which, according to his grotesque instructor,
s calculated to succeed. On one of these occasions when the sun
ng fast toward, the edge of the horizon was throwing his oblique rays
the forest avenues, and chequering the green sward with the fantastic
of trees and bushes, Paul felt in an unusual manner the religion of the

place. He fancied himself in the wilds of Arden with Rosalind, Celia, and Orlando. A delicious serenity brooded over the whole face of nature, heightened rather than interrupted by the songs of the birds—the distant lowing of kine heard at intervals, mingled with the half drowsy bark of some shepherd's-dog, which thus gave tongue he scarcely knew why.

Link had become sentimental, and was discanting on the beauty of Rosalind's character, when Paul's quick ear detected the sound of approaching footsteps. Raising his eyes from the page on which he had been gazing, he caught between the trees a glimpse of Redmond and a female companion, who having discerned them, had turned round and were walking off in another direction.

"Ah! Fanny, Fanny;" exclaimed Paul to himself, and astonishment for a moment kept him fixed to the spot where he sat. The next he was on his feet in pursuit of the fugitives, who evidently feared lest he should follow and overtake them, since they had changed their walk into a run. Paul, now beside himself with fury, snatched up a knotted stick which he saw lying on the grass, and dashed forward, with he knew not what purpose. The wood was sprinkled here and there with large heaps of undergrowth which intersected the glades and avenues, and now as night was coming on rendered it difficult to distinguish objects at any great distance. More than once, consequently, he lost sight of Redmond and his companion, and rushed madly hither and thither, scarcely knowing whither he went, or with what object. After some time, however, he again caught sight of the retreating pair, who were walking along the skirts of the wood, towards a small cow-house situated in a field close at hand. It is scarcely possible to describe the confused feelings, the anger, the shame, the vengeance, which tortured the mind of Paul as he ran—he determined to be revenged some way or other on both. Redmond he resolved to sacrifice on the spot. But for Fanny—he could not pursue the thought further. His first care must be to strike his rival to the earth—to trample over him—to kill him; and then he cared not what might come after, and with desperate bounds rushed on the pursuit. Presently he saw the cow-house door open, and the female slipped in; while Redmond, with a large stick in his hand, planted himself in front to bar all entrance. The door was then closed from the inside, so that Paul, when he came up, found himself alone with his foe.

"Mr. Pevensey," exclaimed Redmond, as he saw Paul springing towards him like a wild beast, "mind what you are about. You have no right to attack me—keep off, I say; or you shall have reason to repent your rashness."

Paul suddenly stood still and said, with as much composure as he could command—

"Stand out of the way, Mr. Redmond, and let me enter the shed."

Redmond misinterpreted this act, which he supposed to betoken fear, and replied, in a provoking and taunting tone,—

"Oh, you would like, wouldn't you, to gratify your curiosity?"

"I should like it better," answered Paul, "than to gratify my revenge—and once more, therefore, I desire you to stand aside; otherwise I must strike you, and if I do let the consequences be upon your own head."

Among Redmond's accomplishments was the knowledge of fencing; he therefore despised Paul, and throwing himself into the proper attitude, he prepared to disarm and chastise him. But most true it is that the race is not always to the swift, or the battle to the strong. His antagonist had come up panting and out of breath, while he had enjoyed the advantage of a few minutes in which to recover himself. Paul made the first blow, but his stick was skilfully warded off, and at the second or third attempt knocked out of his hand, and sent spinning away into the middle of the field. Redmond now saw that he had staggered his adversary, who stood for a moment stupified and confounded—the next, with the rapidity of a tiger, he sprang forward and closed with Redmond before he could aim a blow at him. It was now, therefore, to be a hand-to-hand struggle, and dropping his stick as useless, the actor prepared to defend himself as well as he could from the desperate fury of Paul, who, lifting him in his rms by main force, sought to dash him upon the ground; but Redmond, though vidently less strong than Paul, was more skilful, and by a variety of manœuvres ept himself on his legs, while he sought to detach himself from the almost uffocating grasp of his maddened adversary.

At length, becoming weary of this prolonged struggle, Paul bethought himelf of some means of terminating it, and suddenly letting go his hold with the ight hand and doubling his fist, he struck Redmond a blow on the temple which seemed at once to annihilate all the force of his body. His legs tottered, his eyes closed, and with a groan he fell senseless to the earth. At the same nstant a loud shriek from the shed reminded Paul that their struggle had been watched, and told him that the person within sympathised with the fallen.

He now prepared to enjoy the triumph he had achieved, and dashing open the door was about to enter, when Mr. Link, who had hobbled after them as well as he could with his wooden leg, came up suddenly, and perceiving Redmond on the ground, exclaimed—

"Why Paul, you have not killed him, I hope?"

"I hope I have," answered Paul, and his fury being still unabated he rushed into the miserable edifice with the design of first sacrificing Fanny and then himself. Could he have shattered the entire globe at that instant he would have done it. By the glimmer of light which the dying day still afforded he perceived that the unhappy object of his pursuit had fainted from fear, and fallen upon the earth. Neither pistol nor dagger was within reach, but some means of death for her and for him would present itself—seizing her, therefore, in his arms he bore her to the door and there——

(To be continued.)

FRIENDSHIP.

Walking along the mossy windings of a stream that, trickling over the smooth pebbles, scattered its thin spray against the briars overhanging its surface, or dashing on the obtruding banks that enclosed it, might be seen two figures. The one was an old man furnished with the reverend insignia of his aged years, but still preserving in his manners a portion of that freshness and elasticity which had characterised his youth. There was a cheerfulness in all he did, and the good-humoured smile that played across his features, and lit up his wrinkled countenance, bespoke a heart content with the blessings he enjoyed, and living in charity with all men. By his side tripped his grand-daughter, Agnes Myers, beaming in all the joyousness of childhood. Her gay, bright eyes sparkled more brilliantly than the rays that fell upon the rippled surface of the brook. She was all animation, and the thousand interrogatories she put to her grandfather, and the unwearied perseverance with which she reiterated them, evinced the power and energy of mind that was at work beneath those glossy curls. The moderate pace of Sir Philip was ill suited to the impetuous career of his playful companion, who, fawn-like, would dart off in a hundred directions and leave her grandfather to wander on by himself.

"Where, sir, where may this spot be?" she inquired, running back half breathless with her exertion; "I have crossed the old wooden bridge, and yet I cannot see it."

"No, my child," replied her grandfather; "have patience and I will show it to you."

A little further up the stream, and retired a slight distance from it, one of the prettiest dells the hand of nature ever wrought might be beheld, inclosed by two hills that sloped gently down until they dipped their feet in the waters of the rivulet, covered with a variety of wood teeming with the most luxuriant foliage. This fairy valley exhibited one of the most pleasing pictures the eye could witness, or the heart delight in. The tangled masses of copse which had been suffered to vegetate and shoot forth their matted branches in unrestrained exuberance, and to spread their slender arms in a variety of fantastic contortions, formed a cool shade impervious to the summer sun, whose golden beams enhanced the glory of the scenery, and gilding the lofty branches of the trees contrasted strongly with the silvered light or rather gloom, now settling in the lower parts of the valley.

To this spot the venerable man and his grand-daughter were wending their way,—the latter full of the impatience and curiosity of childhood; the former delighted with the opportunity of pleasing her to whom he seemed so fondly attached.

When they approached the entrance of the dell, instead of advancing by the most obvious and direct path, the old man drew his *protégé* aside and led her into the wood by another and less-frequented path. Pursuing their course some little way they came to a small open space, but covered with the ruins of broken walls, dilapidated cornices, and smouldering tombstones, which indicated that the spot on which they stood had been consecrated ground.

"This, my child, was once the chapel belonging to the mansion of your ancestors; here they breathed their holy aspirations up to heaven; here they vowed the one sacred oath of death to the infidel Saracen, and here lie mingled with compounded dust all that remains of their once living forms."

Having said this, Sir Philip took his grand-daughter by the hand and conducted her to a spot still more retired, where rose in lonely security a tombstone overrun with weeds and wild flowers, with this singular inscription traced upon it:— "A FRIEND."

"Many have been the conjectures," resumed the old man, as to whom this grave belongs, but independent of the mystery it involves, the simple style of the inscription to me is so affecting that I have seldom read it without calling to mind the import of those few words. It might have been, I sometimes imagine, the caprice of the person whose remains lie beneath, to have so quaint a title instead of his name, that as men are startled and called to reflection by strange incidents, so his grave-stone might awaken the curiosity of the passenger and the stranger, charge this duty upon them and read a sacred moral to their hearts."

"The character of friend," continued the aged moralist, "once so sacred, has suffered by the progress of time; the increase of civilisation, and the thousand corruptions which spring from it, are inseparably connected with it. Among the ancients it was held as a maxim that nature has given nothing to man better than friendship, virtue excepted, but

"Now gold hath the sway, we all obey,
And a ruthless king is he;"

and the disinterestedness which characterised the primitive times has been superseded by a cold calculating economy, that mars the frankness and liberality which once warmed and enlarged the bosoms of our honestly-proud ancestors, and are the distinguishing features of true friendship."

"How delightful, how refreshing is the remembrance of friendship! Its past pleasures flit across the heart like a ray of sunshine, lighting up with a healthful glow the sad thoughtfulness of the present; for it is not till we have sacrificed our affections upon the shrine of the world, that we generally find ourselves friendless. We turn to the homes of our childhood; we dwell upon the scenes of youthful affections, pure, disinterested, and strong. Amongst the crowd with whom we mingled in our leisure hours, who sought us out to join in the welcome game, was there not one, with whom we preferred to retire, when all was over, and into whose ear we poured the little burthen of our childish sorrow, or cheered with the grateful news of some wished-for treat? Was there not one among our comrades whom we selected—not once or twice, but often, and constantly, to partake with us the pleasures of a ramble through the woods?—nay, without whose company the pleasures we ourselves derived would be but feeble and unpalatable! Where are they now?—where are they to be found? Do they remember those whom once they loved with guileless fondness, or has their memory failed them? Where are they? The days of our childhood fleeted by, the years of manhood dawned upon us, we left our fraternal mansions, and separated for ever, to mingle in the world, to pursue our course by different channels, to be engaged in the hurry and turmoil of business, to acquire fresh hopes, feelings, and affections. Yes! New associations are then formed, new connections are entered into, the mind becomes intoxicated with the ambition of power or the acquisition of wealth, or is affected with the vanities of rank or the 'pomp of heraldry,' until it feels a gradual oblivion steal over it; the heart begins to lose its early impressions, and the friends of our youth fade altogether from our memory, never to be recalled. Is friendship, then, an empty title? Is it but a transitory feeling? or can any connection we formed in childhood be dignified with the name of friendship? Has it no permanent abiding place in the heart?—or is its existence but as a tale that is told? Why," continued the old man, with increased warmth, and carried away, as it were, with the reflections of his own mind, forgetful of her who was by his side, 'should we ask a question apparently so invidious? Why should not friendship be permanent?—why should it not exercise a lasting influence, and exert a perpetual sway? Doubtless it is well, that since absence is necessary the impressions we once received are not so strongly alive in the heart, or retained so ividly in the memory. Who would live a continual life of parting? Is it not well ordered that the wounds of the most feeling heart can heal by time; yet ho would dare conclude that the feeling of friendship is dead because the ain of separation has ceased to exist? Yet, my child, why do I give utterance the feelings of an old man before you?—why am I carried away by thoughts at should be buried in my own breast?" And, resuming his wonted calmness d happy smile, he took his grand-daughter by the hand, as though he would part; yet there was a reluctance, and, turning around to her, he continued his eme, but in a varied strain.

By this time, however, a group of children had come up, and after saluting r Philip and his grand-daughter, gathered round them, listening with eager ention.

"Friendship," he resumed, "is that mutual affection which exists in the hearts two individuals, arising from a similarity of tastes, habits, and inclinations. cannot be made to exist. It must, to be real and valid, spring up spon- eously in the breast. It is the result of a secret delight in each other's con- st—a sympathy in each other's feelings; its springs are manifold and mys- ious. A smiling face, a kind word, an affectionate action, or a sigh of pity y awaken that mutual interest which, fostered by frequent intercourse, ripens o real friendship; yet its growth to maturity depends upon external means, l these constitute the duties of friendship. The great Disposer of all events, o has been pleased to try us by numerous sorrows and afflictions, who has left to struggle with a thousand difficulties, and to encounter a thousand dangers, s also given us means by which these sufferings may be alleviated, and by e more (after the consolations of religion) than by the delights of friendship. gives a charm to social life, it is a refuge in distress, it increases the happiness prosperity, it is the active principle without which our feelings would become guid. The cultivation and practice of it seems to ensure the exercise of the er duties of life, for friendship cannot exist where virtue is not, and virtue is performance of those duties. Friendship is one of the privileges of life, and ere is no object more wretched, none who deserves our pity more than the n who, from a selfishness of character, a suspicious disposition, or any her cause, has lived in the world without being able to distinguish from ong the thousands with whom he had intercourse one whom he can call his end. Where friendship exists it manifests itself by a deep and earnest inte- st in the object of its attraction, a sincere and unreserved affection, a frank d open confidence. It is devoid of all suspicion; like charity, it 'thinketh no evil.' It is willing, where there is the possibility of misapprehension, rather to believe well than to imagine wrongly; it is patient, yet active; more ready to heal differences than to widen them, and though it may not close the eyes to faults, it will be careful not to make them greater than they are, or give them a higher colour than they deserve. These are some of the more prominent characteristics of friendship, but their application, like the application of every principle, involves a thousand minutiæ, which arise from as many different circumstances, and which must be left to the discretion of those most intimately concerned. We must not use friendship as we do flowers, which are pleasing only while they are fresh; such an attachment would not be worthy the appellation—neither must we delight in our friend only as long as he can delight us. In such a case it is evident that we should be enjoying him, not disinterestedly, but for our own gratification. A true friend will be the same whether illness has damped those spirits and depressed those energies which were once excited for his amusement, or not, in misfortune and affliction, in trials and suffering. Though the world should contemn, and a monarch condemn, it is the part of a true friend to stand by to the last extremes the object of his attachment. He will also be ready to promote the interest of his friend without a consideration of his own, and be happy that he has been enabled to enhance and better the prospects of another. Amongst the ancients it was not considered too great an effort of friendship for one man to lay down his life for another; hence the names of Damon and Pythias, whose conduct astounded a tyrant incapable of entertaining an exalted sentiment, or of conceiving such nobleness of affection, have acquired immortal honour, and become a watchword of faithfulness and love amongst succeeding generations. It may be observed, however, that the high standard to which the value of life is raised in Christian countries would make such a sacrifice immeasurably greater now than it was at a time when the vile philosophy of the Stoics propagated the doctrine of self-destruction, and even gilded the detestable action with a halo of glory. Though the story of the two heroes mentioned above have borne away the palm, yet history affords many striking incidents of friendship which might be compared with the virtue of the two Grecians. But it is not in heroic deeds—it is not in the achievement of extraordinary actions, that the real test of true friendship is to be sought, or is likely to be found. It is in the discharge—in the constant and habitual discharge of those minor duties which belong to its office, but which from their very minuteness are considered unimportant, and, therefore, greatly disregarded. It is in the practice of those innumerable nameless little actions which sink deep into the soul and win the heart rather than strike the imagination—in the performance of those actions which individually seem worthless, but, being accumulated, give a deeper shade to the colour of affection, a deeper tone to the character of love. In our general intercourse friendship should restrain us from uttering an expression we have reason to believe would leave an unpleasant impression on the heart of another, though it should seem in itself harmless, and we might feel very desirous of exhibiting our wit and eloquence. It has been asserted that it is the prerogative of friends to correct one another when in error, and that those are our truest who tell us of our faults. And doubtless it is so; but as it is a most peculiar prerogative so ought it to be exercised with the most delicate precaution. There are few persons who would not submit themselves cheerfully, and with great gratitude, to the censure of one they esteemed, provided the reproof were conveyed with that gentleness and suavity of manner which should accompany the exercise of such a privilege. But where there is a captious and teazing spirit indicated, where our slightest defects and frailties are canvassed, where there is an evident fondness to take advantage of any mistake, the heart recoils from such expressions of friendship; its feelings become wounded, until the name of friend is lost in that of censor. Besides, there are few of us who do not think ourselves exempt from a great many of the sins which the world sees in us, and, therefore, feel a reluctance to have them exposed, and to be convinced that we are still human.

It might be urged that such a spirit is not likely to exist in a heart devoted to friendship, that it is not consistent with its first principles. But such is often the case. We find many exhibiting it who make large profession of attachment, and who are often amiable in every other respect. The natural vanity of the human heart overlooks the prescribed limits of equality which ought to exist between friends—the one is often induced to exercise the chief sway over the other, according to the dispositions of the parties. The one may possess a free and open disposition, the other may be of a meek, gentle, and unassuming spirit, more ready to yield to the voice of affection than allured by those of vanity and conceit. Thus an imaginary sway is gained by the habitual exercise of this assumed power, until the supreme office of dictator is claimed where neither should be greater than the other.

Without a strict adherence to the duties like those to which we have alluded, we cannot expect to maintain a permanent friendship productive of those happy results which has rendered its name so sacred, so dear to every feeling heart. Having chosen a friend, study to preserve him, if he be worthy of your friendship. The more you lavish on him, the more he will repay you; and, like the grateful earth, return a hundred-fold into your bosom the seed you intrusted to her care.

Many an incident had interrupted this discourse—many a digression, here unrepeated, had been made—many a smile had been exchanged—many a kiss had been impressed upon the lips of his fair young auditors—many a joyous laugh had echoed through the valley and wakened the voices of the distant rocks—many a serious look had composed the still happy features of Sir Philip while uttering this wholesome advice to his little friends, and instilling into their minds a few words of advice concerning the duties and privileges of friendship, When he had concluded, they began to disperse by different routes to their village homes, while Agnes and her grandfather proceeded towards the mansion.

"Sir," said Agnes, in a dejected and seemingly sad tone, "can there be friendship where also equality in birth and parentage does not exist?"

"My child," replied Sir Philip, "there may be, but it is a dangerous friendship. It has so many difficulties to contend with, there is generally so much opposition against which it has to struggle, that however virtuous the objects of it, it seldom arrives at maturity; each have frequently to blame the folly of the other in not seeing the irresistible consequences of such affections."

By this time both the wanderers had arrived at the brow of a steep ascent, and looked down over the scene before them. At the foot of the hill, and embowered with wood, rose the mansion to which they were proceeding. Behind it a vast forest of wood covered the whole plain and far as the eye could reach. Bounding the horizon swelled a lofty range of hills, now illuminated by a flood of brilliant light which the sun poured upon the world beneath. The clouds were dyed in the most splendid dazzling colours; amber and yellow, orange and crimson variegated the fields of heaven. Huge masses of clouds like liquid gold floated in high relief through the air; behind them, and forming a magnificent ground, was an ocean of green tinged with saffron; whilst the zenith caught a few of the fresh rays, and streaked with a few bright colours its beautiful deep blue. Such was the scene Sir Philip had to contemplate. He had often stood with mute wonder and pleasure to behold similar ones; but who is there that will assert that he ever grew tired of such scenes, or that he did not discover some new beauty in each? Although it was growing late, and the mists rising upon the streams began to form themselves into thick masses, Sir Philip still detained his *protégé* to behold the last beam of departing day—that beam which seems to separate between day and night, to divide the two kingdoms of light and darkness. When this had faded he turned his footsteps homeward, and left the scene where nature had invited him to linger so long.

THE IDOLS.

By ARCHER GURNEY.

Ye ask me why I cannot kneel beside ye,
To offer incense at the haughty shrine,
And worship those whom ye declare divine,
Before the altar whither ye would guide me.
" Is it thy envy, then," ye loudly cry,
" That bids thee shun our train, and turn alone,
" In gloomy solitude and mooding high,
" To the dim glade, to seek a grassy throne,
" And there to deify thine own high soul,
" And dream that thou alone hast reached the goal?"

Ye mock me! Much ye err. Thus weak, thus vain,
I am not; but those mortals ye adore,
If higher far than I—who am most poor,
Most frail, most earthly—still have borne the chain
Of our mortality: alike our lot!
Yet some I love, and more than ye *can* love,
But others, your chief Idols, I love *not*,
And ne'er *shall* love. Ye place them *all* above
Yon azure heav'ns, and kneel to each and all,
And each vast spirit Lord or Hero call.

Ye say that it is littleness in me
To seek one laurel from their wreaths to cast:
" Their earthly sorrows now," ye cry, " are past,
" Their evil deeds forgotten. Who would see
" Spots on yon orb of day, or seek blue ocean
" Of beauty's meed, and halo to bereave,
" Because at times his billows know commotion,
" Because at times his smiling calms deceive?
" The great," ye cry, " is ever great, and must
" As such be hailed:—sink, weak one, in the dust!"

Ye err again. Be 't yours to shout the praise
Of those ye thus for force and power revere,
Before whose angry frowns men crouch in fear:
Shout, and on high your " Io Pœans," raise!
I join ye not: that, and that only, I
Can reverence which my heart as good conceives,
And inly feels. Raise, raise your voices high!
Here must we part, although that parting grieves.
The truly good I love, the good and great
I love and honour; but your Gods I hate.

To those, whom the Eternal with some rays
Of his own inward spirit hath adorned,
Who yet, by no reproving conscience warned,
Have turned from evil and benightened ways;
To those, who thus were destined by Heaven's love
The earth's bright stars in midnight hours to be,
And yet have willed as meteors false to rove,
And blindly lead mankind o'er land and sea,
With no fixed aim, or a base selfish goal;
To those who thus have wronged the eternal soul

I have no love to give, far less esteem—
  Perchance, my pity. They have led astray
  The nations, after many a demon-ray,
And taught them that all virtue was a dream.
  But now they rest in peace. So let them! Those
Who chant their praise again, and seek once more
  To wake their sad remembrance from repose,
Themselves alone must blame, if I, in hate,
Denounce those comets dire, the falsely great!

THE FISHERMAN OF WIMILLE.

By HENRI DE SAUCLIERES.

e September morning, as I was walking along the coast leading from
e to Wimille, absorbed in the thousand reflections produced by the
anse of the sea, which spread itself apparently in limitless extent
e, I soon came in sight of a small thatched building, or cottage, before
small bark was moored.
s looks like the dwelling of a fisherman," thought I; "the practice of
ty is familiar to men whose constant occupation it is to buffet with the
."
rdingly entered the cottage. An old man, on whose venerable head
ttered a few silvery locks, was seated in a corner, mending his nets; he
uch absorbed in his work that he did not perceive my entrance, and I
re to contemplate for a few moments his fine and noble countenance.
bark moored at the door is no doubt yours," said I.
, sir," answered the old man, slowly lifting up his head.
you give me a row on the water?"
sherman laid down his nets, and went towards the window to recon-

shall have bad weather," observed he, gazing at the sky. "That little
oud yonder, on the distant horizon, bodes no good. Never mind, if you
olutely to go I will take you."
" said I, "although the water is calm, and the sky clear, if you are not
the weather it will do another day."
ink it will be more prudent to wait," answered the old man; and sitting
e resumed the mending of his nets.
seem very old," continued I, after a moment's silence; "and it is hard
mpelled to work at your age."
must labour all our life," replied he, "and we only cease to work when
to breathe."
you live alone?"
, sir, quite alone."
anner in which he uttered these few words was full of emotion.
ou have no one to take care of you?"
ed no one."
e you no children?"
d one—once——"
that one is dead?" murmured I slowly; but I immediately felt the
r nature of my question.
! dead—dead!"
moments of silence followed, after which the old man said, abruptly—
't you sit down, sir?"
pted the offer, and we continued our conversation.

"How old are you?"

"Above seventy-five."

"Does this cottage belong to you?"

"I built it with my own hands."

"Why did you choose this solitary spot?"

"I had reasons which none but myself can well understand."

"Cannot you tell them to me?"

"I wished to be near that cross," answered he, in a faltering tone, pointing to a small green mound outside the cottage.

"But it is a tomb!"

"Yes, sir, a tomb!" sighed the old man.

"I see no inscription upon it!"

"The inscription is here," answered he, putting his hand on his heart, while the tears flowed down his furrowed cheeks.

I took his hands and pressed them in mine.

"It is the tomb of my son," exclaimed he, sobbing; "of my poor Henry—of my only child. I saw him die, sir; die on this very spot—here, before my eyes. It is in this place that my poor boy turned towards me his last, his dying look, and gave back his soul to his Creator. Notwithstanding all my love for him, I could not save him, sir; and I, so old and crushed, was condemned to live, whilst he, so young and healthy, was doomed to die."

I again pressed the hands of the poor man.

"The next day," continued the fisherman, "my poor boy was in his grave, and I childless and lonely in the world. I was kneeling by the side of a wooden cross, with nothing before me but the wide, wide sea, the murmur of whose waves, as they rolled against the shore, seemed to say, 'Father, I have killed thy son, and thou owest to me thy life.'"

Here the old man became so affected that he was obliged to support himself against the door. I tried to assuage his grief, but perceiving my words produced no effect, I resumed:—

"Your son, then, was shipwrecked?"

"Yes, sir, shipwrecked. Henry was in his sixteenth year, and to remain with me he became a fisherman, like his father, in order, as he was wont to say—the dear child!—to return in my old age what I had lent him in his childhood. Every evening we were in the habit of going to sea, and would often venture ourselves as far as two or three miles. One night we were surprised by a tremendous storm, and, in spite of all our efforts, could not regain the shore. The waves tossed up and down our small bark on every side. For the first time in my life, I knew what fear was. . . . . Suddenly I saw, by the flash of the lightning, a huge wave coming right upon us; scarcely had I time to warn Henry to cling as close as possible to the boat, when the wave overwhelmed us and quite upset our boat. When it had resumed its proper position, my first thought was for my child; I saw him not. I uttered a piercing cry, which was, however, only echoed by a feeble—by a dying groan. I pushed the boat towards the place from whence the sound proceeded, and descried my poor Henry fighting for life against the furious billows. I jumped into the water, but darkness prevented me from distinguishing anything. I called my child with despair, but the only answer I received was the peal of the thunder, the howling of the wind, and the roaring of the waves. My strength began to fail, and I implored my God to permit me to die with my child; but my God and my Creator had determined otherwise—the sea, content with a single victim, had cast me alive on the shore."

Here the old fisherman paused a while, wiped the sweat from his forehead, and, after looking at me with sadness, thus continued:— '

"When I opened my eyes, my son was by my side, but pale and livid; he was dead, dead!—do you understand, sir?—and I still alive!"

I was so moved by what I had heard that I could not utter a word of comfort to that unhappy father. At the same moment the sound of a disunt bell was heard; the fisherman listened attentively—then, turning towards ie—

"Pray excuse me, sir," said he; this is the hour at which, every day, I go to ray on the tomb of my child."

The old man went out, and knelt down before a small wooden cross, and I ft the cottage with a heavy heart.

Two years later, as I passed again through Boulogne, my first visit was to the ttage of Wimille, but, alas! I only found a few scattered stones and two ooden crosses, one by the side of the other.

THE THREE DAYS OF FEBRUARY, 1848.

BY PERCY B. ST. JOHN.*

HERE never was a great national movement which met with a more hearty and niversal response than the late revolutionary act of our neighbours across the hannel. In all quarters of Europe popular sympathy has gone along with ose men whose energy and patriotism has overthrown the despotic principle hich has for many years crushed the spirit of independence in France. ndeed, we have heard but few voices raised against the dethronement of Louis hilippe, whose actions no one has ventured to defend. The crowned heads f the Continent have looked on with trembling, not daring to interfere. A lesson as been read to them which they will not easily forget; they have seen how r a people's honour may be trifled with, how long a king may venture to urn a deaf ear to the solicitations of his subjects for reform, and to what extent ie forbearance of a nation, trampled on and insulted, will suffer constitutional ights to be violated.

The little volume which has suggested these observations promises to be among ie most popular of all the works on the late insurrection. Mr. Percy St. ohn is well known as possessing a vigorous and easy style, readily adapting elf to the various forms of diction, and eminently fitted to chronicle the events hich have, within a comparatively few days, convulsed the French metropolis, nd drenched its streets in blood. In flowing and pleasing language he presents s with a complete history of the revolution, preceded by a short review of the ourse of events which hurried the royalty of France to utter, and we venture to ope, irretrievable ruin. We have no tedious reflection, no lengthy dissertation n the policy or impolicy of the movement. Mr. Percy St. John suffers events speak for themselves. His history is written rapidly and vigorously. Every cident of the late insurrection, which has enveloped the capital of France in blaze of glory, is brought out into bold and striking relief before the mind's ye. Every event is narrated, from the first muttering of the storm to the moment its bursting and overwhelming the monarchy of France in one tremendous ruin. Ve regret that space will not allow us to touch at length on the various scenes epicted in the present work. We could dwell, were it possible, as long as our eaders' patience would hold out, on the gradual gathering of crowds on Sunday, he 28th, on the systematic and deliberate arming of the people, of the spread and in- lammation of popular indignation, on the first petty conflicts between the people nd the Municipal Guards, on the inhuman conduct of that body, on the increase f the ferment, the alarm of the ministry, the first growth and dissemination of umours, the increase of the armed force in the streets, the erecting of the first arricade, composed of an omnibus and two cabs, and the first serious collision f the troops and the people of Paris. Through all these scenes we are hurried ith rapidity, without the absence of minuteness.

Mr. Percy St. John is enthusiastic, and imparts a large share of enthusiasm to the language of the present narrative. He seems to have entered like a Frenchman into the popular feeling which rendered necessary the display of so vast a military force as encamped in the streets of Paris on the nights of the 22nd and 23rd. He accompanied the insurrectionists everywhere, witnessed the sudden and simultaneous erection of the barricades, the first desperate conflicts between the people and the Municipal Guards, the gentle charges of the dragoons, and the rise and spread of popular indignation. By turns we accompany him into every street where the principal scenes of the great revolutionary drama were enacted—leads us to the summit of the rude but formidable defences, bearing the red flag of the people, and then takes us to the window of his own dwelling, before which some of the most remarkable incidents ever recorded were witnessed.

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* Bentley.

We share in the excitement of, and sympathise fully with the movement in the French metropolis by the time our author has reached that portion of his narrative wherein is described the few hours after the first beating of the *rappel* in the streets of Paris. From that moment it might have been fully foreseen what turn events would take. In less than twenty-four hours after the tocsin bells swung in every tower and steeple, and sent forth their deep notes to swell and echo over all the city.

The first tremendous charge of cuirassiers, in which so many of the people of France fell, is considered by Mr. Percy St. John as the event which sealed the fate of the tottering monarchy. Seventeen dead bodies, pale and ghastly with wounds, were borne on a truck away from the fatal spot. All around, as the melancholy procession, guarded by pikemen, moved along the streets, thousands of men, women, and children thronged, lighted by the glare of torches, and all uttering, as with one voice, a cry of vengeance on the hated monarchy of July. The news spread with inconceivable swiftness over the whole city, and even reached distant towns. Monster trains in a short time poured forth streams to swell the deluge of population which now surged in the streets of Paris, and from which an unchanging and incessant murmur rose, that of a demand for vengeance on the assassins of the innocent and brave men who had fallen in the late murderous attack of the Municipal troops.

Speedy and terrible retaliations would indeed have fallen on the devoted Municipals, but for the humanity and courage of M. Arragot, whose conduct on this occasion cannot be too highly complimented. Fifty of these men, who had rendered themselves so obnoxious to the citizens of Paris, took refuge in a house in the Rue Bourg St. Abbé. The building was surrounded by thousands of armed people, and the destruction of its inmates deemed inevitable. A tremendous cry for vengeance now arose. M. Arragot came forward and appealed to the generosity and chivalry of the Frenchmen, in behalf of the besieged soldiers. His words were heard, and a stipulation was entered into, in which the vanquished Municipals were imperiously ordered to retire without arms, and with uncovered heads. After some hesitation the troop defiled out of the house in a single line. At the sight of them all promises of pardon were forgotten for the instant—a stupendous shout rose from the multitude, as with one voice they demanded that the murderers of the people should die. M. Arragot remained cool and firm. After much difficulty the soldiers were saved, when their deliverer exacted from them a solemn promise that they would not again take up arms against the people. "And," as Mr. Percy St. John remarks, "it is consoling to believe that not one of the muskets turned against M. Arragot at the storming of the Palais Royal, was in the hands of any of those soldiers whose lives he had preserved the evening before at the risk of his own."

Space will only permit us to present our readers with one extract. The vigour and energy with which this is written, however, is a fair specimen of the whole work.

"The soldiers withdrew within the doors of the Palais Royal, and stationed themselves at the windows and on the terrace. A general move took place to the different corners of the square—a few lads made a rush at the Palais Royal gate, still closed. The garrison of the Chateau d'Eau at once levelled their guns, and fired a murderous volley on armed and unarmed. I saw one fall within two yards of me, while those who had muskets replied to their fire; I and many others who were unarmed, retreated to the corner of the Rue du Musée—anywhere, in fact, where a little shelter could be found.

"The scene from this forward was of the most terrible description, as soon as I could look around me, I saw that the whole Place was empty, while at the corners, behind, before the barricades, kneeling down, standing up, at windows, on the house tops, were the people. Volley after volley was discharged. The garrison fired several times with the utmost military precision. The people answered. Every now and then a small party having loaded, would rush out in he middle of the Place, and fire at the windows of the post, never failing to eave dead and wounded in the square. Those who think there was not much loodshed, should have witnessed this scene.

"Fresh crowds arrived every minute. I could see the combatants rushing down he Rue de Valois, reinforcing the people, or filling the place left vacant by the ead. At the end of a quarter of an hour, we heard firing in the direction of e Tuileries; then was a pause, then the discharges became more rapid. The ums beat a charge—on both sides the firing was terrible.

"At the corner of the Rue de Musée we were about twenty. Already one ad body lay at our feet ; it was carried into a baker's shop, and deposited on airs. Another and another fell, and in half an hour the *boulangene* became an *bulance.* In half an hour, four were lying dangerously wounded, beside the dead an ; while three others were shot through the arm. Never again do I wish to see murderous a fight. Not an instant did the firing cease—each moment the peo- e, more furious as they saw so many victims fall, redoubled in boldness, ienne Arragot advanced into the middle of the Place, and fired at the post; then moved down to encourage those at the corner where I was, and then urned to the Rue de Valois to join Hocar, who commanded that position. An isode which I have but scarce noticed, is thus vividly described:—'A child, e of those admirable *enfans de Paris*, of which this capital alone supplies a type, d which the people have baptised by the name of *titis*, flew about the Place, imating the people, and provoking the soldiers. Etienne saw him alternately his right, to his left, and despite the gravity of his present position, he mired, from the bottom of his heart, the careless courage, the bold heart of e heroic child, whose shoulder had been cut by a bayonet or a ball—whose rt was all bloody, and who in the van, in the most perilous post, armed only th a sabre, and in a shower of balls, came to have new wounds, or an almost rtain death; and all this because he had a heart—because the smell of powder s as a loadstone—because in fine, he was an *enfant de Paris.*'

"Another anecdote is worthy of being recorded. At the commencement of e attack, and shortly after the interview of Lamoriciere with Arragot, the mpany of grenadiers of the second legion of the National Guard, commanded Captain Barnere, endeavoured to take possession of the post amicably, with moriciere at their head. The company was without ammunition, while on th sides a heavy fire was kept up. The captain hesitated to advance, when a ung *enfant de Paris*, aged twelve or thirteen, presented himself, and said—will stay the fire of the insurgents, or be killed.' He immediately rushed to the Place, and called on the insurgents to cease firing. At the end of a oment they acquiesced, and the lad came back, saying, 'I have kept my pro- ise,' and at the same time he showed his shoulder shattered by a musket ball. he effort was, however, vain.

"Meanwhile, by the Café de la Régence, a dense crowd, utterly heedless of e proximity of the balls, which seldom wounded save mortally, poured an nceasing fire, so loud, continued, and so frequent, as to be absolutely stun- ing.

"To add to the confusion, a number of royal carriages, taken from the stables f the Tuileries, were dragged out on the Place, and, by aid of mattrasses, hrown out to the people from the windows, were fired. The example was most contagious. The group amongst whom I was, knocked at once at the door of a small house which was occupied in the building of the post by a water-carrier; he came out with his wife and daughter, trembling and terrified. The people assisted them into the baker's shop, and then, having brought out his principal valuables, piled faggots from the baker's upon the straw mattrasses and fired it all.

"Up rose a hot flame, and a loud cry from the people for the soldiers to surrender, for that resistance was now madness. The garrison replied by a still more tremendous discharge, which added to the exasperation of the multitude, who, from behind the blazing carriages, from barricade and window, from the Palais Royal, now captured, poured volley for volley. Here might be seen a boy of twelve with a musket too heavy for him to carry, marching down and firing from a cart; here, peer, peasant, deputy, National Guard, journeyman and master, English, French, Poles, hustled together, all with one object—that of insuring a popular victory.

"Among the most daring of the combatants was a young man respectably dressed, who, with a musket, advanced continually to the middle of the Place, and endeavoured to lead a charge against the post at the point of the bayonet. Presently during one of these attempts, he fell, shot through the breast; I and others assisted in removing him, senseless, into the baker's shop, where he was lain down by the side of his other companions in misfortune. On washing his wound, it was found that he had been shot through and through the right breast.

"He soon came to himself, and the first words he uttered were in English.

"'Mr. St. John, I believe,' he said, with a clearness and distinctness which to me seemed a good sign.

"'Yes,' I replied, perhaps more astonished than I ever was before during my whole life; 'but how do you know me?'

"'I am a printer; I worked for Mr. ——— in London, where you often called to correct proofs of your writings.'

"I had now some slight recollection of his face, and asked him how he came to be concerned in the revolution. He told me that he had turned out with others during the night, and had fought hitherto without hurt, and hoped that he was not very badly wounded. I begged him to be of good cheer, and then went out again amongst the combatants.[*]

"The scene was tremendous, the carriages had made a vast burning barricade, from behind which hundreds of men poured their volleys on the post, which, though the soldiers must now have been half choked with smoke, replied with even more fury than ever. The Place was obscured by dense clouds of vapour; where I stood, within four feet of the post, the heat was awful, I could scarcely stand—the air was hot like the blast of a furnace, while a smell of gunpowder filled the nostrils.

"From the carriages rose up numerous volumes of flame, ardent and red, like the blood which ran upon the pavement beneath, while several heaps of straw and wood were burning against the post itself, which had caught fire in two places. In the dim light which prevailed, the day being closed, the smoke of fire and gunpowder, the ten thousand heads of the people might be seen crowding the place in blouses, uniforms, coats, armed and unarmed, while swords, bayonets, and guns flashed in the lurid glare; the ears were deafened by the tremendous discharges from both sides; from the Valois barricade—from the Rohen barricade—from the Rue de Chartres—from where I stood—from the windows—from the Place—from the Palace Royal—from the Corps de Garde, where still the already turning soldiers kept up a discharge, all were firing.

[*] I never saw him again, his wound was mortal; I made continual inquiries for him, and only found out when too late to see him, that he had been removed to the Hospital of Charity, where he died on Saturday, 26th. His name was Good, and he was buried with the other victims.

AN OLD MAN'S STORY.

"Who games is felon of his wealth,
His time, his liberty, his health;
Virtue forsakes his sordid mind,
And Honour scorns to stay behind."—*Cotton.*

Early in the autumn of 183—, I found myself domiciled in an old château in the romantic town of D——, in the *Cote du nord.* My apartments looked into what is now a wilderness of fruit and flowers, but what must have been, in the days of its ancient lords, a beautiful hanging garden, and across that into the lovely valley of the Rance, long celebrated in the poetic and romantic annals of Bretagne.

It was a study for a painter; whether the mist of morning enveloped the valley like a sea, and, slowly dispersing, gradually unveiled its deep glens and wooded heights, its green knolls and sparkling waters, with the fortification and embattled walls of the town, church spires and ivied gateways, and towers standing on the overhanging cliffs, all half hidden by the wreaths of vapour which hung round them, or the eye wandered over the fair scene, in the splendour of an autumnal day, with that clear, cloudless sky which we so seldom see in England.

The season for the gay balls at the fountain was over. No longer coloured lamps, hanging from the thick branches of the trees, mingled their lights with the pale beams of the moon, while groups of all ranks glided through the mazy dance, and the echoes of the valley resounded with the voice of mirth. It was all silent now, and the evening song of the birds was alone heard, as we sometimes made our way through a precipitous path which, winding down the side of the mountain, amidst thickets of odoriferous shrubs, conducts into that part of the valley in which is situated the fountain *des eaux minérales.* At other times we took more extensive rambles in the surrounding country, and visited several of the romantic ruins that lay scattered around.

The château we inhabited was an extensive pile of buildings, once the point of re-union to the many noble families who formerly resided in that part of Bretagne, but several of whom had lost their name and place in society during the civil wars which had so long devastated France, and still more recently, in the revolutionary struggles, while others, returning with diminished fortunes to the abodes of their ancestors, contented themselves with living in privacy and retirement.

This château had long passed away from its ancient possessors, and on the parquetted floor of the *salle à manger* were still to be seen the impressions made by the horses' hoofs in the time of the revolution, when it was occupied as a barrack by a party of republican cavalry. Many a tale its old walls could have told of the deeds of chivalry of Bertrand du Gueselin and Olivier de Clisson, of De Laval, De Rohan, De Beaumanoir, and De Dinan; of fair princesses and noble dames, with legends of those days when the Dukes of Bretagne, and still later the good Duchess Anne, kept their court in the lofty donjon of the town—and darker histories of bloodshed, captivity, and death. But those days were long gone by, and strangers now dwelt peacefully within its walls, sometimes examining with curiosity the sombre passages and secret chambers, where fancy might paint some unhappy proscribed noble, secreted for years—or gaily assembled round the piles of wood which blazed on the antique hearth, talking over the occurrences of more peaceful times.

A melancholy circumstance which had occurred a short time before my arrival was then the topic of conversation among both the French and English inhabitants, and being interested in the details, and anxious to get at the truth of the story, I one day asked some questions of an old gentleman with whom I happened to be taking a stroll in the valley.

"I too well know," said he, with a sigh, "all the incidents of this unfortunate history. Suppose we ascend *Mont Parnasse*, and seat ourselves under the shade of yonder clump of trees; I will then tell you all the particulars of it."

We accordingly turned our steps into a narrow path-way that led to the spot to which he had pointed, and in a few moments were seated on the edge of the precipice. It was about mid-day. The woods, tinted with their brightest autumnal foliage, looked beautiful under the influence of an October sun. The Rance sparkled far beneath our feet. On one side, the town of D——, whose decaying walls and crumbling turrets bear evidence to its strength and importance in feudal times, and still give interest and picturesqueness to its appearance, looks down on the valley from the height of the rock on which it is situated; and, on the other, rise steep precipices partially clothed with wood, with here and there an old chateau displaying its time-worn walls.

The old man paused for a few minutes as we gazed upon the lovely scenes around us, and then related to me the following narrative, which I have written down (as nearly as I can recollect them) in his own words:—

Many years ago there resided on the banks of the Tivy, in South Wales, near the ancient castle of Kilgerran, a gentleman of some fortune, whom we shall call Colonel Stanley.

He had seen a great deal of service in the early part of his youth; and afterwards, leading rather a dissipated life in London, had spent a great portion of his patrimonial inheritance; but, at the age of eight-and-forty, marrying a rich City heiress, he retired to the abode of his ancestors, with the determination of passing the rest of his days in the enjoyment of a country life and a handsome competence.

I was then residing in the neighbourhood, and became intimately acquainted with him. He had two children; Harry, the unfortunate hero of my story, and Julia, three years younger. They were both engaging, intelligent, and high-spirited little creatures, but much spoiled from over-indulgence; particularly Harry, who was the idol of his father.

Very early were the seeds sown of that deep-seated and intense selfishn which, springing up and increasing with his years, afterwards destroyed th many goodly promises of generous and noble qualities which appeared in th youth of the boy. Harry was never to be thwarted or contradicted; his w was law, and he became a petty despot in the family. His pocket, too, w always supplied with a profusion of money, which, it is true, he was ever rea to divide with others; but though to the superficial obscrver he appeared ge erous, kind, and frank, a more keen-sighted person could perceive that h ruling vice was gratified by this generosity, and that he gave liberally what did not value. He was good tempered and gay while his wishes we attended to; but contradict him, or cross his pleasures, and his haughty a despotic temper, and angry retorts, but too clearly showed the selfish feelings his heart.

Notwithstanding, however, the indulgence of his mistaken parent and his o idleness, his abilities were of first-rate order, and to him his tasks proved bu diversity of amusement. He seemed to have no need of application, masteri whatever he was put to learn with an ease and quickness that looked like int tion; and had he been the son of a less wealthy and less foolishly indulg father, he would probably at this moment have been an ornament to his stat and country.

In the village of Kilgerran lived a gentleman of the name of Apreece. family was large and his fortune very moderate. He had been educated at same school with Colonel Stanley, and upon the latter retiring to the coun their early school-boy friendship was renewed, and produced a close intim between the families. Mr. Apreece's youngest daughter, Caroline, and Ju

Stanley, were much about the same age, and became inseparable playmates. As a child, Caroline was so fair and gentle, and of so caressing and endearing a disposition, always yielding to the capriciousness and impetuosity of his temper, that she was a much greater favourite of young Stanley's than his sister Julia, who at times would oppose his tyranny and self-will with a spirit that savoured somewhat of his own.

In my fishing excursions I have often stopped to admire those three lovely children when, attended by an old Welsh nurse, they sought for wild flowers along the foot-path that, winding among the hills, conducts the short way from Cardigan to Kilgerran, or amused themselves by building little bridges of slate and stones across the tiny stream that has worked a channel for itself far beneath the venerable Castle, forming the ditch on the northern side, and then hastens to lose itself in the waters of the Tivy.

At twelve years old, Harry was sent to Eton, but still at each returning vacation I perceived that his predilection for his little companion was unabated. Often would he persuade her and Julia to walk with him by moonlight, sometimes to clamber up the height on which stands the extensive ruins of Kilgerran Castle, and explore its flights of steps, its numerous winding passages, and dark chambers, and then turn to admire its shadow, and the opposite woods of Coedmore, reflected in the clear waters below; sometimes to stroll along the banks of the Tivy, and watch the light corricles as they glided down the stream in pairs, and applaud the dexterity of the fishermen, who, whenever a lordly salmon struck the net that hung suspended between the two skiffs, crossed each other with the quickness of thought, to entrammel it the more securely.

Caroline was a musician by nature, and had a fine taste for drawing, in both of which accomplishments young Stanley excelled; and, as time wore on, and those tastes were developed, his delight was to correct her drawings as she sat under the venerable yew tree, sketching the Church of St. Dogmael, and the ruins of the fine old Abbey,—at other times, to show her the true perspective of the village of Llechryd, as she took a view of it from the small boat in which he rowed her and his sister on the Tivy.

I do not know whether you have ever been at Cardigan. If you have not, I can but ill give you an idea of the romantic and beautiful country surrounding it, endeared to me by many early associations, and where the primitive manners of the inhabitants, excluded in a great measure from much intercourse with their neighbours, present a touching picture of the calm and quiet enjoyments of rural life.

With my fishing-rod in my hand, and Isaac Walton in my pocket, I have wandered for hours together among the charming solitudes of the innumerable valleys which lie hidden among the hills in every direction, or loitered in the narrow pathway worn along the banks of the Tivy; sometimes beneath a ledge of slaty rock almost perpendicular above my head; and in the next moment under the embowering shade of woods, which, covering some steep acclivity down to the river's brink, bathed their branches in its sparkling waters.

Nor were the visions of romance and poetry and the recollections of history wanting for the imagination to revel in. The Princes of Powis had, in days of yore, held high festivals and tournaments in their Castle of Abertivy, to which had crowded nobles and knights from many distant lands. But to return to my story—

Young Stanley had now attained his eighteenth year, and it was time for him to go to college. His expenses at Eton had been enormous for so young a man, but then his successes had been brilliant, and his masters were lavish of the most flattering predictions in regard to his future career, and the fond and proud father was used to say that young men such as his son ought not to be too much restricted; that Harry was not born to be niggardly; his intimate associates were among the *élite* of the University; and that it was impossible for him to rank such men as the young Marquis of B— and Lord C— among his friends, without spending more than double the liberal allowance at first assigned to him.

Colonel Stanley likewise, though not very clear-sighted in such matters, could not be any longer blind to the growing partiality between his son and the fair Caroline Apreece—a partiality which he beheld with considerable alarm, and he therefore hoped that a longer separation than usual, with new scenes and new pursuits, would soon efface it from the mind of young Stanley.

His prudent foresight, however, came too late; for vows had already been secretly interchanged between the youthful lovers upon the banks of the Tivy, amidst tears on her side and promises of eternal fidelity on his.

Young Stanley proceeded to college, where his morals, already tainted, became soon totally wrecked.

A more than ample allowance from his too-indulgent father enabled him to launch into all the vices and expensive habits which are the ruin of such a number of young students of our universities. To these was superadded a love of gambling that became a passion, and clung to him ever after through life; while the brilliancy of his wit, the fascination of his manners, and his various talents and acquirements only served as snares to draw him still deeper into the vortex of folly and extravagance.

Meantime some changes had taken place in the little society at Kilgerran. Caroline went to reside with her aunt, Mrs. Miller, in London, where the first masters perfected her fine musical abilities, and fashion added new graces to her attractive person.

As his father had hoped, new scenes and new friends, joined to the reckless and dissipated life that he led had, in a great measure, effaced her image from the heart of her versatile and unworthy lover; and while she, with a woman's constancy, fondly cherished his remembrance, the form of the fair Welsh maiden scarcely, if ever, presented itself to his imagination.

Before the completion of his time at college, the fond father of young Stanley died, leaving him in the possession of the paternal property; but his mother's fortune being settled on herself, the patrimonial estate was very inadequate to the wants of a young man already much involved. After spending a short time at home to arrange some domestic affairs, which could not be settled without his presence, not seeing or perhaps even thinking of *her* to whom a short time ago he seemed so fondly attached, he repaired to the Continent, and in Paris plunged at once into all the fashionable vices of that seductive capital, where he soon got deeply in debt, and was obliged to have recourse more than once to his mother, to free him from his pecuniary embarrassments.

From thence he went to Italy, where he formed a *liason* with a beautiful singer, and, after being made the dupe of her avarice and perfidy, with a fortune totally ruined, and all his resources exhausted, he at length repaired to London, where, though the life and soul of the most fashionable society, he was obliged to depend almost entirely upon his successes at gambling, in which he seemed to be one of the blind goddess's most favoured children.

At this period I was staying in London, and visited frequently at Mrs. Miller's house. One morning I called rather earlier than usual; the old lady was employed in knitting, and Caroline was sitting at a little table in the recess of a window, drawing.

"What are you so earnestly engaged about, Miss Apreece?" I said, after the first salutations were over.

"I am only making a drawing from a very old sketch taken in Wales," replied Caroline.

I thought she spoke rather pensively, and, approaching, I bent over her chair. It was a view of Kilgerran Castle. The time was evening; the light of the moon seemed to stream upon the ruined towers of the ancient edifice, which, thrown out by a dark sky in the background, proudly rose upon a steep and naked cliff, round whose base wound the dark blue waters of the Tivy, the eye following for a while its course, through alternations of thick woods and slaty rocks, while in the foreground a small boat floated on the river, containing two or three shadowy figures, indistinct amidst the deep masses of light and shade surrounded them. "She has not forgotten him yet," I mentally ex- l.

you know," said I, softly, "that young Stanley is returned from the ent—that he is in London?"

dropped her pencil, and stooped for a minute, as if looking for it, and he picked it up again her face and neck were crimson, and I saw that she hardly speak from emotion.

turned, and in London!" she faintly replied.

r conversing for some time with Mrs. Miller, I approached Caroline again my leave; there were tears on her drawing.

all I bring an old acquaintance to see you?" I said, as I shook hands with parting.

followed me to the door, and earnestly whispered, "No, my dear friend, o not; do not even mention my name—do not say I am in London."

as about three weeks after this conversation that I accompanied Caroline r aunt to a select musical party. It was given by Lady L——, an inti- riend of Caroline, who, though of a very timid diffident disposition, and reluctant to sing before strangers, could not in this instance refuse to ne of the many fair amateurs who had promised to exert their musical to enliven the evening. Several charming performers were there, but e to equal Caroline, who united to the most exquisite pathos a compass hness of voice which I have never heard equalled, and which was pecu- calculated to make her excel in the simple ballad, a style which she preferred, always accompanying herself on the harp.

night I thought she had already exerted herself too much, as the en- from Lady L—— for several favourite songs had been often and so ly repeated as to render a denial almost impossible, and she was now rom the harp, and pleading fatigue, when the lively Lady Arabella B—— ched her with a petition for one song more—only one—the very last— ly the last song she should sing.

at is a dear girl," said Lady Arabella. "I want to hear the song which wrote, and which you arranged yourself to an old air. Lady L—— is beautiful, and I am dying to hear it."

line hesitated a moment, but she saw it was useless to try to excuse her- d she began a wild Welsh melody. The words ran thus:—

Once more I look upon this spot,
  The spot where first we met,
And have not absence—time—despair,
  Yet taught me to forget?

Oh, no!—even here I gaze upon
  The wild stream dashing by,
The tangled path, the dewy flowers
  With heedless, listless eye.

And yet as sweet amid its banks
  The stream flows murmuringly,
And blooms as fair each opening flower
  As then—but where is *he?*

last line had hardly died upon her lips, when happening to raise her eyes Stanley standing before her. She turned deadly pale, and would have o the ground had not I supported her.

s Apreece has over exerted herself," said several voices together. "She igued when Lady Arabella asked her to sing."

r bevy of friends gathered round Caroline, all totally unconscious of the use of her fainting so suddenly, as was also Stanley himself. He had the room at the beginning of the preceding song, and though listening pture to the tones of a voice, which, as he afterwards told me, filled his bosom with a vague and indefinable emotion, for which he could not in that moment account, and hardly caught a glimpse of the performer through the crowd of admiring listeners who surrounded her, and had but just succeeded in making his way to the harp as she fainted away.

I saw, though perfectly motionless and pale, that Caroline had not quite lost all consciousness, and I whispered softly, "Exert yourself, my child—for Heaven's sake exert yourself!" By degrees she recovered, and sweetly thanking her kind friends, and making some hurried allusion to a violent headache brought on by the heat of the room, was overpowered by a thousand compliments on her voice, and regrets for their selfishness in making her sing so much.

I could easily perceive that Stanley was struck with amazement on recognising in the beautiful and accomplished female before him his once dearly loved Caroline.

The lovely, but unformed girl—I might almost have said child—whom he had parted from seven years before, with vows and sighs (alas! how soon forgotten in the wild solitudes of Wales!), was now fashioned into the graceful and fascinating woman, retaining still all that charm of engaging softness which had captivated his boyish fancy.

He looked as if he had never beheld anything so beautiful, and I saw that fond remembrances of old times came thronging to his soul. Caroline, on her side, had now called to her aid every sentiment of womanly pride and delicacy, and veiling the emotions which I knew throbbed in her little heart under the utmost coldness and reserve, was able, when I afterwards, at Stanley's earnest request, presented him to her as an old though long forgotten friend, to receive him with an easy politeness and a calm indifference, which I perceived threw a shade of disappointment over his handsome countenance.

Stanley was at my lodgings the next day, entreating me to accompany him in a visit to Mrs. Miller. Notwithstanding Caroline's former prohibition, I had no plea for refusing; and on our arrival at Mrs. Miller's house we found the old lady, as usual, at her everlasting knitting, while Caroline was employed at an embroidery frame. Caroline appeared languid and unusually pale, but this only gave a new character to her beauty; and as she still continued her embroidery and spoke but little—her long dark lashes resting on her cheek, as if pencilled there by the hand of some skilful painter—she had altogether very much the air of one of Raphael's Madonnas.

I soon saw that Stanley was cruelly hurt at a reserve which continued unabated for several weeks, during which time his visits were numerous, and as he paid his court indefatigably to the old lady, amusing her with a thousand anecdotes of the various people he had met on the Continent, and giving her the most animated descriptions of the picturesque beauties of Switzerland, Germany, &c., she gave him a general invitation to her house in the evening, whenever he was disengaged. Of this he was not negligent in taking advantage; and as I was mostly of the party I could not help observing Caroline's conduct towards him with some surprise. Every recurrence to former scenes seemed by her to be carefully avoided—all her long-treasured sketches in Wales disappeared from her portfolio—the old Welsh airs were no longer seen among her music; and a person who had not studied her countenance from infancy as I had done, would have thought her coldly indifferent to all the attentions of Stanley. But I could not believe it; else why the tears I detected on her drawing when I had first told her of his arrival?—why the refusal of two unexceptionable matches within the last year?—why the ingenuity with which she managed never to see him alone for a moment, but always in the presence of Mrs. Miller or myself?

Poor Caroline! yes, she loved him; but she dreaded lest he should discover how faithfully her heart had been true to him for years, while he had so soon forgotten her. She dreaded lest a sentiment of honour alone should bring him to her feet; and she did not dare to trust the passionate glances of his eloquent eyes, which so often and so plainly said, "Caroline, I love you."

time, this engrossing passion had a most salutary effect upon the pur-
l habits of Stanley. His old haunts were quite forsaken—the gaming
s given up. All his thoughts and wishes seemed concentrated on this
mprehensible being; and I, whom he knew had been acquainted with
ildish attachment, had now more than once to listen to his bursts of dis-
nent at her coldness, or his awakened hopes when a blush, a word, some
emotion, or the tones of her voice, gave a different colour to his imagin-
t last he told me he could endure this suspense no longer—he must
s fate.

been spending a few days in the country with an old friend, and the
g morning after my return to town I called early at Mrs. Miller's

told that the old lady was a little indisposed, but that Miss Apreece was
rawing-room. I accordingly ascended the stairs, and entering the apart-
hich I found empty, sat down near a little table covered with books and
await Caroline's appearance. The folding doors were closed, which led
small room, where Mrs. Miller and Caroline generally spent their
s, and I was startled by hearing a voice, which I recognised as Stanley's.
ed to be in earnest and passionate discourse with Caroline, and I heard
mur of her sweet soft accents in reply.

immediately, and gently left the room. "All is explained," thought I.
rant it may be for their mutual happiness!"

Stanley in the course of that day—triumph and joy were in his eye.
d my hand, and exclaimed, "Congratulate me, my dear friend—the
ewitching Caroline has consented to be mine."

I did not hear of their approaching union without a pang, a sort of
g; and yet, with all his faults, I loved Stanley. "He is still young,"
I—"he seems now to have abandoned those reckless, vicious pursuits,
ich he has suffered so much, and which were leading him to inevitable
d a partner so fair and gentle as Caroline, and so calculated from her
acquirements to give a charm to domestic life, will win him from every
d habit, and he will become what nature always intended him to be,
e and delight of all his friends."

et almost daily, and he was never weary of talking of Caroline. He
f his marriage as arranged to take place in a short time, and mentioned
inty of obtaining a small sinecure situation, through the interest of an
d of his deceased father. And then his economical projects, and pictures
e-side enjoyments, confirmed my earnest hopes that love, real love, had
t a miraculous change in his character. He had nearly withdrawn him-
n all his gay, dissipated associates, his mornings and evenings being
ith Caroline, either at her aunt's house or among their small circle of
friends.

sang—they drew—they walked and conversed together, and seemed
unconscious that there were any other people in the world but them-
but, alas! this apparent sunshine was only the prelude to an event
suddenly overwhelming them, like an avalanche, buried all their pro-
appiness beneath it.

evening Mrs. Miller found herself so indisposed that Caroline was
to devote herself entirely to her. Stanley left the house early, and,
nately, met one of his former companions, who, after reproaching him
ving cut all his old friends, and deserted those scenes in which he was
find so much amusement, invited him to accompany him to a well-
gambling-house in St. James's-street. For a long time Stanley resisted
itations of his companion; at length, unable longer to withstand the
with which these solicitations were urged, in an evil moment he
inwardly vowing it should be for the last time. Alas! by once
to the tempter, by once deviating from the straight path of rectitude,
ny vows are broken—how many good resolutions forgotten—how many

duties abandoned and neglected! I heard it by accident the following day, as I was walking in Piccadilly. I met Mr. B——, and his first salutation was, "So your friend Stanley won five thousand pounds last night at ——— (mentioning the name of a noted gambling-house). I happened to look in, and found him at high play with Lord L——, Sir Henry M——, and Mr. ——."

I was struck as by a thunderbolt. "Good Heavens!" I exclaimed, "are you in earnest?"

"Quite true," said he; "Harry is a devilish lucky dog." And he left me.

I hastened to Stanley's lodgings, and knocked at the door. It was opened by his landlady, who told me that he had been out all night, but she did not think he had gone to bed, as he was pacing his room all the morning. I went up stairs, and knocked at the door of his apartments. At first there was no answer, but on repeating it I was told to enter. I started back, aghast at his appearance. He was deadly pale, with a wild, distracted air, and had evidently not been in bed all night.

"My dear friend, you are ill, very ill," I exclaimed, as I took his hand, which was burning hot, in mine.

"I am ruined," he replied, "utterly ruined!" and he struck his forehead violently.

I began to fear for his intellects, and I tried to calm him.

"But you won five thousand pounds last night at ———," I said. "I saw B—— this morning, and he told me so."

"It is all gone," he uttered, in a suppressed tone of voice, "and much more than I can ever have it in my power to pay; and look at that."

With these words he handed me an open note, which he had received a few hours before. It was a cold and haughty refusal of the place he had built upon. The gentleman's son had been one of the sufferers at the last night's gambling party, which too well explained the contents.

I subsequently learned that, after winning money to a large amount, Stanley would have left the table, but the irritated losers insisted, in no very measured terms, on having their revenge. Fortune now abandoned her favourite, and Stanley lost not only his winnings, but a very considerable sum besides.

It was likewise hinted to me that, maddened by his change of luck, he had resorted to some unjustifiable stratagem to turn the tables once more in his own favour, in which he was detected; that very high words had passed, and that he had left the party in a state bordering upon insanity.

The morning after I saw him a duel took place, in which his opponent being, as was feared, dangerously wounded, Stanley was obliged to fly to the Continent.

One half hour of parting with his betrothed love—one melancholy half hour, and he was gone.

Caroline was pale, mute, motionless; a dizzy kind of stupor seemed to take possession of her faculties. Yesterday, the promised bride of Stanley—to-day, separated from him, as it were, by an abyss, of the depth of which his emotion could alone make her sensible.

For two or three months after this, his second eventful separation from Caroline, he continued to write to her punctually, painting, in the most glowing and passionate terms, his despair at being forced to leave her; but always alluding to a hope of their meeting at some future period. Stanley's, however, was a character so entirely selfish that he could not be bound by any feeling of constancy. Habituated, almost from the moment of his birth, to self-indulgence and gratification, when he met Caroline in London it was this very feeling, rather than a nobler sentiment, which won him for a time from his vicious and dissipated pursuits; and seeing her an object of general attraction and admiration wherever she appeared, made him eager to bear off such a prize, and gave his earnest and devoted attentions the semblance of, if they had not, the truth of constancy.

By degrees Caroline heard from him less frequently; and at length, after adually changing into short, cold, and unsatisfactory letters, apparently ritten in great haste, the correspondence ceased entirely.

I now lost sight of him for five or six years, and when I did hear mention ade of him, it was accidentally, by a gentleman who had been travelling on e Continent, and it was with sorrow I heard his account, for, alas! it was too ain that the influence exerted by Caroline had been of transient duration, and at Stanley was sinking deeper and deeper into every vice and excess that can nder man contemptible. An instance which I then heard I shall relate:—

One autumn he found himself with a companion whose pursuits were similar his own, at Thun, in Switzerland, about the season when the general assemage of officers and cadets of the Swiss artillery met there for the purpose of arly inspection and drill. After gleaning as much as he could from these ung men at small play, he and his friend agreed to proceed on foot to Milan, king the route by the valley of the Kander, and so over the Ghemmi to ig. Stanley had always been a lover of the chase, and, in a former excursion o Switzerland, he had made himself a good shot with the rifle, where the use that weapon is so much practised. He now proposed to his companion to g their rifles, and, should a favourable opportunity offer, to have a few days' usement in hunting the chamois. Accordingly they set out, armed each h his rifle, and, towards the close of the first day, reached Kanderstag. A vy shower of rain had fallen during the latter part of their walk, and, as y stood drying themselves by the fire, in the kitchen of the little inn, they rned that two chamois hunters were preparing to take the mountain that y night in pursuit of game. Here was an opportunity too promising to be glected, though following rather close upon the fatiguing walk of the morn-, and therefore, after taking some refreshment, they prepared themselves for expedition. The night was beautiful; a chamois was soon perceived, and y stole upon him with all the wily caution of practised hunters, invigorated the clear cold air, and forgetful of their past fatigues. Stanley was, however, last exhausted; and, in springing from one rock to another, lost his balance, d was precipitated into a fissure, from which, apparently lifeless and dreadlly bruised, he was with great difficulty extricated by his companions. pon being conveyed to the inn, it was discovered, that though much lacerated m the fall, and unable to move in consequence of having severely wrenched of his ankles, life was not extinct; and as there was no medical aid in the tle village, the good pastor, who had some slight knowledge of surgery, and ho was always their resource in such circumstances, was immediately applied , and he, with paternal kindness, had him taken to his own dwelling, and attnded him with the utmost care and assiduity. Stanley recovered but slowly, d was obliged to remain two or three months under the hospitable roof of e good master; while his companion, after ascertaining that, except a tedious tention at Kanderstag, there were no serious consequences to be apprehended, ursued his route to Milan.

The pretty cottage of the village pastor lay in a secluded nook, on a green noll, surrounded on one side by an orchard, while on the other the ground oped down to a fine trout-stream, which ran through the valley. He was a idower, with an only daughter about eighteen years of age. Adelaide (for such as her name), without being regularly beautiful, was a pretty brunette, with enchanting artlessness of mind and manner. Gay and happy as the little birds hich filled the orchard with their songs, she managed the domestic concerns f her father's house with skilful housewifery and elegance.

It was not only the state of Stanley's health which induced him to lend a illing ear to the entreaties of his host, to remain at the cottage until he was erfectly re-established; the *naïveté* and sprightliness of the young Adelaide had aptivated his fancy; and while he assisted her to tie up the flowers and arrange he bee-hives in her little garden, it seemed to him as if the golden age had nce more revived in those valleys, and that in the simple and charming Adeaide all the graces which Gessner has lavished upon his fair ideal shepherdesses were united. I will not dwell upon the many arts he used to captivate her innocent affections, or how, when most assured of his faith and truth, her pure mind was insulted with the basest proposals, an indignity which she immediately made known to her father; but though Stanley was obliged to leave the village with opprobrium, the young Adelaide never recovered her former gaiety and happiness; and when my informant had last passed through the village of Kanderstag, she was fading fast away, like a flower of the field crushed by the ploughshare.

Stanley was now sunk into an adventurer; trying, in fact, to subsist by the most unjustifiable means; for, entirely cast off by his mother, who latterly had not even replied to any demands he made on her for money, he was literally penniless.

At this critical time he met with an old college acquaintance who was residing in France, and who, with that feeling of kindness and good will which the recollection of an early boyish participation in the various studies and gay pleasures of that period of existence so often awakens, assisted him to the utmost of his ability, and endeavoured to rouse him from the lethargy of mind into which he was fallen by recalling to his memory those talents and acquirements which had so often enabled him to carry off every prize in college; but what could he do, with a reputation blasted on every side, and charged with transactions the most dishonourable to a gentleman?

After revolving many plans, his friend advised him to turn his college education to some account, and to go to Manheim, where he would be certain of obtaining pupils in the classics and mathematics.

How he proceeded we shall presently see.

During those years that had passed since they parted in London, Caroline's days had been spent in unavailing regrets. Various circumstances had induced her aunt, Mrs. Miller, to take up her residence in a remote part of France, and Caroline had accompanied her abroad; but she was neither happy nor contented. Notwithstanding the various accounts she had at different times heard of the reckless career of Stanley—notwithstanding his utter forgetfulness of her, and the many efforts her good old aunt made to prevent her mind from dwelling upon the past, she was devoured by a secret longing, an ardent wish to know what was become of him—to see him once more.

At length his intimacy with the old college acquaintance mentioned above, and who had lately come to reside in that neighbourhood, brought Stanley to the town of———, and again he crossed the path of Caroline.

They met beneath the pale moonlight, by the clear waters of the fountain. Once more Heaven heard his vows of eternal fidelity—vows so often broken—and again Caroline seemed to live over the days of her youth. But though in her heart the tide of affection was still the same, still deep, pure, unalterable, untinged by a selfish thought, it was not so with Stanley. Time, the dissipated course of life he had been leading, and that deterioration of the better parts of the character which a long perseverance in degrading and vicious habits must always produce, had rendered him totally incapable of feeling a sentiment of real love; yet his vanity was flattered, if his heart was not touched, by seeing the beloved of his boyish days and the choice of his matured manhood still so truly devoted to him. There was still a spell in her very name—it spoke to his imagination—it was associated with the scenes of his youth—it breathed of his native hills, and again in fancy he roamed with elastic step on the banks of the Tivy, and again he beheld himself possessor of the goodly mansion of his forefathers.

It was after this interview that, according to his friend's advice, he took up his residence in Manheim, where he soon obtained several pupils. He now thought, if Caroline would become his wife, her musical abilities might be there turned to account, and, added to his own exertions, might render them in some degree independent; and accordingly he wrote her such a letter as would best work upon her feelings, reminding her, with the most persuasive eloquence, of their long and early engagement, and concluding by entreating her to meet him at Manheim. Notwithstanding the judicious counsels of her aunt, Caroline determined to unite her fate with his, and bent upon ruin, very soon after the receipt of his letter joined him at Manheim, where they were immediately married.

Alas! poor Caroline—how miserably wert thou undeceived! how were the long, the secret, the cherished hopes of thy fond heart blighted! Instead of the passionate lover, the affectionate husband thy fancy had painted, to find, too late for remedy, that thou hadst united thyself to a man without a principle of religion or honour, to a being too selfish to care in reality for anything on earth but himself.

For a short time matters went on pretty well at Manheim. Animation and happiness sparkled in Caroline's soft eyes, and as, though no longer in the zenith of her beauty, she was still very lovely, for some few weeks her attractions enchained the unworthy Stanley. Their society was courted, their talents admired and appreciated, and they were considered to be an acquisition to both the German and English society. But this did not last long. Stanley, unmindful of the tears of Caroline, and deaf to her gentle entreaties, plunged again into all his former vicious habits; and although she had obtained several pupils on the harp, with a promise of many more, he soon found himself so overwhelmed with debt that to remain at Manheim was impossible; and he had once more recourse to his mother, who, touched by the thought that the lovely, childish playmate of her Julia was now the partner of her worthless son, relieved them from the pressure of debt and furnished them with a considerable sum, on the express condition that they should never return to England.

They now took up their residence in the little town of St. Brieux, in the west of France, where Stanley's open-hearted, generous college friend was residing with his family. The money he had received from his mother was by this time expended; but here, through the assistance and by the recommendation of that kind friend, Stanley was enabled to establish himself as a teacher, and both he and Caroline in a short time had again several pupils, French and English. But their home was not a happy one. Coldness and neglect, with frequently harshness and incivility on his side, met with floods of bitter tears by poor Caroline, made them both feel the misery of being alone; and the only point on which they now seemed to agree was an endeavour to make their house attractive to others, by frequent entertainments beyond their means. This extravagance displeased the friends who had assisted them and were interested in their welfare, and it was only the thoughtless and indifferent who at length sought their society.

This career went on for some months, but it was impossible it could last, and an intrigue which it was discovered Stanley had been carrying on, under very disgraceful circumstances, since his arrival at St. Brieux, completed the general disgust. His pupils withdrew themselves one by one—every house was shut against him—unpaid bills poured in on every side, and a prison stared him in the face. His home was now intolerable. Caroline treated him with sullen contempt, or overwhelmed him with her tears and reproaches, for disappointment and unhappiness had totally altered her natural sweetness of temper, and she had not strength of mind sufficient to endure the numerous provocations he had given her ever since they were married, and now penury was added to every other misery.

Plunged into despair, and without any sense of religion to restrain him, the unhappy Stanley determined upon suicide. To accomplish this purpose he sought one of the many small bays that indent the coast near St. Brieux, and then, with cool premeditation, walked into the sea. It was low water at the time, and the wind blew strong on the land. When he had advanced a considerable way his hat was blown off, and he was observed by some boys at play among the rocks to walk back again, carefully pick up the hat, and then to tie it fast upon his head by passing a handkerchief over the top of it, and from thence under his chin. He then turned round, and again wading some distance, was seen by the same children to swim out a considerable way. They pursued their amusement, and took no further note of Stanley's proceedings.

A few days after the lifeless body of Stanley was found, with his hat tied on, as described by the boys, at no great distance from the spot where he had been last seen.

The ill-fated Caroline retired immediately to the nunnery of St. Brieux, where she still remains, secluded from every eye except those of the pious sisterhood. A year has now elapsed since the dreadful catastrophe, and yet her tears flow unceasingly. Time alone, and the consolations of an Almighty Father, can bring balm to her wounded spirit.

As the old man concluded those words he slowly arose, and pensively descending the hill by the steep path, which seemed almost suspended over the clear waters of the Rance, we reached the valley in silence, where he hastily bade me adieu, apparently much affected by the sad history he had related, whilst I returned home by the ruined monastery of Lehon.

THE COTTER'S SUNDAY MORNING.

"And 'Let us worship God,' the Patriarch cried."
Burns' "Cotter's Saturday Night."

It is the fresh calm hour when all is still,
And morn's grey vapours shroud the distant hill;
When feather'd nestlings, twittering short and low,
Hail the faint crimson in its eastward glow;
The drowsy cotter starts to think with joy,
It is the day no labour may employ;
But chat with neighbours, and to don his best
For holy church : It is the day of rest.

And soon he hears his busy bustling dame,
Of household cares and doubtful clocks proclaim;
Anon a shrill and sturdy infant voice
Pierceth his ear, to make his heart rejoice;
And then the youthful sweeter one beside
Of his fair eldest girl, her parents' pride:
While as he hastes to join the throng of love,
His heart's pure joy is praise to Heaven above.

Now, with staid voice and grave paternal air,
The youthful band he calls around for pray'r;
While for one absent to inquiring glance,
The mother's heart doth swift excuse advance.

"Robin work'd late last night, perchance," she cries;
"Young folks sleep all too sound in haste to rise."
He understands her fond appealing look,
And with a sigh unfolds the sacred book.

Erewhiles he pauseth, earnest to enforce
The blessed truths, by some devout discourse;
And to his hearers he would fain impart
The pious feeling of his honest heart:
While by his side the partner of his days
Meekly responds his simple words of praise;
As with reproof of upraised finger, she
To silence awes the prattler on her knee.

The morning meal is o'er, and gentle haste
Stirreth them all—when he who hath not faced
His sire's reproof, enters with stealthy care,
Right glad to find but sister Susan there:
Who with low whisper, and a glance full sly,
Proffers the meal good-nature hath set by;
And hints of ninepins, lute, and spruce friend Joe;
While at the name her conscious blushes glow.

Ah! simple Susan, are they then for him,
Those ribbons new, that apron smart and trim?
Dost thou in hour devout oft ponder more
On woodland-walks with him, when service o'er?
"Well, Heaven views youth, when youth too oft views nought
Save the gay fabric of its sanguine thought!"
Thus mused our Cotter, as with frolic bound,
His young boy leap'd each churchyard's grassy mound.

And now their homeward way they cheerful wend,
Oft greeting as they pass some village friend;
The Cotter scanneth all with brow serene,
E'en the young scapegrace, who to church hath been:
And as they gather round the social board,
Viewing with cheerful hearts the Sunday hoard;
With mien composed he riseth "grace" to say,
And thanketh Heaven for the Sabbath-day.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES
OF
THE KINGS OF ENGLAND.

EGBERT.

To mark the rise and progress of those who have played an important part on the stage of our country's history; to record the events by which dynasties have been founded and annihilated, institutions, venerated for their antiquity, swept away, and again re-established; to trace the improvement commenced under the administration of one sovereign, carried on by a second, probably completed by a third, are occupations which combine amusement with edification, and unite the pleasure of research with the beneficial accumulation of historical knowledge. Such is our principal design in glancing at the lives of the English monarchs; but the records of the early kings, like that of the land which they governed, are involved in considerable obscurity. The arts and sciences had not begun to shed their benign light upon the general darkness; literature, so far as concerned Britain, was comparatively unknown; the people were chiefly engaged in internal war; while the only persons having any pretensions to learning were the monks, who, however, generally devoted their leisure and talents to penning the chronicles of abbots and saints. Conspicuous among the monastic orders was the celebrated historian Bede, a man of great erudition and untiring assiduity. His "Ecclesiastical History" embraces a period of nearly three centuries, and forms almost the only cabinet from which we have obtained a knowledge of the fifth, sixth, and seventh centuries.

Though the conquest of Britain by the Romans introduced a degree of civilisation previously unknown, yet the system of legislation which they adopted tended so much to weaken the power and destroy the bravery of the people, that they found themselves, after the Romans had left the island, totally unable to cope with the repeated attacks of the Picts and Scots. In this extremity, the Britons solicited the aid of the Saxons; who, desirous of settling among a people whose conquest they deemed an easy matter, welcomed to their shores the English ambassador. He stated the wishes of the nation which he represented in the following laudatory but importunate speech:—

"Illustrious and generous Saxons! The Britons, harassed and oppressed by the continual inroads of the Picts and Scots, their neighbours and enemies, send us to you to implore your assistance. The fame of your victories has reached our ears. We are sensible your arms are irresistible, and, therefore, are come to sue for your protection. Britain for many years made a considerable part of the Roman empire, but, our masters having abandoned us, we know no nation more powerful than yourselves, or better able to protect us. Grant but our request, and, in return, we offer all that a rich and fertile country, such as our's is, can afford. Put what price you please on your protection: we shall submit to what terms you yourselves shall judge reasonable, provided by your aid we are enabled to drive the enemy out of our country."

We may well ask, Does this address proceed from those who so resolutely opposed the landing of the invincible Cæsar?

The Saxons returned a characteristic answer: "Be assured the Saxons will stand by you in your pressing necessities." They accordingly landed on the English coast in the year 449, defeated the Picts and Scots, located themselves on the British soil, acquired additional power by the arrival of large numbers of their countrymen, the more ambitious and influential of whom assumed the sovereignty of separate portions of the island, till, by degrees, it became divided into seven distinct kingdoms—hence called the Heptarchy—the last of which was founded in the year 582.

The disorganised state of England on the arrival of the Saxons presented them with a favourable opportunity not only for introducing the customs of Germany into the conquered territory, but of adapting the form of government existing in their native land to the requirements of Britain. Indeed, if we trace the source from which our present laws and institutions sprang, we shall find that many of them originated with the early Saxon monarchs, the successors of whom modified, repealed, and increased the number of their legislative enactments, according as civilisation progressed and society altered. The General Assembly by which the affairs of the Heptarchy were regulated, and to which the council of each kingdom was subordinate, was a type of the existing Houses of Parliament; while the regal prerogatives were nearly of the same character then as are those held by the sovereigns of the present dynasty. We do not wish to imply that the establishment of a representative constitution was entirely owing to the Saxons; but we consider that, had they not granted that institution, imperfect and partial though it was, the public voice would for centuries have remained unheard. It is not in the nature of monarchs to enlarge the people's liberties, but after the nation had enjoyed the benefits resulting from a representative government, even sovereigns whose policy was of the most restrictive character feared to abridge the popular rights, while those of a more enlightened order increased their power, by allowing public opinion an opportunity of reaching the ruling authorities.

The first king who framed a system of laws was Ina, whose government of Wessex, for thirty-eight years, was distinguished not less for its wisdom than for its longevity. His code of laws received additions and improvements during the reigns of Egbert, Alfred, and subsequent monarchs. It is a singular feature in the Anglo-Saxon statutes, that the penalty attaching to nearly all crimes was a pecuniary one, varying in amount according to the rank of the individual upon whom the offence was committed: the only offences for which death was awarded, being treason, wilful murder, and theft. The humanity evinced in the enactments of later times must have been at a very low ebb, to have added to this short list many crimes for which execution was deemed the most proper punishment. When the day arrives on which capital punishments are wholly abolished, England may lay claim to the honour of having expunged from her statute-book that which had been venerated because of its ancient institution, and perpetuated because of its supposed efficiency.

The Anglo-Saxon crown was hereditary; but in some instances, provided the consent of the General Assembly were obtained, the throne might be occupied by those out of the direct line of royal blood. The coronation did not take place, as now, soon after the proclamation, but at the most suitable time, and occasionally in the open air. Many of the earlier monarchs were never crowned, while others personally performed the ceremony. Their principal prerogatives comprised the appointments both civil and military, the pardoning of criminals, the coining of money, and the right to confirm or annul laws proposed by the General Assembly.

The public revenue was obtained from three sources—taxes (levied according to the necessities of the state), the contribution of produce to the royal household, and the funds derivable from crown property. These receipts were, for a long period, fully equal to maintain the exalted position which a sovereign should occupy; but with the improvements gradually introduced into the military and naval departments, and the ambition on the part of kings to acquire foreign possessions, so the national disbursements augmented, and thus the comparatively light taxation imposed during the first few centuries of England's history, rose into a regular and heavy infliction of rates.

It appears, then, that the Saxon government formed the ground plan of our present constitution—a constitution that has always been Britain's most powerful bulwark, and against which tyranny may in vain level its attacks, despotism in vain attempt to array its imperious rule: which neither the undisciplined ardour of the mob can injure, nor the assaults of the democrat destroy. It is worthy of remark, that though the Commonwealth was ably sustained for nearly twelve years by the talents of Cromwell alone, whose foreign policy is generally allowed to have been of the most successful character, yet the nation hailed with enthusiasm the accession of a prince belonging to the rightful line of kings; and many of those who were the Protector's most zealous supporters during his administration, became, after his decease, his most vehement detractors. Not only the British Commonwealth, but the French republic failed to enlist the popular sympathy and support, because Cromwell disregarded the House of Commons, through which alone the people's voice could be manifested, while Buonaparte sacrificed peace, humanity, justice, and his country's prosperity, to ambition and lust for military conquests. Useless is the task of endeavouring to impose upon a nation that has once tasted the sweets of liberty a despotism, the invariable and continual tendency of which, must be to lessen freedom, to fetter the industrial energies of the people, and to substitute an unmixed evil for the benefit of a wise legislation.

Having thus glanced at some of the features of the Anglo-Saxon monarchy, we shall more particularly advert to the life of Egbert, the first English sovereign. The fact of his being the sole descendant of Cerdic, the illustrious founder of the West Saxon Kingdom, and the esteem with which he was regarded by the subjects of that state, not only naturally indicated that he would be their future monarch, but excited the envy of Bertric, the then reigning prince. Placed in this awkward position, Egbert wisely determined to retire to France, and there perfect his military knowledge, soften his rude Saxon manners, and cultivate those qualities which would enable him, with greater facility, to centre in one person the dominion of the Heptarchy. In no way could he have more effectually attained these objects than by visiting the refined court of Charlemagne, and rendering himself conversant with that monarch's enlightened administration. He remained there about twelve years, but on the death of Bertric, his countrymen despatched an embassy to solicit his occupation of the crown of his ancestors. To this request he acceded, and ascended the throne of Wessex in the year 800. This important kingdom comprised the counties of Wiltshire, Berkshire, and Dorsetshire; and while the other states of the Heptarchy had been rendered more or less tributary to Mercia, Wessex and its dependency, Sussex, continued secure from the inroads of the neighbouring powers.

Although the first few years of Egbert's reign were devoted, not to war, nor to the extension of his dominions, but to arranging the affairs of his subjects, he lost no cpportunity, by means of which he might consummate the policy most congenial with his ambition. Before long, he collected his troops, and advanced against the Cornish Britons, whom he defeated at Camelford, in the year 809; and thus crushed in the bud that opposition which they, if unsubdued, would have offered to his subsequent designs.

It may readily be supposed that the original inhabitants of England should view with some little distrust the growing power of the Saxons, and endeavour as much to frustrate their schemes as to weaken their influence. Such was the procedure, not only of the Britons, but especially of the Welsh, who, deploring the downfal of their regal line, harrassed the Saxon princes on every available occasion.

The victory previously mentioned formed the prelude to others of a more important nature; for in 824 Egbert totally defeated the Mercians at Hellendun, conquered the counties of Kent and Essex, and annexed them to his own dominions. The kingdoms of East Anglia and Northumberland having been long involved in anarchy, peacefully surrendered themselves to the conqueror of the Heptarchy. They swore allegiance to the victorious Egbert, who, in order to render his government more popular, granted them, together with Mercia, the privilege of electing their rulers, on the condition of their being tributary princes. This politic measure may, no doubt, be attributed as much to necessity as to a wish to confer a benefit upon the conquered people; for while, on the one hand, the delegation of the regal authority probably arose from the circumstance of the remoteness of the newly-acquired dominions from Wessex, Egbert's head quarters, on the other hand, it must have been more consonant with the feelings of the inhabitants to be governed by a prince of their own choice, rather than by a stranger. But in whatever light we view this proceeding, it unquestionably evinces a liberality of spirit on the part of Egbert seldom exhibited in these dark ages, and indicates that his ambition soared higher than the mere desire of possessing an extensive kingdom.

Thus after an existence of 245 years (reckoning from the foundation in 582 of Mercia, the last state) the union of the Heptarchy was dissolved—the form of government was annihilated which had been established by the prowess, the bravery, the intelligence of warrior-chieftains, whose blood now flows in the veins of the myriad population of Great Britain. The Saxons had fondly hoped that this system which they introduced would have survived the vicissitudes of centuries, as well as have reflected honour on their name and their country; but the same power that created the fabric destroyed the building. These signal changes were effected by the great abilities, the exalted ambition, and the military talents of Egbert, the illustrious descendant of a Germanic race of nobles—a prince whose early years were spent neither amidst the smiles of sycophant courtiers, nor in the luxurious ease of a courtly life.

The constitution of the Heptarchy involved its downfal. The kingdoms, although contiguous, were in a great measure independent of each other. They were mostly governed by jealous, aspiring, and often incompetent monarchs—the most able of whom endeavoured to increase their dominions at the expense of their weaker neighbours; so that a policy, based chiefly on personal aggrandisement, produced a disunion among the several states, and a constant succession of intestine disputes. The extinction, too, in many instances of the royal family, formed a pretext for the intriguing and unscrupulous warrior to aim at the throne, to the exclusion of him whom the general assent of the people might have indicated as its rightful possessor. Indeed, in some of the kingdoms, the Saxon institutions had fallen so much into neglect, that the activity, popularity, and military skill of Egbert, obtained with comparative ease the dominion of the Heptarchy. To him, therefore, was reserved the accomplishment of the mission in which all his predecessors had failed; many of whom had formed the design artly succeeded in the attempt, but left the unfinished sketch to be completed by a more powerful monarch.

Egbert was now virtually sovereign of England; and in order to impart due dignity to his administration, he convened, in the year 828, an assembly of the clergymen and noblemen at Winchester. He was then crowned the sole king, and with their consent enacted that all the previously-existing distinctions between the states of the Heptarchy should henceforth cease, and that in future the name of the island should be changed from *Britain* to "England." But with regard to the last matter, there appears to be considerable doubt, some historians being of opinion that the alteration had been made many years before Egbert's reign. It is worthy of observation that this is the only instance on record in which he summoned a council for the purpose of sanctioning his measures; he seems to have usually acted almost entirely on his own responsibility, his highest aims and unceasing energies being devoted to the subjugation of England, and its preservation as a united kingdom.

His repose, however, from the recent turmoils of war was destined to be brief; for no sooner had internal peace commenced, than the island was invaded by the Danes, a predatory race of men, whose origin may partly be traced from the celebrated sea-kings of Norway. The large population of Denmark (from which many of them came), the comparatively barren nature of the country, and the stimulus of an adventurous maritime disposition, induced its more enterprising inhabitants to seek new homes on foreign soil. England, France, and the Low Countries were invaded by these bold piratical tribes, but the former especially became the scene of their incursions. They so frequently repeated their visits, exercised such cruelty, obtained so many victories, that they effectually settled on the island, and for a time supplanted the rightful line of sovereigns by Danish kings. At first they committed their depredations in small detachments, but afterwards they combined their forces, equipped large fleets, and, with the sanction of their sovereign (who shared in the booty), laid waste the country far and wide, killed the inhabitants, exhibited every species of barbarity, and generally returned laden with spoils. In the year 789, during the reign of Bertric, they landed at Portland; in 794 in Northumberland, where they suffered a defeat; in 832 in the Isle of Sheppy, which they ravaged, together with Dorsetshire also, in the following year. Here, however, they were partially repulsed by Egbert, but it needed several defeats to damp their courage, or restrain their roving habits. In 835 they again appeared, their ranks recruited by the West Britons (who, wishing to throw off the English yoke, joined the Danish forces in their invasion of Cornwall); but before they had proceeded far, the British monarch put himself at the head of his troops, and effectually routed the combined army at Hengstone. This decisive victory produced a temporary suspension of hostilities, from the prejudicial results of which the country was just recovering, when death removed the sovereign who alone was capable of guiding the helm of government. Egbert died A.D. 837, after a reign of thirty-seven years and seven months, leaving his son Ethelwulf possessor of the English throne. His body was interred at Winchester, a city often distinguished in the record of history, not less as the crowning-place of kings, than as the cemetery which held all that remained of their exploits in arms or triumphs in peace—of their virtues or their crimes.

Little is known with reference either to Egbert's private life or legislative enactments. The laws of Ina, King of Wessex from 689 to 727, although somewhat modified by the subject of this sketch, continued in force until the reign of Alfred; while Egbert's time and energies, necessarily devoted to the preservation of his dominions, left but scanty leisure to cultivate the arts of civilisation. No sooner had he acquired the entire sovereignty, than the prospect of peace was broken by the Danish invasions, thus completely frustrating his designs for advancing the public weal, and introducing those salutary changes in the constitution which must have arisen from an undisturbed application of his legislative skill. The difficulties, too, he encountered in centralising the regal authority, were of no ordinary character. No effective system of government had been in operation; every measure for improvement had to contend against the prejudice and opposition of ignorance; yet, notwithstanding these circumstances, his administration was vigorous, his actions were generally dictated by wisdom and policy, his military engagements were nearly all successful; he left a throne free from rivals, a country in a state of peace, and in a condition to be renovated and enlightened by the rays of civilisation, which, faint as they were, might even then be discerned glimmering in the distant horizon.

The name of Egbert, therefore, will ever occupy a prominent position on the page of history: and though centuries have since elapsed—though revolution and extended knowledge have changed the features of the English constitution—though the administration of some kings has retarded, while that of others has accelerated the march of improvement,—yet the same system of government still remains, the outline of which, was delineated by the vigorous-minded, enterprising Saxon princes; but Egbert finding the system inoperative, annihilated the minor sovereignties, and centralised the regal functions; so that the edifice of British power, whose foundations were thus so wisely planned and securely laid, has by his successors been raised to a height of grandeur and stability which render the name and influence of Britain known and felt throughout the whole habitable world.

DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL MIRROR.

e two great Anglo-Italian Operas have commenced their campaign with no very
ed effect. There can be but little question that the generally unsettled state of
pe, and the ultra-excitement produced by the flight of Louis Philippe, and the
lishment in France of a republic, have had their share in producing the partial
ation. Neither of the theatres can have been doing a remunerative business, and
the present time little of special novelty has been produced. As the old establish-
has been by its zealous partisans styled a time-honoured establishment, we necessarily
he first reflection of our lyrical mirror to

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

ough but a few weeks have passed since the opening of the theatre, we have had
peras by Verdi. No effort of the management, nor continuous repetition, nor the
ifted interpretation can ever make the works of this composer popular in this coun-
The true musical feeling is too predominant, and musical knowledge too widely
l amongst the population ever to persuade them to take the glitter and the glare,
ot and the roar, the trite melodies, and unisonous choral effects for true art. Cir-
ances alone, and not lyrical genius, have placed Verdi on the throne of musical
Rossini abdicated, Donizetti in a madhouse, and Bellini dead, Verdi has become
e-eyed monarch of the blind—but the ill-placed and unmerited diadem will crum-
om his brow, and music will assuredly assert her true regalities. The vocal
nts of the sunny South, the mother land of song, have no other present resource
he study of his works; and thus the finest voices and the most intellectual means are
yed ere they attain maturity. True it is that novelty must be had—the old works,
er admirable, have been repeated till every bar of their score has become
ar as household words—the melodies are hummed from the palace to the cottage,
he duke to the dustman—and therefore, as in instances either of famine or deple-
the appetite is fain to batten on meaner fare. To the directors of the London
n Opera houses the operas of Verdi afford advantages with which the general
is not acquainted. It is usual during the vacations for managers to scour the vari-
ties of Italy in search of new attractions, and classical works not being the fashion,
e younger artistes the works of the older writers are as a sealed book—
with the novelty of new artistes, they are shackled with the operas of
. Besides these considerations, the mere music is so facile to study, and the
ses so easily learned, that the difficulty attendant on numerous rehearsals is obviated.
era of Verdi may be perfectly studied in a month, when a work of Mozart, or Meyer-
ould, with the greatest care, not be properly produced in less than thrice that period.
of Verdi's operas have already been given, *Ernani*, *I Due Foscari*, *Attila*, and *Nino*.
one of Rossini's, the immortal *Barbiere*. But we are hopeful of better things; with
Lind, Tadolini, Madle. Schwartz, of whom fame speaks loudly as a first-rate con-
and a handsome woman; with Lablache the Titan, and Labocetta, the tenor from
, the good works which have been ruthlessly cast aside will be restored to us. The
ngagements, with the exception of Signora Abbadia, whose advent was announced
several flourishes of trumpets, have been very favourable. Signora Cruvelli, who has,
this, held rank as the principal *prima donna*, is a native of Germany, youthful, well-
g, energetic, and possessed of a voice of extraordinary power and extent of register,
h the middle portion is comparatively weak. She has strong dramatic feeling, but
lined to exaggeration—the latter vice time and study will ameliorate. The ner-
trepidation natural upon her first *debût* has now entirely vanished. The prevailing
is the desire to exhibit the extent of her vocal power, which, if persisted in, with
tal effect of the continuous screeching at the top of the compass induced by the de-
ive tendency of Verdi's music, her organ will become coarse, her style vulgarised,
l lyrical delicacy destroyed. Her *debût* in Elvira, in *Ernani*, was exceedingly favour-
and her subsequent appearances in the other operas sustained the original good
n formed of her merits. Signor Belletti, the baritone, has a voice of fine quality,
ecution is facile, his style cultivated, and his dramatic talent versatile, and of a
rder of merit. His Ruy Gomez was instinct with true Castilian dignity, his Figaro

spirited and mercurial, his Attila well considered; and his High Priest in *Nino* was a worthy companion to the Assyrian king of Coletti. Signor Cuzzani is a mere "pocket tenor," with an obstinate tendency to sing a quarter of a note below the orchestral pitch. Coletti made his reappearance in the old Doge Foscari, a vocal and dramatic realisation which may bear worthy comparison with any histrionic personation, past or present. The historical character has been deeply studied, and every phase of the part, every shade of passion, is truly reflected; there is dignity, pathos, and passion—as a truthful dramatic portraiture, it is equal to the Othello of Kean or the Werner of Macready. Signora Abbadia and Madle. Vera *debûted* on Saturday in *Nino*. The former lady completely failed—her style is hard, and her voice unmalleable—the latter *debûtante*, though suffering from stage fright, will, with practice, prove efficient. A new ballet has been produced, of no remarkable novelty of plot; but the dances are pretty, and the groupings, scenery, and music, graceful and appropriate. Madles. Rosati and Marie Taglioni have been the ruling divinities of the choregraphy.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

Competition is the very soul of enterprise—from this feeling has sprung many of the greatest benefits to mankind. The old days in which monopoly thrived have passed away with the things beyond the flood. Free trade must become the universal watchword of commerce; and if of commerce, how much greater claim have the rights of art to the blessed results of a fair and open competition? Art has no vested rights—all is free as the air. Intellect is the denizen of every nation, and its passport and its right to trade upon its resources should be ever free and unshackled. Many and various were the arguments raised against the existence of a second Italian Opera House—the reasonings were multifarious as the views of the reasoners—a spirit of partisanship sprung up, and the rivalries and the ill blood, and the pamphlets and the leading articles, and the paragraphs and the hints, and the inuendoes and the personalities, and the rudeness and the evil passions, fell thick and fast around us. No such feud had existed since the days of the Guelphs and the Ghibbelines, the Capulets and Montagues, the White and Red Roses. Prophecies were promulgated, and those that were blessed with the gift of second sight could see in the distance the fane of Covent Garden crumbled into very small dust, and the prima donnas, tenors, barytones, basses, and chorus-singers, each and all mingling in one vast ruin. In spite of these doubts, dubieties, forewarnings, and foreshadowings, the singers sang their operas, the fiddles squeaked their shrill notes, the basses growled, the flutes blew, the trumpets shouted, the drums beat, and Costa wielded his ivory baton. "It might do for one season," exclaimed the Conservatives, "but it will never open again, depend on it!" It has opened again, and with an array of talent, present and prospective, unparalleled in the annals of any opera-house; and if but a portion of the plans be carried out by the new management, a great and abiding success must be the result. The resources of the establishment are "legion"—well directed, they must be triumphant. That the wisest measures depend very frequently upon fortuitous circumstances is an axiom as ancient as the hills; but though success may not be commanded, it may be deserved. The enlarged spirit and unbounded liberality of the present direction must ultimately turn to good account; and when the lyrical forces are marshalled forth in their strong array, they must be resistless. The establishment opened with Rossini's sparkling opera of *Tancredi*. It was his first serious work; and no sooner was it heard than its melodies became universal—a new world of song had been discovered. "Di tanti palpiti," sung by myriad voices, seemed a bright spell-word, to evoke the most exquisite emotions. *Tancredi* has been sung in every country in which a lyrical theatre exists. Its *themas* have been variationised for every known instrument; every barrel organ has ground its tunes, and every orchestra played its overture. Its merits, however, are strictly musical; the book adapted from Voltaire's celebrated tragedy is poor, and feeble, and puerile, ill-constructed, and undramatic, and without a particle of interest. The characters are without vigour, and their purposes almost aimless; but the pleasure-seeking, sensuous Italians, what care they for the dramatic properties? The voluptuous sounds enter their souls, and like the opium-eaters of Stamboul, they dream of Paradise and bright-eyed houris. It is the very sloth of pleasure—the laziness of happiness—the repose of delight—the blissful *far niente* of their terrestial heaven. Tancredi for many seasons was the favourite character of many of the leading songstresses. It has been enacted by the celebrated Pisaroni, Belocchi, Pasta, Malibran, and Viardot Garcia. Mezzo-soprani and contralti have essayed it, and hence great were the anticipations of the music-lover upon the announcement that the character was to be delineated by Alboni. The splendour of her voice, the purity of her style, the grace of her execution, and the sudden and richly-deserved popularity she had achieved, were each and all so many baits for hope. Her success in this country was finally stamped by all the best judges in Paris—as in London, she came, saw, and conquered! The prospects which at the "Italiens" had become gloomy and overcast, suddenly became brightened; the subscription, which had been weak, became strengthened; the boxes, which had been vacated, were filled; fashion, which had partially imped its wing to other spots, returned to its old haunt, and a new spirit hovered over the lyrical temple. With this knowledge it was natural that expectation should be on tip-toe, and that vocal marvels which the ear never heard were to be poured forth. The reaction of all these visionary hopes was necessarily strong. The Alboni appeared, and sung with all her accustomed beauty, but seemed listless and spirit-crushed. And yet the burst of enthusiasm that hailed her entrance upon the stage should have put to flight not only all fears, but have excited and invigorated any power that might have been dormant. Various reports have been in circulation to account for the cause of the partial non-success of the great contralto; but our mission reaches not beyond the foot-lights—it seeks not information in green-rooms, and eschews the whereabouts of the side scenes. The real truth is, that the register of the music is not adapted to the peculiar voice of Alboni, and that the dramatic character calls for histrionic attributes and mental qualities which lie not within the range or grasp of the distinguished vocalist. But Alboni will soon reconquer the ground she has lost in *Tancredi*—she will gather new laurels in the field of song, and many crowns will be still woven to be placed upon her brow and at her feet by her thousand devotees. We felt at once that Alboni had missed the right rendering of the part—the first lines, "O Patria!" that fine burst of the Pilgrim Knight touching once again the loved land of his native Sicily, lacked enthusiasm, and the stern feeling which she casts back upon her ungrateful country was "tender as a maiden's sigh." Hence the luxury and the tenderness of the subsequent aria fell flat and meaningless, and was divested of contrast and of colour. In the duet she struck a spark of the sacred fire, but it was weak and powerless. The final aria was, however, a triumph of vocalisation, but the public ardour was damped, and their expectations deceived, and no effort could succeed to awaken them from their leaden lethargy. As though tempted to greater efforts by the comparative "laziness" of Tancredi Madame Persiani sang with a spirit that seemed indomitable—she soared like a lark into the highest heaven of song—ornament succeeded ornament, interminable in their beauty and their picturesqueness. Her voice seemed to have gained the early freshness of her youth, and the modulations and the intonations, and the quaint graces, and the enhancing tenderness, and the scientific mazes, and the musical truth, conjured up the old memories of early days of victory. It was little to be wondered at, the enthusiasm that followed her brilliant rendering of the charming "Giusto Ciel, che simile adoro."

Signor Luigi Mei, who made his *debût* in *Argirio,* possesses a low tenor voice, descending almost to the quality of a barytone. It has neither high cultivation nor resonance, and his dramatic qualifications, as far as we were enabled to judge from this first essay, do not seem to be remarkable.

A new ballet divertissement, entitled *Folette; or, the Queen of the Fireflies,* a graceful composition, is a medium for the introduction of many novel scenic effects and picturesque groupings. The park of a chateau, illuminated for a nocturnal fête, is especially beautiful. Madlle. Fabbri was warmly welcomed, and a new *danseuse,* Madlle. Leopoldine Brussi, from the Imperial Theatre at Vienna, possesses considerable merit as a *danseuse* of the second rank.

The *Lucia di Lammermoor,* the most pathetic inspiration of Donizetti, has been produced with circumstances which naturally increased the interest which this charming opera is wont to produce; an old favourite, Madame Castellan, enacting the ill-fated Scottish maiden; and the celebrated French vocalist and actor, M. Roger, being the representative of Edgardo. It was the *debût* of Castellan on these boards, and the warm reception of the audience must have convinced her that, in changing from her accustomed scene of her first triumphs, she had not moulted one feather of her well-deserved public favour. It was in the character of Lucia Madame Castellan made her first dramatic appearance in this country, and her vocal powers and personal appearance are happily adapted to embody the creation of the author and the composer. It is in characters which combine gentleness and pathos that this lady excels. She has returned to us in excellent voice, and the slight tendency to flatness had completely vanished on this occasion.

M. Roger is the established favourite of the Comic Opera at Paris. His *debût* at this early period of the season was as unexpected as it was agreeable, for though no comparison may be instituted between him and the great Italian illustrators of the lyrical drama, he has many and varied qualifications which entitle him to a prominent posi[illegible] amongst the leading vocalists of Europe. Long practice has made him an adept in the various exigencies of the stage, and his voice, though wanting in the requisite power for embodying many of the chief characters of lyrical tragedy, is clear and vibrating. The school through which M. Roger has passed is certainly not the highest class; it is rather that of a charming mannerism, rather tricksy than elevated, and assuredly not the most advantageous for the cultivation of a great talent. It is strange that in the existing dearth of singers—in the absolute distress of the Academie de Musique—that neither under the former managements, nor under the present one, M. Roger was ever offered an engagement, although he had sang there at benefits, and upon one occasion had acted the part of Edgardo. However this may be, M. Roger created a favourable, if not a profound sensation at the Royal Italian Opera. His portion of the duet in the first act was rendered with infinite tenderness, and the famous "Fra poco" was full of pathos and passion. The grand scene in the third act, the finest ever written by Donizetti, elicited little fervour. A new barytone, Signor Corradi Setti, *debûted* in the part of Enrico, but failed to gain esteem either as actor or singer. The orchestra and chorus are perfect, and are in quantity and quality immeasurably beyond all precedent example.

The "great stars" of the *troupe* are hourly expected.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.

The equestrian company celebrated throughout Europe under the title of "Franconi's" are now in possession of this splendid theatre. The stage has been removed, the pit abolished, the side scenes taken away, and a *bona-fide* circus has arisen in their stead. The extent is great, and the accommodation sufficient for many thousand persons. The orchestra is erected at the extremity of the stage, and is suspended, like Mahomet's coffin, between heaven and earth, yet touching neither. Shakspere is banished for saw-dust, tragedy for trampolins, comedy for coursers, Sheridan for steeds, dwarfs for the drama, and leapers for lyricals. The old aphorism, that if we would please to live we must live to please is here made manifest; and nothing but sheer necessity arising from the tightness of the money market could have induced the speculation. Much, however, as we may regret the change that has come over the spirit of the place, we must in justice admit the talent of the various persons engaged, and the innumerable marvels conjured up by the Genius of the Ring. The vaulting, the leapings, the posturings, the balancings, the daring equitation, the horse polking, and mare mazourking, are all first-rate, and there is a jauntiness and an air of gentility, and a Continental tone about the entire affair that transports us for the time to the gay *Champs Elysée.* And then there are the famous Auriol and his son, the delight of the Paris cockneys, who, with small odd voices and infantine silliness, and lithe limbs and supple joints, effect all sorts of impossible feats, with their feet in the air and their *caputs* in the dust. The elder Auriol is himself alone—he is the Talma of tumblers, the perfection of Pierrots, the very concentrated compound of clownship—we mean French clownship—for he is gay, graceful, and glib, and never vulgar, never gross, never rude—he does his spiriting gently, and very pleasant spiriting it is. There is also the dashing Caroline, who, although upon the high horse, smiles graciously and condescendingly around, while "witching the world with noble horsemanship." Unlike her sisters of the circle, she essays not the jumping through hoops, nor the leaping over barricades, but sits upon her courser, confident in power, and dignified in demeanour as a queen upon her throne. The animal moves through every pace of the high *manége* as though endued with a hidden sympathy, or received his impetus from the soft throbbing of the rider's pulse. At her will the noble animal is literally suspended in the air, or moves its pliant limbs with the exquisite motion of a Taglioni. The *troupe* is exceedingly numerous, and the performances, though necessarily similar in their nature, are greatly varied, for each artiste has his or her *specialité.* They are alike, but different—their styles and mode of operation are so skilfully arranged that no feeling of tedium is experienced. The little Loisset, who appeared last season at Vauxhall, is greatly improved, and fully earns his sobriquet of the Little Devil by his recklessness and dare-devilism. His small limbs cling to the horse as though they were part of the equine nature, and in the rapidity of the gallop round the circle he seems a youthful centaur. "La Petite Anato" is a graceful piquante child, who dances the Cachouca, and plays on the castanets with a nerve that is quite remarkable. The Spanish dwarf, Don Francisco Hidalgo, affords infinite mirth, and the beautiful costumes of the middle ages, and the gorgeous harness of the horses in the *cortége* and quadrilles, are alone worthy of a visit.

SURREY THEATRE.

The appearance of Mr. Ira Aldridge on the metropolitan boards is peculiarly interesting. He is an African, and the true heir-apparent of some royal throne of skulls in e neighbourhood of Timbuctoo, and here in free England is this representative of ages bondage, giving utterance to the almost divine thoughts and inspired language of our ets. As regards Mr. Ira Aldridge, nature has been no *niggered* of her gifts, for though arked with all the outward features of his nation—*videlicet*, the woolly hair, thickened ps, &c.—his form and figure are commanding, his appreciation of the true dramatic im-rsonation refined and scholar-like, and his development original and artistic. The aracter selected for his appearance was Zanga, in Young's tragedy of *The Revenge*. The rt, as far as mere physiognomy may be considered, was appropriate, for there was no x levied for the theatrical illusion; but the language is unnatural and stilted, the story pellant, and the means for tragic display few and far between. Its resemblance to the endish nature of Iago is unrelieved by any intellectual supremacy. Zanga is a mere jectless scoundrel, a craven wretch, with mind as dingy and heart as black as his com-lexion, poisoning the soul of his victim through four long tedious acts, to spurn and esecrate his dead body for insults he had not the boldness to avenge, nor moral courage contest. Mr. Ira Aldridge is a really good actor, careful, conscientious, and intel-gent; indeed, if there be any fault, there is throughout his delineations a super-civil-ation and an ultra-refinement which enfeebles the effect. We want the torrid passions nd the tiger-like thirst of blood, instead of the calculating diplomatist or the cautious ivilian. Mr. Aldridge need not fear to exaggerate; his good sense will prevent his ushing into the opposite extreme. In Zanga we want not the unruffled lake and the entle murmurings of the western breeze, but the foaming torrent and the hoarse north ind; not the gale, but the hurricane. It was a bold and a worthy effort to exhibit to he world that country nor clime prevent the fair expansion of God's divinest gift—the uman intellect, and we believe more real good will be effected by the acting of Mr. Ira ldridge than by all the much-vaunted benefits which have accrued from the vast sums evoted by those mistaken, though well-meaning, people, the abolitionists. The last cene of the tragedy was admirably acted, and great applause was elicited. The physi-gnomical peculiarities of Mr. Aldridge must necessarily circumscribe his range of cha-acters; and this is to be regretted, as we feel assured that, in the present dearth of good ctors, he would be a valuable addition to the English stage. As a sort of moral antag-nism to Zanga, Dibdin's musical piece of *The Padlock* followed, and afforded ample cope for the comic vein of the *débûtant* in the part of Mungo. The laughter was inces-ant, and Mr. Ira Aldridge, both at the end of the tragedy and farce, was called before he curtain, amidst the enthusiasm of the audience.

MARYLEBONE THEATRE.

Mrs. Warner continues to carry out successfully the estimable plan with which she ommenced her management. Many of the best works have been admirably acted, and he company is so well trained that a perfect whole is the result. *The Enchanted Tower; r, the Adventures of Prince Headstrong and Princess Bloomingbell*,—a new burlesque pectacular fairy tale; from the pen of Mr. Charles Selby, has been produced with good ffect. To analyse the plot, the great excellence of which consists in its escaping the rocess of analysation, would, if we could, be of small purpose. The essence of this lass of productions consists more in reflecting ludicrously passing events, than either in parkling wit or refined fancy. Many of the hits at political tergiversations, civic eccen-ricities, municipal matters, Continental conspiracies, metropolitan movements, and Lon-lon life, are mixed up into one huge humorous *olla podrida*. The dresses are capitally magined, the music appropriate, the scenic effects gorgeous, the scenery admirably de-igned and cleverly painted. The acting is throughout excellent; indeed, to select any ne for special commendation would be invidious, where all so equally administer to the irth of the production.

MR. LINDSAY SLOPER'S PIANOFORTE SOIRÉES.

On Thursday evening, the 16th inst., was given the last of the series of these most teresting soirées—interesting, from having presented us with some of the most beauti-l specimens of the great masters, and various compositions, unknown to us, of Jean aptiste Lully and François Couperin. The programme was comprised of Hummel, ouperin, Beethoven, Mozart, Mendelssohn, Bennett, Heller, and Lindsay Sloper. A autiful MS. duett of Hummel's, for two pianofortes, was most efficiently executed by adame Dulcken and Mr. Lindsay Sloper, and Beethoven's lively sonata in E minor roved how truly Mr Sloper is imbued with the spirit of that "Shakspere or Michael ngelo of music." It is the true legitimate playing. No exaggeration or striving to oduce effects where the composer has not introduced them; but classical and unforced eling is displayed throughout. Mr. Sloper is also much to be commended for searc [illegible]

after novelties, which each of his programmes has afforded. A duett of Mendelssohn's, for piano and violoncello, much delighted us from the truly artistic manner in which it was rendered by Messrs. Sloper and Rousselot. The "Allemande" of Couperin, most quaint and pleasing, seemed, by the applause which was bestowed upon it by the audience, to be much relished, as was also the beautiful nocturne and scene pastorale of Heller. Miss Bassano sang sweetly an aria from *La Clemenza di Tito;* and Miss Ransford two songs of Sterndale Bennett's, in the latter of which she obtained an *encore.* The evening concluded with a charming Mazourka and study, alla Tarantella, by Mr. Sloper, whose compositions always display that classical elegance and scientific construction which place our talented countryman upon so high a standard of musical eminence.

LITERARY MIRROR.

Memoirs of Mademoiselle de Montpensier, Grand-daughter of Henri Quatre and Niece of Queen Henrietta Maria. Written by herself; edited from the French. In three volumes. London: Colburn, 1848.

Historical literature, if it be at all well written, is almost sure to be possessed of considerable interest. The period to which the volumes before us relate was replete with events of the most exciting kind, and to most of them the writer alludes in the course of the narrative. Court intrigue always furnishes materials for revelations of an extraordinary kind, and Mademoiselle de Montpensier was by no means deficient in acuteness of character, and that amount of cunning necessary to make a good autobiographer. Hence we are presented with a fund of anecdote and amusing details, which at once serve to entertain the reader, and throw considerable light upon the manners of the times.

Some doubt has been cast upon the authenticity of these memoirs by some of our contemporaries—a doubt, however, in which we do not share to any very great extent. Certainly the Editor gives us not the slightest information as to where he obtained the MS. from which the present volumes are translated. This seems to throw an air of suspicion over the origin of the work—not but that it is highly probable, nevertheless, that the Editor is well prepared to state whence he drew his materials. He may have been withheld from so doing by many reasons, into an enumeration of which, however, it is not our intention at present to enter. That the work has received considerable additions and embellishments we entertain no doubt—where a gap in the narrative occurred it was necessary to fill it up, and this may have been done in many instances. Be this, however, as it may, we have been presented with a most interesting narrative, which will, we venture to predict, meet with a success equal to that obtained by any three-volume novel of the season.

The reader must not expect to find a simple relation of every-day life at court; he must not seek for revelations of the heart, or exciting incidents, but he will have to watch the dawn and unfolding of a woman's most ambitious schemes, and how they afterwards fell to the ground and faded into empty shadows. Mademoiselle de Montpensier proves herself at the outset to be incapable of cherishing any amount of affection for any living being. Her father is introduced, and plays a conspicuous part in the early portions of the work. For him she professed to entertain a certain kind of attachment; but as soon as the world and all the temptations of a court, the prospects of ambition and power open upon her, he is only regarded in the light of a tyrant—they lead the most bickering life, are continually at war with one another. Now and then a kind of forced reconciliation is effected between them, but the fall of a feather disturbs the peaceful alliance. Considered, indeed, throughout her whole life-time, Mademoiselle de Montpensier's character is not one to challenge respect; she proves herself capable of nothing great or noble. Her ambition is always for herself—personal aggrandisement is all she cares for. From her earliest years this passion exercises predominant sway over her mind, and in order to attain her ends she will condescend to any kind of meanness. She tries to force the king's brother to marry her when he is only seventeen—carries on a steady flirtation with the Prince of Wales (Charles II.), keeping him in a kind of abeyance, until she discovers whether it is at all likely she shall be made empress. When, however, all these events are placed beyond hope of accomplishment, she at last suffers herself to form an attachment to Monsieur de Lauzun. She is now forty years of age, and all the feelings of her life, until then pent up, seem to concentrate themselves around him—his very coldness, which she interpreted into prudence, gave fresh ardour to her affection. He, on the contrary, cold, calculating, and selfish, was incapable of the remotest affection, and seems at first to have shunned her society, lest she should chance to entertain such feelings towards him. We blame her here for her want of spirit, her unwomanly pursuit of one who treated her with such neglect, who so evidently made her feel that his attachment was wrung from him. Had she been possessed of true feminine delicacy, she would have scorned to seek to obtain the affections of a man, she would have thrown herself back upon her pride, and have learned to forget the person, let her have loved him ever so greatly, who was only to be won by incessant persecution. She must have perceived the true state of affairs; she could not have believed in the co-existence of devoted attachment and such worldly prudence, which weighed and calculated probabilities and chances as though she were not worthy the risk of the smallest among them. But however much we blame, we cannot refrain from pitying her at last; an attachment so disinterested as that she entertained for him is not to be despised or passed by without notice; it is the only redeeming trait in her character. Love makes her at once noble and generous, it calls her from the level of commonplace to the heights of distinction; we forget her former selfishness, her amazonian exploits, her coarse imitation of men, and pity the generous victim of an unrequited affection. Monsieur de Lauzun treated her with the most shameful ingratitude; after she had sacrificed fortune and all for his sake, he refused to marry her, and we take leave of her almost broken hearted. These details are full of interest; the remainder of the work is no less so. The reader who seeks for revelations of the Court of France at that period will be highly entertained, the names of La Valliere, Mazarin, Conde, Bourbon, Fouquet, &c., are often met with, and assist in forming the background of a most entertaining picture.

THE PARSON, PEN, AND PENCIL; or, Reminiscences and Illustrations of an Excursion to Paris, Tours, and Rouen in the Summer of 1847; with a few Memoranda on French Farming. By G. M. Musgrave, M.A., vicar of Borden, Kent. In three volumes. London: Bentley, 1848.

There is nothing more painful in conversation or writing than the attempt at wit, Real *bonâ-fide* wit is a rare gift. All imitations fall far below the original, but nothing is more unendurable than the imitation or affectation of humour. No matter who is guilty of the offence, our animadversion falls equally upon them; yet are we inclined to visit with far higher censure the gentleman who, professing to be a minister of the Gospel, goes forth upon his travels intent upon turning into ridicule every object and person with whom he meets. However much we may endure the relation of those irresponsible youthful travellers, who, emancipated for the first time from college rule, rush into France, resolved upon exercising their humorous powers to the utmost, and however much we may be inclined to pardon the overflowing of *their* animal spirits, we feel that we cannot visit with the same gentleness the reverend writer now before us.

Our facetious "parson" sets out with his son on a tour through France, intent upon giving us, as he says, a correct estimate of men and manners, or explaining what is worth seeing in the French metropolis, where the best inns are to be met with, and the proper prices which ought to be paid for everything. This promise, however, he by no means fulfils. Much of the information with which he furnishes us is "stale, flat, and unprofitable." It has been narrated a hundred times before, in the commonest handbooks with which travellers furnish themselves before quitting this country for foreign ands. Mr. Musgrave, for instance, in one part particularly impresses upon our recolection that the common women do not wear bonnets in France, and that *bonnet* means a ap in French; while *chapeau* signifies what we here in familiar language denominate "a onnet." As this intelligence was considered by us very valuable, we have placed it ere, in order that it may be diffused far and near, for the benefit of this and of all suceding generations.

Mr. Musgrave's object seems to have been in the early part of the work, before he was isgusted with France and Frenchmen, to have drawn all sorts of contrasts between the ggy unwholesome atmosphere of England and the bright sunny clime of France. He all animal spirits, all facetiousness, all enjoyment, and is hurried into various sallies ot at all becoming either his reverend years or office. Let us not, however, be misunerstood. We do not say that because Mr. Musgrave is a clergyman he should write in a loomy morose manner, and represent all things through a borrowed medium. On the contrary, as real cheerfulness is the soul of religion, we welcome it in the divine as an earnest of his tranquillity of mind, and the perfect projection of his energies into the service in which he is engaged. What we find fault with is the affectation of wit and humour, which degenerates into the greatest coarseness of thought and expression, apparent at intervals throughout the whole work. The description, for instance, of the journey from Dover to Boulogne is disgusting, and even dirty, descending to particulars quite unnecessary to be spoken of at all. Every one knows the sufferings incidental on a trip at sea to those unaccustomed to its roughness, and surely they need not be dwelt upon in the pages of a tour or book of travels. Mr. Musgrave complains that the English clergy are not recognised in France, or treated as such; that they are addressed as Mr. This and Mr. That, instead of "Reverend," &c. But it is a question to be considered whether such clergymen as go abroad act in a way to invite the respect of those with whom they move in society. If the remarks in the present volumes were taken (which, thank Providence! they are not) as samples of the mode of conversation and thought of the clergy of England, we do not see why they should be dignified by any particular respect. Again, Mr. Musgrave animadverts very strongly upon the letting out of chairs in French churches. We grant that the practice of asking for the money during the service is a very reprehensible one, where it does exist; but it is a mistake to argue, because Mr. Musgrave witnessed it in one or two churches, that it occurs throughout France. We, also, have been in France, and in French churches, and beheld all the forms of Catholic worship, and rarely observed an instance of the kind. In general, however faulty the religion itself, however at variance with true Christianity all the ceremonies of the Catholic Church may be, we must confess that the service is conducted with the greatest respect and devotion; and if *chairs* be let out in France, and it be wrong to do it, why should *pews* be let in England? There the money is devoted to repairing the church, alms-giving, and other purposes; and what better uses would the money have been appropriated to had it remained in the hands of the devotees themselves? It is but a difference in terms, after all, that Mr. Musgrave finds fault with.

Our parson's wit in describing the bears' polka is really astounding. We recommend him to abandon the clerical profession, and set up for another Tom Hood. He would succeed *à la merveille*. Waiters at hotels should not wear moustachios; they ought always to have been forbidden to do so, and Mr. Musgrave absolutely chuckles with delight over the fact that an edict to that effect was promulgated last year in France. In 1847 a few young men at an hotel in Paris offended Mr. Musgrave beyond the possibility of forgiveness by being excessively plain-featured, and wearing moustachios. In the dead-house of one of the hospitals our author finds another opportunity of exercising his *penchant* for humour; and in describing the beautiful spots in Pere la Chaise he is still more coarse and offensive. In spite of all this, some very valuable hints on French farming will be discovered interspersed throughout the volumes; and these, though they cannot compensate for the rest, will redeem them from the utter contempt into which they would otherwise have fallen.

ADVENTURES OF AN AIDE DE CAMP, OF A CAMPAIGN IN CALABRIA. By James Grant, Esq., author of "The Romance of War." In three volumes. London: Smith and Elder. 1848.

The author of the volumes before us has more than once very successfully appeared before the public, in "The Romance of War," and various other works of considerable merit. His talents are peculiarly adapted to this kind of fiction, as his style is bold and full of energy; now delighting us by the most simple descriptions, now rising to passages of the greatest grandeur. His delineations of battle-scenes are admirable in the extreme, and the events which he narrates are all possessed of vivid interest. Though the foundations of the story are correct, and based upon actual historical facts, the author confesses that he has bestowed them upon the colouring of fiction; this the reader must expect. The scenes are laid for the most part in the Calabrias, and are part of those really enacted at the time Sir John Stuart undertook to lead the expedition which set out with a view of driving the French from South Italy. No narrative of these events has hitherto been published, but its importance was not considered such as to warrant much being written about it. Still a simple narrative of facts would have been valuable, and, we doubt not, sufficiently successful. Much of love and romance is mixed up with the present story, which will bestow upon it a wider interest than if it treated only of military details. Mr. Grant, however, possesses the felicitous art of blending domestic with warlike exploits, and rounding both into a beautiful picture. The last chapters of the volume are devoted to the delineation of the siege of Scylla, and isplay a concentrated energy of purpose, a power of description, and graphic grouping eldom surpassed; the actual facts are true, but the author has coloured them, and resented us with a splendid picture. It is impossible to comprehend the real nature of his portion of the work without reading more of it. The following little extract will erve to show in what style the whole is written :—

"On the morning of the 11th February, five 24-pounders, five 18-pounders, four mortars, and innumerable field-pieces, opened a tremendous cannonade on the keep and upper works of Scylla, to demolish our cover and bury us with our guns under the ruins. This battering continued daily, without a moment's cessation, until the 14th; when covered by it, the French sappeurs and artillerists formed two other breaching batteries, at two hundred yards' distance from our bastions, notwithstanding the appalling slaughter made among them by our shells bursting, and grape shot and musketry showering around, with deadly effect. Though the whole of Regnier's infantry remained under cover during their operations, the execution done in those who worked at the breaching batteries must have been fearful; they were so close and so numerous. My own brave little band was becoming thin from the fire from the heights; every cannon ball which struck the low walls was rendered in effect as dangerous as a shell, by the heavy splinters it cast on every side; and I foresaw that the Castle of Ruffo, mouldering with the lapse of years, and shaken by the storm and earthquakes of centuries, would soon sink under the overwhelming tempest of iron balls which Regnier hurled against it from every point; his gunners stopping only until their cannon became cool enough to renew the attack. We had expected great assistance from our flotilla of gun-boats, which by keeping close in shore, might have cannoned the enemy's position and shelled their approaches; but a storm of wind and rain, which continued without cessation or lull from the time the attack began until it was ended, rendered an approach to Scylla impossible; the sea was dashing against it in mountains of misty foam, and on its walls of rock would have cast a line-of-battle ship like a cork.

"The roar of the musketry and the perpetual booming of the adverse battery guns produced a tremendous effect; awakening all the echoes of the fathomless caves of Scylla in the splintered cliffs, and Mount Jaci, and after being tossed from peak to peak of the Milia hills, with ten thousand reverberations, all varying, the reports died away in the distant sky, only to be succeeded by others. The dense volumes of moke that rose from the French batteries, were forced upwards and downwards by the tormy wind, and rolled away over land and sea, twisted into a thousand fantastic hapes; mingling on one side with the mists of the valleys, on the other with the oam of the ocean. The continual rolling of the French brass drums, the clamour of heir artillerymen, and the wild hallooing of their infantry, added to the war of the conflict above and that of the surge below, increased the effect of a scene which had as many beauties as terrors.

"The night of the 14th was unusually dark and stormy; and on visiting Bianca in her dreary vault (which by being below the basement of the keep, was the only safe place in the castle), she told me with a pale cheek and faltering tongue that often of late she had been disturbed by sounds rising from the earth below her. I endeavoured o laugh away her fears; but, on listening, I heard distinctly the peculiar noise of ammer and shovels; which convinced me that the French sappers were at work omewhere, and that the hollows of the rock had enabled them to penetrate far under e foundations of the castle. On examination, we found that for three nights they d been lodging in a mine, during the noise and gloom of the storm, and had excavated o chambers, one under our principal bastion, the other under the keep, connecting em by a *saucepan*, led through a gallery cut in the solid rock; the effect of such an plosion would have ended the siege at once, and blown to atoms the vault appropriated Bianca and her servant. My mind shrank with horror, from contemplating the frightful ath she had so narrowly escaped. Next night the train would undoubtedly have been ed; and the inner chamber was pierced within three feet of her bed!"

The reader will discover in "The Adventures of an Aid-de-Camp" a fund of anecdote, exing adventures, and amusing sketches. The stories are sometimes of too horrible a ture to be in good taste, but will be, no doubt, eagerly devoured by many. Some, ain, are possessed of great beauty, and display much knowledge of the human racter.

AVELS IN SIBERIA. Including Excursions Northwards down the Obi, to the Polar Circle, and Southwards to the Chinese Frontier. By Adolph Erman. Translated from the German by William Desborough Cooley. In two volumes. London.

The work before us is a very valuable one, embracing in the two volumes a vast and, the general reader, little-known tract of country. With the general history of Russi its political events, the rise and downfal of its sovereigns, its ambitious schemes and tyrannical government, most persons are acquainted, at least superficially; but there are details as necessary to be known concerning a country as the great events which convulse its surface. There are revelations to be made concerning its inward economy, the domestic habits of the city and the country, the condition of the humbler classes, which influences their character, and renders men, as a nation, effeminate or the reverse. Few travellers have dared to lift the veil from the private life of the Russians, because each dwelling in St. Petersburgh may be said to be under the surveillance of the police, and the individual who should dare to come forward and explain the actual economy of the great capital of Russia would scarcely venture to show his face in the country again; the wastes of Siberia would be his portion, or the dreaded knout fall heavily on his back. Erman, however, speaks as though he had little to reveal, little with which to find fault. He comes from Berlin to St. Petersburgh as a traveller, relates what he observed, and gives an accurate description of the metropolis, its buildings, and its people. The account of their manners is all *couleur de rose;* we hear of no labour extorted from the people by an arbitrary government, but are told that, as they are *satisfied* with a simple diet and frugal living, they are content to receive moderate wages for their labour. The author takes merely a traveller's view of the subject; he enters into no political disquisitions, and only gives us an account of what he actually beheld. To describe in the space of a short notice the whole merits of the book before us would scarcely be practicable; we must be content merely to glance at their contents, and leave to the reader the task of exploring its minuter treasures. Our author gives the best insight into Russian manners we have hitherto met with. He passes on to Siberia, and, after having given a most interesting account of the journey, enters upon a careful delineation of the habits and customs of the population of that place. In the imagination of many, Siberia is connected alone with snowy peaks and boundless plains. A few rude huts diversify the landscape, and across the scene flits the poor exile, half-clad, and sometimes ill-fed. But read Erman, and our readers will be charmed at the comfort which is to be met with in Siberian homes. Upon the exiled serf and his condition our author touches but lightly; he seems to sympathise with the regulations of government, and to imagine banishment for ever from their native place by no means a severe punishment. Nor does he even allude to the practice of dismissing into hopeless solitude the man guilty of some trivial offence against the presumed majesty of the emperor. Siberia has terrors for all but the highest in the realm in St. Petersburgh. The population of Russia live in continual fear of it, since they know that the nod of the Czar may dismiss them to a doom far more hopeless than death. Often, it is true, the wife follows her husband into his solitary retreat, and shares his unhappy fate. It is not alone for crimes deserving of death that the Russian is punished. Were it so, our sympathy would become as morbid as is that of those who aim at abolishing capital punishments in our own country. Many of the men who have languished in Siberia have been sent there for the most trivial political offences. Into this question, however, it is unnecessary to enter. It is one which, in one way or another, embraces the whole political system of Russia. Our business now is with the valuable and elegant translation before us. Mr. Cooley has performed his task in a highly-creditable manner, and his style is so smooth and polished that we forget altogether the fact that we are reading a translation. The reader will find in Erman's travels a great variety of detail. It is by far the most interesting book of the kind published for some time. The author possesses great natural power, is an elegant delineator of scenery, and is, besides, a shrewd observer. The following extract is very capital:—

"During our stay in St. Petersburgh the villa garden on the islands, and the various shrubberies between them, were all decked with young foliage. The fineness of the season added much, no doubt, to the beauty of the landscape, the charm of which, nevertheless, lay chiefly in the local details. The clear waters of the Neva winding through the islands, and overshadowed at times with groups of trees, then again issuing forth in brightness, together with the contrast between the waving foliage and the stately glittering palaces beyond, sufficiently explain the tone of rural scenery so manifest in St. Petersburgh, and which seems so remarkable in a northern climate. While the sudden awakening of nature from her long winter sleep loudly invites to the enjoyment of the country, the oppressive heat of summer makes the cool umbrageous retreats of the island absolutely necessary."

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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF THE KINGS OF ENGLAND.

ETHELWULF, ETHELBALD, ETHELBERT, ETHELRED I., ALFRED.

With the exception of Alfred, the reigns of these kings form so uninteresting a period in English history, were characterised by such weakness, with so few redeeming features to render them worthy of notice, that we shall devote but ittle space to their consideration. A more congenial occupation will it be to glance at the life of Alfred; the admirable nature of whose administration, unsullied by a single act of cruelty or injustice, and distinguished by the introduction of, and fostering care exercised over, those measures which conduce to the public weal, will ever constitute a remarkable era in British annals. But we must first allude to his immediate predecessors.

Ethelwulf, the son of Egbert, ascended the throne of Wessex in the year 838. His first important act was bestowing the sovereignty of Kent, which included Essex, Surrey, and Sussex, upon his eldest son, Athelstan, whose military qualities in a measure supplied the want of those in the person of his father. The Danish engagements continued with little interruption during the whole of this reign. The kingdoms of Northumberland and Mercia still remained under the sway of separate monarchs; but the former, disorganised by regal competitors, was in no respect fitted to withstand the Danish attacks. The Welsh, too, again exhibited an unwillingness to submit to the Saxon authority. Burhred, however, the Mercian king, to whom they were tributary, aided by Ethelwulf, soon quelled their formidable opposition. But it was from the Danes that the country received the most injury. No less than eleven regular battles were fought, independently of the skirmishes that arose from their attempts to land on protected parts of the coast. Victory generally attended he English arms. They were also defeated by Athelstan, near Sandwich, in a naval engagement, the first of which we have any record. Their numbers were o great, their invasions so frequent, that the repulses they experienced seemed ather to increase than to diminish their incursions and ravages. It is painful o read of the cities and edifices they destroyed, the cruelty they perpetrated, nd the universal terror excited by their presence. But these evils would have een far greater had not Ethelwulf possessed in his counsellors, St. Swithun, Bishop of Winchester, and Ealstan, Bishop of Sherborne, persons who by their dvice and their money, aided in repelling the ruthless Northmen. They were, n fact, the king's executive. The former, although he fostered Ethelwulf's redilection to religious exercises, admonished him repeatedly to correct his upineness, and to act with a vigour becoming the exigencies of the kingdom; hile the latter, knowing that piety would not render the country prosperous, or deliver it from the Danes, incited him to head his troops on the battle field, and conquer the enemy. Well was it that he enjoyed the advantage of such able advisers, and, notwithstanding the sacred office which they sustained, we believe that their procedure in thus departing from the limits of ecclesiastical jurisdiction is fully justifiable on the plea, that by endeavouring to protect the kingdom from foreign foes they were promoting the interests and securing the continuance of their religion.

But we have now to refer to Ethelwulf's long-cherished and important design, that of making a pilgrimage to Rome. Neither the magnitude of the undertaking, the length of the journey, nor the unsettled state of his dominions, cooled his ardour, or weakened his resolve. All difficulties seemed to vanish in the wish to satisfy his religious enthusiasm. He left in 855, remained with Pope Leo IV. about a year, repaired the Saxon school founded by Ina (king of Wessex), in 727, which some time previously had been destroyed by fire; visited the churches, chapels, and sacred relics, bestowed large gifts upon the Holy See, and in short omitted nothing which might feed the flame of devotion. He returned through France, where, though his wife Osburga was then alive, he married Judith, a princess only twelve years of age, the daughter of Charles, the French monarch. His motive in forming this alliance was probably to extend his influence, and to consolidate the interests of the two countries; but, notwithstanding these suppositionary reasons, it was both impolitic and unnecessary.

During his absence, Athelstan had died, and Ethelbald, his next son, partly at the instigation of Ealstan, sought to usurp the throne of Wessex. The people, disapproving of Ethelwulf's marriage, and fearing that his religious zeal might lead him to neglect his kingdom, rallied round Ethelbald's standard. Anxious to avert the calamity of a civil war, the former submitted to his son's demands, and signed a treaty in the year 856, by which he relinquished Wessex to Ethelbald, and contented himself with the less powerful kingdom of Kent. Could the illustrious Egbert have lifted the veil of futurity, and perceived the state to which England had been reduced by the administration of Ethelwulf, how deep would have been his regret that the structure, in the formation of which he had spent his whole life, should have been almost annihilated by the apathy, the incompetency, and the misgovernment of his son.

The last two years of Ethelwulf's life were devoted to acts of charity and religion, but these exercises, though admirable when subservient to the necessary duties devolving upon a monarch, in his case unduly encroached upon the time and attention requisite to the preservation of his dominions. He died in 858, after a reign of twenty years and five months, and was buried at Winchester. Contrary to the Saxon custom, he bequeathed the kingdoms of Wessex and Kent to Ethelbald and Ethelbert, and on their decease to his younger sons Ethelred and Alfred.

Such is an epitome of Ethelwulf's reign. Indolent in disposition, dangerously addicted to a monastic life, deficient in nearly all those qualities which produce an able warrior or a wise sovereign, he allowed the country which his father had raised to a position of power previously unknown to become the scene of internal disputes, to be torn into factions by the rival Northumbrian princes, and only saved from the horrors of a civil war by surrendering part of his dominions to the restless, ambitious Ethelbald. Instead of energetically following up the victories which he obtained over the Danes, and fortifying the island so as to resist their oft-repeated attacks, he resigned himself to the charms of priestly companionship, to the inspection of holy relics in Rome, to the enriching of monasteries, and the bestowing of gifts upon the sovereign Pontiff. In comparison with Egbert, we see how far superior the character of the father was to that of the son; but in comparison with Ethelbald, Ethelbert, and Ethelred, even the reign of Ethelwulf, is worthy of admiration. It was Alfred who restored the glory which had vanished with the accession of these four degenerate monarchs.

Ethelbald, already king of Wessex, retained the throne in virtue of his father's will. Licentious in character, endowed with little mental power, influenced by no desire to improve his dominions, his inglorious reign was happily short. In opposition to the ecclesiastical laws, he married his step-mother, Judith, but the entreaties of St. Swithun induced him to dissolve the connection, and the princess returned to her native land, where she formed an alliance with Baldwin, Count of Flanders; from whom sprang Matilda, subsequently the queen of William the Conqueror. Ethelbald died in the year 860, and was interred in Sherborne Cathedral. Some historians allege that his removal was much regretted; but the sympathy manifested appears to have proceeded principally from the clergy, who having derived considerable benefit from the change he introduced in the payment of their tithes, would naturally feel somewhat grieved at the event. Such a circumstance, therefore, cannot be adduced in proof of his popularity; in fact, we see no reason to believe that his demise was an occurrence in which the people evinced much regret.

Ethelbert, who had previously reigned over Kent, now succeeded to the crown of Wessex, and united the government of the two kingdoms. The Danes again infested the island, and committed their usual depredations. On one occasion Ethelbert bribed them to leave the country, but though he observed good faith, they violated the treaty, and immediately afterwards ravaged the greater part of Kent. This circumstance, however, led the monarch to alter his pacific policy; he re-organised the army, which had fallen into neglect during the tranquil sway of Ethelbald, and resolved resolutely to oppose such treacherous foes. The Danes, perceiving these warlike preparations, thought it prudent to defer their invasions. Ethelbert died in 867, after a reign of about six years. His body rests by the side of his brother's in Sherborne Cathedral.

The next prince who occupied the throne of Wessex and Kent was Ethelred I. His administration was altogether better than that of his late predecessors. Vigorous and courageous in war, he fought in one year nine pitched battles with the Danes, besides several attacks, in both of which he was generally victorious. But notwithstanding his military activity, the Northmen seemed determined to settle permanently on the English soil; a design that was in no slight degree favoured by the dissension existing in East Anglia, Mercia, and particularly in Northumberland, over which the Saxon monarchs now possessed little authority. In the latter kingdom, discord and anarchy were predominant; the sovereignty was claimed by two nobles, one of whom resolved, by recourse to the Danes, to decide the contest. This fatal step paved the way to their temporary supremacy in Britain. As might naturally be anticipated, they acceded to the wishes of the Northumbrian rival; and having landed in East Anglia, from whence they procured horses, they penetrated into, and subdued the whole of Northumberland. The advantage that this victory conferred upon them, stimulated Ivar, their general, to extend his invasions; as the result of which, East Anglia and Mercia were obliged to submit to the conquerors. At the same time, the Danish leader, conscious that Wessex formed the key to the dominions of England, by obtaining which the whole island would fall within his power, decided upon attacking that kingdom. A memorable battle ensued at Aston, in Berkshire, in the year 871, where the Danish troops commanded by kings and generals of renown, suffered a total defeat from the West Saxon sovereign and his intrepid brother, the youthful Alfred. The favourable issue of this engagement is represented to have been owing in no slight degree to Ethelred's religious valour; for at the moment when his soldiers, led on by Alfred, were despairing of victory, the king (having been previously occupied in devotional exercises) unexpectedly appeared among his army, inspired them with hope, and distinguished with the sign of the cross, dashed so resolutely into the Danish forces, that the enemy surprised at his bravery, and the sacred nature of his mission, precipitately fled, leaving a large number of their comrades slain on the battle-field. Another encounter, however, shortly afterwards took place, in which Ethelred received a wound that produced his death, A.D. 872, having worn the crown for five years. He was buried in Wimborne monastery, Dorset.

We have refrained from relating all the Danish engagements which occurred in this reign, partly on account of their number, and partly because it would be but repeating an oft-told tale of barbarity, of the destruction of monasteries and edifices of ancient and beautiful architecture, of treasures plundered, of the spoilation of libraries, of monks tortured, and abbots killed at the altar. Foremost in these scenes of devastation and cruelty were the Danish nobles; yet from the same race arose in subsequent ages, the warriors, the statesmen, the philosophers, and the writers, whose victories, political actions, scientific labours, and literary performances, have conferred on them a universal celebrity.

But we now enter upon a most eventful section of English history, the life of Alfred. Although the principal circumstances must already be familiar to our readers, yet the subject cannot be so completely exhausted as to leave no incidents touching such a singular career by re-perusing which we shall not derive amusement and instruction. The love that he ever manifested for his people, the intellectual power, the fortitude, the well-regulated ambition, the extensive military knowledge, and the correct idea of justice, of which he was the favoured possessor, were all devoted to the reformation of his kingdom; and when we look at its condition at the commencement and close of his reign, we perceive the magnitude of the obstacles which he surmounted, and the happy results which followed the application of his legislative wisdom.

In the history of every country there have been periods from which a new era and a different order of things date their existence. In the reigns of Egbert, Alfred, Henry VIII., Elizabeth, Cromwell, and Anne, great and important changes occurred. Egbert modified the Anglo-Saxon form of Government; Alfred, while he introduced still further improvements into this system, implanted in his subjects a desire for learning, and effectually accelerated the march of civilisation; Henry VIII. unconsciously aided the Reformation, by which the fetters were broken that had bound England as well as Europe in superstition and ignorance for centuries; Elizabeth, by the talents of her ministry, the wisdom of her policy, raised her country to a position of eminence and power to which it had never previously attained; and lastly, the era of Queen Anne was distinguished as the Augustan age of literature, a period in which flourished Newton, Addison, Saunderson, Young, Halley, Somers, Wren, Pope, and Thomson, besides a long list of literary and scientific persons of lesser note. The fame of Shakespeare and Milton, the splendour of Elizabeth's administration, cannot eclipse the blaze of intellectual light which illumined the commencement of the 18th century, or surpass the vigorous, well-directed government of the beloved and humane Queen Anne.

But to return to our narrative. Alfred, the last son of Ethelwulf, was born at Wantage in the year 849. At the age of five he was sent to Rome to receive the Pope's unction, and in 855 accompanied his father on his pilgrimage to that city. Across the stormy ocean, over the ice-bound Alps, through the dominions of foreign potentates, the infant prince passes safely; Leo IV. blesses the future king; he returns home through France, and after his arrival bears off the prize which Osburga, his mother, promises to give to whichever of her sons should first learn to read a volume of Saxon ballad poetry, that had excited the eager curiosity of Alfred. From the day on which he achieved this mental victory, literature became a favourite pursuit; but a long succession of circumstances intervened to retard his progress in the acquisition of knowledge. At the age of twenty he married Elswitha, a branch of the Mercian royal family, and in 872 ascended the throne of Wessex. The state of the country was truly deplorable. The Danes had grown more determined by their late successes, so that eight battles occurred in about twelve months; but at last, becoming tired of such repeated conflicts, a treaty of peace was concluded, which, however, the invaders violated, and thus caused renewed outbreaks.

To oppose their attacks Alfred built large vessels, manned them with xperienced mariners, and then encountered the Danes both on sea and on land. His efforts were crowned with success; the enemy, repeatedly defeated, engaged o suspend hostilities, and gave hostages as an earnest of their willingness. But he northern tribes, ever true to their character, the following year (877) again ppeared with strong reinforcements; their presence struck gloom into the hearts of the English, so that the latter offered but feeble opposition. Besides having overrun the island, they settled in Wessex; the inhabitants had lost nearly all wish to exterminate them; and Alfred, almost deserted, his hope of immediate victory dissipated, his power gone, found himself a wanderer in the land which he had been appointed to protect. The gloomy prospect, however, did not dishearten him; for, adapting himself to his circumstances, he dismissed his servants, relinquished the insignia of royalty, and sought refuge in a herdsman's cottage. The incident is no doubt familiar to our readers, of the noble-minded prince (his dignity then unknown) having been ordered by his hostess to bake some cakes which were lying on the hearth, but the fugitive Alfred, engaged in making bows and arrows, neglected his instructions, and thus incurred the anger of his entertainer, who reminded him that he willingly eat the cakes, though he did nothing towards supplying them. The importance of this tradition has probably been much magnified by the monks, still it possesses great interest as indicating the troubles and vicissitudes experienced during the early part of his reign. The herdsman's cottage however, was not long tenanted by such a distinguished person; for attended by his family, and a few faithful followers, he selected as his retreat a marshy locality near Taunton. Here, in the year 878, he built a fortress, the situation of which rendered it almost impregnable, while it afforded him an opportunity of frequently harassing the Danes, and returning to his place of refuge with great ease. The spot long afterwards bore the name of Athelney, or the Isle of Nobles. But in the mean time the Earl of Devon had conquered a division of the enemy, slain Hubba, their general, and obtained possession of the celebrated Danish standard "The Raven," the loss of which is represented to have been in no slight degree the cause of their defeat. The Northmen attached great virtue to this standard; but of course we must ascribe its supposed efficacy to the delusion under which they laboured; for when their imagination led them to believe that the bird clapped his wings, then victory ensued—if he drooped his head, the reverse would be their lot.

Though Alfred was not engaged in the late battle, he soon heard of the success, collected his adherents—who, thinking he had been long dead, received him with enthusiasm—and enjoined them to be in readiness to march against their assailants at a moment's notice. It was after this occurrence that he adopted the hazardous expedient of visiting the Danish camp, in order to ascertain its position, the number of troops, and the opposition which it would be likely they might array against the English. Habited in a minstrel's dress, he entered the enemy's territory, remained there several days, procured the requisite information, and then returned to his retreat at Athelney. He apprised his followers of the indolence and insecurity of the Danish camp—reanimated them with hope, and appointed Selwood Forest, in Somersetshire, as the head-quarters. From this point his army marched to Eddington, where they encountered and routed the Danes, A.D. 880. The latter fought with great courage, but never suspected that Alfred would appear at the head of so brave and numerous a body of soldiers, or that their recently-acquired dominions would so soon be wrested from them.

The King, now in a position to dictate terms to the conquered, compelled all the Danes who refused to embrace Christianity instantly to leave the country; and in order to induce those who remained to abandon a rover's life for the cultivation of the peaceful arts, he granted them East Anglia and Northumberland, and invested Guthrum (their commander since the death of Hubba), with the title of monarch, on condition of the latter being his vassal. The

Danes accepted and abided by these terms. Such was the nature of the treaty thus concluded; the mildness, humanity, and wisdom of which reflect great credit upon Alfred. Would that the Northmen had shown their gratitude by promoting the welfare of their adopted country. Long years of anarchy and disquietude elapsed ere the British, Saxon, and Danish races lost their nationality in their efforts for the public and social improvement of the whole.

The interval of peace that now followed was employed in fortifying the coasts, and rendering the army more efficient. In 884, however, the Danes landed in Kent, but owing to the vigilance of Alfred and his soldiers, the invaders were repulsed before any serious depredation had been committed, and the plunder which they had just obtained from France, consisting chiefly of a large number of horses, fell into the hands of the English. Yet, notwithstanding the posture of defence that the island presented, in 893, after a rather protracted period of tranquillity, the Danes disembarked in strong force on the same coast as before—entrenched themselves near Milton, in Kent, from whence they carried their ravages over the neighbouring districts. But Alfred hastened with his troops to the protection of his people, and in spite of their attacks on several parts of the coast almost simultaneously, and the death of Guthrum, which prompted the East Anglian Danes to revolt, and deliver themselves from the English sway, he reduced them to submission, captured the family of Hastings, their chief—whom, however, he generously restored, provided he left the country; and defeated by the superior form of his vessels the piratical Northmen that infested the coasts. In one of these naval battles he destroyed twenty of their ships, tried the prisoners, and hung them for piracy; an act of well-timed severity that conduced very materially to the re-establishment of peace. The English vessels used at this period were very long, and propelled by about forty oars (sometimes more)—with nine of these the victory was gained to which reference has just been made.

The Danes, after this signal defeat, left the kingdom unmolested; those inhabiting East Anglia and Northumberland tendered anew their allegiance to Alfred; the Welsh, for a long time a refractory people, likewise submitted to his authority; while his own subjects, attached to him because of his regard for them, and the tranquil state to which he had brought his dominions, seconded his exertions in the cause of reform.

But we must now advert more especially to his private life, literary attainments, and the nature of his administration; and truly there are few themes on which we could dilate with greater pleasure. Endowed with intellectual talents of a high order, possessed of unceasing activity and industry, actuated by a noble and virtuous motive to stem the tide of ignorance and to waft into his country the breath of civilisation, he not only shone in the senate and on the battle-field, but added to the glory with which mankind has encircled his name, by his charitable deeds and the purity of his life.

The multiplicity of his engagements, however, rendered a systematic use of his time essentially requisite. He divided the day into three equal portions—one of which he dedicated to study and devotional exercises, another to the discharge of his regal duties, and the third to repose and necessary relaxation. In order exactly to measure these periods, and as clocks had not then been introduced into Britain, he adopted the plan of burning candles in a lantern, each one of which was twelve inches long, and lasted four hours. The revenue derivable from his hereditary property he distributed in the same methodical manner; one-half was allotted to the support of monasteries, professors, and scholars at Oxford, and to relieving the wants of destitute monks; the other half was expended upon his household, encouraging the pursuits of clever artizans and in gifts to the numerous strangers who frequented his court. The poor and necessitous found him their best and most constant friend; the rich and the powerful retained his regard only while they avoided oppression and injustice. The imperial diadem has seldom adorned the brow of a monarch so distinguished as Alfred for unostentatious benevolence and virtuous conduct.

But a still more remarkable feature in his life was the extent of his literary acquirements. Though rare as are the instances in which we find intellectual eminence combined with the exalted rank of a sovereign, yet in Alfred's case mental accomplishments formed a very considerable part of his greatness; and, considering the scanty education that he received, the time occupied in military duties and in adjusting the affairs of the empire, we feel astonished at the rapid progress he made in learning and the practical purpose to which he devoted it. His could have been no ordinary mind, to have commenced acquiring a knowledge of Latin at the age of thirty-nine! The principal works he translated, some of which, however, are now little known, were Bede's "Ecclesiastical History," "Bœthius on the Consolation of Philosophy," "Æsop's Fables," and Gregory's "Pastoral;" besides which, he commenced an English version of the Bible, but was unable to complete the undertaking. Poetry, to which he was very partial, he continued to write to the close of his days. In his preface to Gregory's "Pastoral" (a book that he much prized, and a copy of which he constantly carried about with him), he states:—"when I took the kingdom, very few on this side of the Humber, very few beyond, not one that I recollect south of the Thames, could understand their prayers in English, or could translate a letter from Latin into English." With a view to enlighten this general ignorance, and to excite a desire in the people for mental culture, he founded colleges at Oxford, invited men noted for their intellectual attainments from distant parts of his dominions as well as from abroad, to preside over them, as also to instruct in the schools—of which he, too, was the originator.

Among the most famous literary characters thus attracted to his court, were Asser, afterwards Bishop of Sherborne, his faithful friend and valuable biographer, and Johannes Scotus. The former lived with him on terms of the closest intimacy, and, it is said, suggested the building of the Oxford University; while the latter (sometimes called John the Scot) received from Alfred generous treatment, and found in England a peaceful asylum. He long enjoyed the king's friendship. His extensive knowledge, the power of his eloquence, and the cause of his death are cursorily referred to in the following epitaph, inscribed on his tomb. As a specimen of the poetic skill of the ninth century, it possesses more merit than might have been anticipated, from the darkness in which the literature of Parnassus was then shrouded.

> "Here lies a saint the sophist John, whose days
> On earth, were graced with deepest learning's praise;
> Deemed meet at last by martyrdom to gain
> Christ's kingdom, where the saints for ever reign."*

But while fostering mental improvement, Alfred did not neglect to gather round him individuals who would introduce and benefit the arts and sciences. The progress of architecture, commerce, and navigation received an effective mpulse. Some historians state that he fitted out an expedition to convey resents to the Christians of St. Thomas, in the East Indies, and that the vessels eturned freighted with the products of that clime. We presume, however, that proceeded principally by land; inasmuch as the mariner's compass was not vented till the year 1302, previously to which, sailing was inevitably restricted the coast. In addition to this enterprise, Alfred maintained frequent communication with the Pope, who presented him, as a mark of esteem and honour, ith several religious relics, and conferred considerable privileges upon the axon school at Rome.

With regard to the nature of his administration, we regret that the length which we have already extended our article will preclude us from ntering into detail upon this admirable trait in his character. He found the ingdom almost destitute of institutions calculated to maintain public order—e left it in a state of the most perfect security and tranquility. Of course this result was not produced without a mighty organisation of the internal affairs o the empire. He divided England into counties, hundreds, and tythings; i the last of which the system of Frank-pledge was observed—that is, th reciprocal liability of each householder for the good conduct of his neighbours He established four courts of law: one for the settlement of minor difference arising in the tithings, in which the decennary, or ten householders, dispense justice; another, comprising ten decennaries, convened every month for th trial of more weighty matters; the third, consisting of the same persons as th former, who, however, appeared under arms, was held annually, chiefly for th purpose of inquiring into military and judicial affairs; the fourth, or county court, that assembled at Michaelmas and Easter, was composed of the freeholder of the shire, and presided over by the bishop, assisted by sheriffs and other officers. This court adjusted such disputes as might arise between the inhabitants of different hundreds, and took cognisance of appeals from the two firs courts. But in order to render the administration of the law as equitable a possible, Alfred rigidly scrutinised the magistrates' qualifications, reprimande and removed those who neglected their duties; and finally any person wh deemed the verdict awarded in these tribunals unjust, had the privilege o appealing to the highest court—to the king himself. The people were no tardy in appreciating this inestimable boon.

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* William of Malmesbury's "English Chronicles."

The form of trial by jury (with the merits of which every one must b conversant) is another institution ascribed to Alfred's comprehensive mind But with respect to the laws existing previously to his reign, he does not appea to have effected any very serious alteration, either in their nature or number being apprehensive that his enactments might not be consonant with the wishe of his successors. Such, however, was the excellent manner in which the law wa administered, that articles of great value, though exposed on the public road remained perfectly secure; and, notwithstanding the rigorous observance the penal statutes, no undue limits were placed upon the people's liberty—i this particular, as well as in all others, he acted on an enlightened policy f in advance of his era.

He paid considerable attention, also, to the increase and improvement England's naval resources—to the introduction of experienced, clever workme —to the fortification of his kingdom, and to the repairing of such towns as ha been desolated by the Danes. In every county he retained a body of troop which in case of any sudden outbreak were ready to protect his dominions and for the purpose of furnishing him with information, a statistical survey wa taken of the whole island. This register was preserved at Winchester.

Besides these important measures, he established for the consideration matters affecting the public, three councils; in the first of which he and h favourite ministers weighed the subjects to be submitted to the second counci formed of bishops, earls, viscounts, judges, barons, and those only whom th king requested to attend. The third, convened annually in London, was denom nated the National Assembly (or in Saxon, the *Witena-gemot*), and comprise the nobility as well as representatives from the middle ranks. Succeeding ag have materially modified the features of these Germanic institutions, but the can be no question that it formed the basis upon which the cabinet a privy council and parliament of the present day have been founded.

Alfred's death occurred on the 28th of October, 901, after a glorious reign twenty-nine years and six months. He left two sons and three daughters; the former of whom he bequeathed various lands and five hundred poun each; to his Queen Elswitha, and each of his daughters, certain villages a one hundred pounds; the rest of his property being devised to the clergy a other individuals. He was buried in somewhat of a patriarchal mode Winchester Cathedral, where Edward, his son and successor, purchased fro the ecclesiastical authorities a piece of ground at the rate of half-a-crown foot! His other son, Ethelwerd, followed a recluse life, and is said to have be a man of considerable learning.

e life of Alfred presents us with a picture on which we can gaze with ed pleasure. All is harmony and beauty, nothing is harsh and disnt. The magnitude of his works, the purity of his character, the love he mly evinced towards his people, are subjects on which his countrymen well dilate with enthusiastic admiration. The lapse of nine centuries has er cooled their regard for him, nor weakened the opinion which they tain of the immense benefits he has conferred upon England. In the far nt Indian empire, and in the Pontiffical dominions, his name was venerated, ts were applauded; and even in the hearts of the barbarous Northmen enerosity and humanity found in after years a ready response. Historians felt an honest delight in placing him in the same rank with those great and spirits whose birth has been, and ever will be, the advent of a new epoch e world's progress, the dawn of an extended civilisation. In short, no gyric of ours is needed, to add one iota to the wreath of fame with which rity has encircled the brow of the immortal Alfred.

THE CHILD AND THE SUNSET.

BY FANNY E. LACY.

Full oft would I, in childhood's day,
  With childhood's wondering mind,
Stand gazing on the tinted clouds
  With the parting sun behind;
And thought that heaven's palaces
  Were unto me so nigh,
It seemed as if with joyous bound
  I unto heaven might fly.

Oh! 'twas a blest simplicity
  To watch the lingering ray,
And view each bright revolving form
  So softly fade away;
And think that angels' faces
  Were smiling down on me,
Inviting to those heaven-lit ways,
  With them in heaven to be.

But happier now to walk the earth,
  With glance still raised above,
A child still learning lessons there
  Of wisdom fraught with love:
To know there is a brighter world
  Beyond this world of sin,
And, viewing glories fade without,
  To find my heaven within.

PAUL PEVENSEY;

OR, THE MAN FROM BELOW.*

CHAP. XXXVI.—RECONCILIATION.

PAUL, as I have observed at the close of the foregoing chapter, bore forth in his arms the young woman he found in the shed, and discovered he had been in a grievous error. If he had really murdered Redmond he had done so for no offence committed against himself. His companion was not Fanny Wilkinson, but another young actress, to whom, in despair of succeeding with Fanny, he had attached himself. Paul's agony of mind now knew no bounds, especially when Link, in his rough uncouth manner, observed—

"I think you have done his business, Paul."

"God forbid!" exclaimed the latter, dropping on his knees beside the body, having first deposited Miss Winwood somewhat roughly on the grass. "God forbid!" he exclaimed, and lifting up Redmond's head, and supporting it tenderly, he inwardly implored Heaven to come to his aid. There are usually pools of water in grazing fields, which, though they degenerate into thick puddles in summer, are still not without their use on occasions like the present. By Link's advice Redmond was borne to the side of the pond, and there, by a plentiful aspersion of the somewhat unsavoury fluid, recalled to consciousness; while Paul, under the influence of a double joy, that of having escaped the commission of a great crime, and the belief that all his suspicions of Fanny were unfounded, implored his forgiveness in the most earnest and vehement manner, reiterating every species of apology which he thought likely to soften the offended actor. Redmond was not implacable; extending his hand to Paul, he said—

"I have been wrong as well as you, let us henceforward be friends; but, he added, looking about wildly, where is Miss Winwood?"

Mr. Link had not been unmindful of that young lady's condition, but as soon as he saw Redmond beginning to revive, had proceeded to her assistance. He found her sitting upon the grass, in the act of endeavouring to recollect where she was, and informing her that no great harm had been done after all, brought her presently to the spot where the rivals, now become friends, were uttering mutual apologies and explanations. It was agreed that no notice whatever should be taken of what had happened, that the reconciliation of Paul and Redmond should apparently be gradual, and that they should all return together to the town as if they had accidentally met in their walk.

Delivered from the disturbing influence of jealousy, Paul proceeded assiduously with his studies, his mind expanding and acquiring fresh strength every day. Redmond, who in spite of his dissipated habits was not without a certain kindliness of disposition, assisted him considerably by initiating him in the traditions of the stage, with which he was naturally much better acquainted than Mr. Link, and by bringing under his notice that department of literature which treats of the drama and its development.

Redmond, as I have said, was a man of talent, but without originality of mind, or fixedness of character; he was, therefore, in all things an imitator, and having studied the styles of acting of several celebrated performers, could without much difficulty reproduce them all in succession. From this it will be obvious that he had no system of his own; scarcely, indeed, could he be said to have any ideas or opinions peculiar to himself, because he had so completely subjected his understanding to the sway of others, that even when he seemed

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* Continued from page 253.

st independent he was only giving utterance to ideas and notions which he
nembered, and fancied to be his own.

Paul, on the contrary, was dogmatical and headstrong, like most persons of
ginal character; he felt there was a good deal to like about Redmond, though
perience taught him, in spite of himself, that with such a man real friendship
s impossible. Paul was all energy, impulse, and enthusiasm; Redmond natu-
lly cold and phlegmatic, but possessed by the desire to seem warm and impul-
ve, because thus alone could he hope to pass for a man of powerful intellect,
hich he coveted above all things. On several points Paul recognised his infe-
ority to Redmond, who had enjoyed the benefits of a regular education, and
en infinitely more of what is called the world. On these advantages he was
clined to insist and dilate as often as opportunity offered, especially as he
ved to be thought the acquaintance of great people, as well as a man of
shion and intrigue. That he had now fallen below his proper level was not
be disguised. He confessed he was a mere actor, without fortune, without
iends, without any other visible or tangible means of subsistence, but yet not
ithout splendid expectations. He could not tell to what eminence he might
t rise, and with these brilliant but shadowy prospects he had endeavoured to
zzle the mind of Fanny Wilkinson, but altogether without success; he there-
re transferred his attentions to Miss Winwood, a person not much unlike
mself, egotistical, worldly-minded, unimaginative, but yet capable, like most
her women, of some degree of attachment. In person she was a pretty blonde,
nder, and above the middle height, which rendered almost inexcusable Paul's
staking her for Fanny in the forest. As a comic actress she had some merit,
t never could bring herself to experience the least sympathy with the great
aracters of tragedy, whose passions bore them aloft into regions whither poor
ss Winwood's fancy was unable to follow. It was upon the whole fortunate
fell in with Redmond, since they suited each other exactly, neither of them
ving a single idea projecting beyond the region of self.

Into that modification of life which exists behind the scenes, particularly in a
olling company, I have no leisure to enter, though upon the whole I must
that it is far more respectable and exemplary than the out-of-door world are
lling to believe. Full of troubles and difficulties it no doubt is. Poverty
en shows itself there in its most menacing attitude, while the worthy denizens
that sphere of illusions are labouring, perhaps, to dazzle the public with
ws of magnificence, and to deceive even themselves into the belief that they
ssess something of the poetic grandeur with which for a few fleeting hours
y invest themselves. Actors and actresses, by all the accidents of their
ling, are placed in a false position, being condemned habitually to deal with
at ideas and conceptions, which, if they yield to the force of inspiration, lift
m so far above the level of every-day life, that they are unable properly to
end to its concerns, and if they do not, desert them so completely, that they
to command the necessary amount of sympathy from their audiences.

Yet there are compensating circumstances in the life of the stage which serve
reconcile people to it, notwithstanding its disadvantages; they who lead it
e in an incessant whirl of excitement which quickens their most extravagant
es into activity, and induces them to forget the disastrous realities of the
sent in intoxicating dreams of future triumph. Each individual actor or
ress thinks the season of revival in public taste must come, when the drama
l resume its pristine glory, and all its servants and expositors be raised to afflu-
e. Fortunately the consciousness of incapacity presses itself upon few
ds. Vanity whispers to us all that we possess within ourselves the germs
undeveloped greatness, and we live and die in the fond belief that mankind
l recognise this pleasing truth, either while we are here to enjoy the results
the happy discovery, or after death shall have set his seal upon our perfor-
nces, and made them in some measure classical, by rendering them indepen-
t of time and place, silencing envy, blunting the edge of personal animosity,
kindling, perhaps, those generous sympathies which the truly great always
for persecuted and oppressed merit.

But to this posthumous justice the actor cannot look forward; if not appreciated while he lives, he never can be. He addresses himself to present eyes and hearts, and has, properly speaking, no future. From the moment he sinks below the horizon his name is associated with nothing more than the echo of a reputation. He leaves behind him nothing to which mankind can appeal but the faint recollection of pleasure treasured up by his surviving contemporaries, and transmitted imperfectly to the succeeding age in books. And, yet, while he treads the boards, and sees before him those crowded and piled-up spectators whom he denominates the world clapping their hands and loudly applauding his performance, he, perhaps, experiences sensations more purely delightful than those of the greatest conqueror, since they are not necessarily associated with any ideas of criminality, or damped by any remorseful consciousness. And what is true of the actor is truer still of the actress. For in addition to the homage paid to her genius she witnesses the incense offered up to her beauty, and remembering that many have made but one short step from the stage to the most gorgeous mansions of nobility, she also expects to convert life into a romance, and soar from the lowest to the highest fortune.

CHAP. XXXVII.—A THOUSAND A YEAR.

AFTER the adventure above narrated, Paul pursued for some time the by-no-means noiseless tenor of his way, since he ranted and mouthed prodigiously for the gratification of the world, without encountering any fresh troubles. Fanny seemed to be now all his own, he had got rid of the rivalry of Redmond, and no new competitor had appeared in the field. Several times in the week he acted with her on the stage, and there, under the mask of another character, often addressed to her that fervid language of admiration, which, in imaginative and powerful characters, often approaches idolatry.

The Wilkinsons, by prudence and unremitting industry and economy, were growing comparatively wealthy, though they were still very far from possessing that amount of capital which would have enabled them to encounter the risks of a large theatre, even in one of the provincial capitals of the empire. Of necessity, therefore, they were keenly alive to every advantage held out to them by fortune. Paul, from being an incumbrance, had now come to be one of the chief stays of their company, since he acted ably and in a popular style and drew crowded audiences wherever they went. In every sense, therefore, they had reason to applaud their kindness to him, and looked forward with unmixed satisfaction to the prospect of his union with Fanny, waiting only till time should render it prudent.

One evening Fanny performed, at a town in Yorkshire, the character of Lady Macbeth, which ever since she became an actress had possessed extraordinary fascination for her. In dressing the part she followed a theory of her own, wore her own light hair, and sought by every means in her power to augment the feminine delicacy of her appearance. At first the audience were rather shocked, because what she did was contrary to usage. But in England originality is always viewed with more or less favour, and therefore the good people who for some time time fancied themselves displeased, at length recognised the truth of the conception, and rewarded it with tumultuous applause. Next morning at breakfast Fanny received a note from a gentleman of fortune, inviting her to a party the following evening at his house. Similar invitations were sent to Paul and Redmond, and at the proper time they proceeded together to the dwelling of their wealthy host, who they found lived in a very liberal way upon his own estate, with his mother and his sister.

Fanny was properly speaking the star of Wilkinson's company, though Paul now began to attract great attention, and to draw crowded audiences. It was around her, therefore, that all the people crowded at Mr. Westland's party; and the host himself, highly educated, and greatly devoted to the drama, treated her with the most distinguished respect, handing her to and from the piano when she sang, and conversing with her as often as the proper share f attention to the other guests rendered it practicable. Paul immediately put he most uncomfortable construction on these marks of politeness, and towards he close of the evening, when Mr. Westland took his place beside Fanny on he sofa, and entered upon a discussion with her on her conception of the character of Lady Macbeth, Paul felt assured that he beheld before him a danerous rival, with whom it would be impossible for him to deal as he had dealt with Redmond. Trembling, therefore, with suppressed indignation and jealousy, he stood near, with the intention of joining, as soon as possible, in the converation, that he might keep alive in Fanny's mind her recollection of him, of which the modesty of genuine passion taught him to doubt the force. He did not think her fickle, but he thought it quite possible that a better man might present himself, whose superiority she would not fail to recognise, and whom, without blame, she might prefer before him. The want, therefore, of overweening vanity rendered him jealous. It was in himself that he wanted faith, not in Fanny. He looked up to her as to one of whom he was altogether unworthy, though this conviction, instead of inducing him to relinquish hope, only rendered him the more fiercely eager to secure the prize. It will not, consequently, be difficult to imagine the state of inquietude and uncertainty with which he drew near the spot where Fanny and Mr. Westland were discussing the character of Lady Macbeth.

"I was much struck," observed that gentleman, "by your appearance on the stage as the Thane of Cawdor's wife in a manner so entirely at variance with all our received notions. We had been accustomed to see her person put as much as possible into harmony with her acts and ideas, though it would be difficult, perhaps, to explain what connection there is between dark eyes, black hair, a pale swarthy complexion and crime, especially when historically we know that some of the greatest criminals who figure in modern history have been fair."

"I was not aware of that fact," answered Fanny, "but I felt that a more powerful effect would be produced by representing a striking contrast between Lady Macbeth's appearance and her actions. From a scowling, fierce, fiendish-looking woman you expect nothing but displays of wickedness, and therefore you experience no surprise when, from the gratification of pride and ambition, she plunges into guilt. But when you behold a tender, fair, gentle-looking creature wielding daggers, trampling on the laws of hospitality, smearing people's faces at midnight with blood, and becoming the accomplice of the worst of crimes, you are infinitely shocked and startled, and driven to question and examine your theory of human nature, to ascertain whether in reality such things can be. If, as you say, experience has already answered in the affirmative, my conception of Lady Macbeth's personal appearance is at least justified. But perhaps my notion of her character is as little consonant with the received opinion as my view of what her costume and complexion should be."

"And what is your notion?" inquired Mr. Westland.

"I think," answered Fanny, with much diffidence and sweetness of manner, "that Lady Macbeth is upon the whole a great and noble woman, who becomes suddenly contaminated by an access of frenzied ambition. She aspires o be the wife of a king, not in order that she herself may exercise sovereignty, but that she may behold the sceptre in the hands of the man she loves. With a subtle sophistry not uncommon in women, she invests the deed of guilt with metaphysical disguises, invokes the intoxicating influence of power, suggests the imaginary solace which all their future days and nights would receive from reposing on the apex of sublunary affairs and giving law to the most turbulent wills around them. She feels that she is not to be the actor of this dreadful tragedy, but the contriving and persuading intelligence which is to employ man as its coarse instrument. Forestalling ideas too prevalent in our own imes, she strips life of its sacred character, and ingeniously sophisticates herself nto the belief that the end sanctifies the means; that to do great good it is lawful to do a little ill, and that to administer the whole realm of Scotland her husband may, without much soiling of his conscience, dispatch an old man to his final account some few months or days, perhaps, before the time allotted him by nature."

"But this sophistry is very wicked," interposed Mr. Westland's mother, who, seated in an arm-chair, had hitherto listened in silence to Fanny's conversation.

"Yes, madam," answered Fanny; "it is indeed very wicked, and God forbid that I should for a moment dream of excusing it. I only desire to express an idea, which in the course of my studies has presented itself to me that Lady Macbeth is not a fiend in human form, but a woman, with a woman's heart and feelings, though for a moment perverted by a guilty passion."

"But does she not," inquired Mr. Westland, "give utterance to the most horrid ideas, and express a readiness to commit the worst of crimes should her husband prove unequal to their perpetration?"

"I admit," replied Fanny, "that she uses very vehement language, but throughout the whole play she does nothing but talk. Her most revolting speeches prove nothing; she tells us what she would do, but we never find her actually engaged in crime. That most shocking of all ideas that had she bound herself like her husband to do so by an oath, she would have taken the infant at her breast and dashed its brains out, is a mere rhetorical figure of speech. That she would under no circumstances have done so is clear from this, that she could not kill Duncan because he looked like her father in his sleep. Still less, then, could she have killed her baby, which would have reminded her of her husband and her dearest love. Her boast is one of those wild tricks of the imagination of which it is guilty in moments of tempestuous passion."

"To come to the point at once," observed Mr. Westland, "do you think that Lady Macbeth, if she were a real woman, living and breathing here before us, is one whom a man could love?"

"Excuse me, sir," cried Paul, "if I venture to give a reply to that question. With all Lady Macbeth's faults, I would marry her myself to morrow."

"Indeed," exclaimed Fanny, looking him archly in the face.

"That is," answered Paul, hesitatingly, and blushing deeply—"that is supposing I loved nobody else."

Mr. Westland was so earnestly engaged in gazing upon Fanny, that he did not notice Paul's confusion, "I am very much struck by the novelty of your ideas, Miss Wilkinson," said he, "but know not how to reconcile them with the general impression to the contrary. Everybody entertains a horrid idea of Lady Macbeth. She appears to their imagination robed as it were in sanguine vapour, and surrounded by the steams of blood. In looking on her little white hand, they behold nothing but the ruddy, damning spot upon it. They forget altogether that she is a woman, a young and beautiful woman; a wife and a mother. How is this? I am unable to explain it to myself."

"And what is difficult to you," answered Fanny, "a man of education and acquainted with the world, must be impossible to me. Yet I fancy I have a sort of dim perception of how the thing may have come to pass."

"Pray favour me with it, Miss Wilkinson."

"Well," observed she, "I think there are two reasons which may account for the prevalence of a false impression. First, people usually see the play before they read it, and it is one of the tricks of the stage to seize upon the most terrible emotions, to associate them with a particular tragic character, and to rivet as it were the minds of the audience with the single point in the development of that character which is the most likely to produce the deepest effect on the feelings and on the memory, Second, people only see Lady Macbeth during her moments of excitement and during her connection with crime. They forget all her gentler hours, they never picture her to themselves with her baby on her knee, or affectionately attending upon the father whom it is clear she deeply loved, or embracing tenderly the husband of her choice. These things the poet for his own purposes has kept out of sight, and the public, for the most part, can only see what is placed palpably before them. I am, of course, arguing as if Lady Macbeth were a real woman. We do not see all that goes necessarily to the making up of so lofty a character—so intellectual, so self dependent, so full of sovereign will, so imaginative, so resolute; daring, yet kind and affectionate. We only behold the single vice which blots the fair scutcheon. But this appears wrong to me, and shows that in criticising Shakespeare we often lose sight of the principles upon which our judgments should be based."

Mr. Westland replied her theory was so new to him that he must once more read the play and think on the subject before he discussed it further. Conversation then glided into the ordinary channels, and the rest of the evening was passed in the common-place way.

For nearly three weeks Mr. Westland was a constant attendant on the theatre, and wherever Fanny was invited contrived to be of the party. At the end of that time he called upon Mr. Wilkinson, and formally proposed for Fanny, and offered to settle upon her a thousand a year. He had no reason to expect a refusal, being young, handsome, and agreeable, as well as rich; and the father's heart leaped at the splendid prospect which such a marriage would hold out, not only to Fanny, but to them all. However, he said he would take time to consider of the matter, and the moment Mr. Westland left proceeded to hold with his wife a council of war. He knew the attachment which existed between Fanny and Paul—but then the idea of a thousand a year! Paul himself must see the reasonableness of the sacrifice. Mrs. Wilkinson was not quite so sure of this, and equally doubtful was she whether Fanny would see it; she, therefore, after much consultation and discussion, said, that as a mother she knew but of one way of settling the affair, which was to leave it entirely to Fanny herself. This the father could not deny was reasonable, and the young actress was called in to decide upon her own fate. When she had heard the whole story, the comments and interpretations of her father and mother, she exclaimed—

"Oh, dear papa; can you have any doubt as to what I shall say? Why, I would not give up Paul for the universe; and then, what do I want with a thousand a year?—or you either, papa? We are as happy as princes now. I love you and my mother. I love the stage, and would not willingly quit you and it for all the wealth in England. Besides, I have encouraged Paul to believe that I will be his wife, and that I love him with all my heart. After this, would not you despise and be ashamed of me if I could sell myself to Mr. Westland, whom of course I could no more think of loving than the man in the moon? If Paul were a bad character, it would be another thing. But he is all that you could wish; honest, faithful, generous, and as fond of me as a tiger. Indeed, I do believe he's got the blood in him, and that he would tear me to pieces if I were unfaithful, which I never will be, for the richest and handsomest man that breathes—so don't think of it for a moment, 'pa. Give Mr. Westland a civil answer, and let us be off to-morrow; I've no notion of being bored by his addresses."

Our worthy strolling manager relinquished the prospects of a thousand a year with reluctance; but was far too good, kind, and clear-sighted to think of forcing his daughter's inclinations, or to believe that the attempt would be of any use. He therefore complied with her wishes, and within four-and-twenty hours they were on their way to the next town.

Chapter XXXVIII.—Re-appearance of an Old Friend.

Players, it is well known, have a great fancy for high-sounding and aristocratic names, and therefore though some few remain content with the uncouth appellations which their unlucky stars have conferred upon them, the greater number become Mordaunts and Nevilles, Howards, and the Lord knows what. Paul Pevensey, for his sins, fell into this foolish practice, and was known on the stage as Mr. De Valensey, which had as well a foreign as an aristocratic air about it. Pevensey would have perhaps been quite as agreeable, but not so grand, and consequently our hero, whose ambition soared as high as there was any place in the universe to take it to, rejoiced in the prenomen, nomen, and cognomen of Frederick Augustus De Valensey. This step he took under the influence of Mr. Redmond, who having been denominated Frank Walker by his god-fathers and god-mothers, had contemptuously dropped those plebeian syllables, and christened himself Plantagenet Redmond.

This fact I have thought proper to mention, not that it is of any importance, but simply because it is a fact; henceforward we must consider Mr. Paul Pevensey as utterly absorbed and lost in Mr. Augustus De Valensey. His stage companions, used to masquerading, recognised the change, and De Valensied him to his heart's content—all except Tom Link, who regarded it as a piece of ridiculous foolery, and insisted on the privilege of sticking to Paul Pevensey. "I shant call you Frederick Augustus, and so I warn you of that; so don't expect it—you'll always be Paul to me, and nothing else."

"My dear Mr. Link," cried Paul, "that is exactly what I wish, and really am sorry already that I did not follow your advice. But it's too late now, I'm known to the world as De Valensey, and I should lose what little reputation I have acquired."

"I don't deny that," replied Link, "but that's just what I told you at the outset. However, it can't be helped now, as long as you remain on the stage the name of De Valensey must stick to you, but between ourselves I shant call you by any such ridiculous name."

In the course of their peregrinations the Wilkinsons found themselves at Worcester, where some days after their arrival Paul appeared in the character of Orlando, in *As you like it.* He was always deeply affected by the forlorn situation of the hero of the play, which in some degree resembled his own, though Orlando had never been one-hundredth part so desolate and wretched as he; he therefore threw his whole soul into the character, and when, in company with old Adam, he departs as an exile from the house of his father, Sir Roland de Bois, he looked so wretched and woe-begone that the brightest eyes in the theatre were usually filled with tears.

On the occasion in question a lady seated in one of the boxes, with a gentleman and two fine children by her side, was so exceedingly struck and affected by the appearance of the young actor, that it was with some difficulty she sat out the piece. As she looked upon him a thousand strange and vague ideas flitted across her mind. Like him she could not exactly say he was, but yet he reminded her strongly of a person she had known and loved. It was very strange, but yet there could be nothing in it; if alive he would be about the age of Mr. De Valensey, but this was obviously a man of education and a gentleman, a dashing, proud, and handsome man, who had no doubt seen much of the world, while the poor dear object of her love would necessarily have been the very contrary, except, indeed, in beauty, in which he as much surpassed Mr. De Valensey as the latter did him in appearance and manners, that is, according to the best of her recollection; yet there was something in his looks, and very much in his voice, which reminded her of other days—days of mingled sweetness and bitterness, in which her heart was distracted by the opposing emotions of love and fear. Sometimes as she gazed her heart was flooded with maternal yearnings, called into existence by some tone of the actor's voice. Presently, again, reason came in to dry up and disperse these delicious feelings. It could not—oh, it could not be.

The reader will readily have divined that this was no other than Kate Pevensey, who, as the wife of Mr. Stanley, had returned from the east, polished, refined, but as fond and affectionate as ever. The mother of two pretty daughters, who, like herself, had somewhat of the languor of Asia in their countenance and eyes, she would have given the world to know what the reader knows—that the young actor before her was her son Paul; yet, somehow, the man reminded her of the child. Nature had been true to herself in its development; in growing he had altered very much, but yet the basis of the features remained, that arch, fierce, affectionate expression, which made people love him, though with a slight mixture of apprehension. The feeling in some sort resembled that with which we regard a tame panther; we see, know, and are sure the creature loves us, and are fascinated by its beauty, and those thousand winning tricks and gambols which the fiercest animals delight in, more, perhaps, than others; but when we behold the glitter of its eyes, and remember the strength of its teeth, and the length of its claws, and the irresistible power which lies latent in its frame, a slight consciousness of danger mingles with our pleasure; we feel well assured it wont hurt us, but can never quite forget that it could annihilate us in a moment if it would.

As Mrs. Stanley looked upon her son all the events of her life passed in procession before her. Time had changed the material mould in which her soul was tabernacled, but not that soul itself; that was as ardent, fresh, and loving as at the first moment when she appeared before the reader. Time never subdues love, it only enables us to distinguish the counterfeit from the true—that which is genuine is part of the soul, and, like it, must be immortal. She asked herself, in the language of Scripture, "Can a mother forget her son?" A thousand holy associations, recollections of cherished pains, remembrance of delicious sorrows, visions of the cradle of innocence, of infancy, of hope and fear, broke upon and agitated her mind. She remembered when she was desolate in her lonely cottage, and when the weight of Paul's head pillowed on her bosom seemed to still the anguish of her heart, when his smiles cheered her, and when the clasping of his little arms about her neck, and the nestling of his cheek against hers kept alive her hopes, and constituted her only solace in life; and could accident and chance in the lapse of a few years have spread so thick a mist between them that now, though they stood face to face, they did not know each other? The mother, indeed, not by instinct but by memory, perusing the lineaments of the actor acquired some obscured suspicion of the truth; yet she concealed her suspicion from her husband, for it seemed to be built upon so slight a foundation that she feared she should only appear to him as a dreamer.

With respect to Paul himself, had the bare thought that his mother was among the audience crossed his mind, all his powers would have been paralysed in a moment; feeling would have swallowed up everything else. The man who has lost his mother young, but yet old enough to remember her, thinks of her ever after as of a being formed of a different clay from others. It is a love like no other love except that which great and heroic souls feel for God. The world may render us unmindful of our duty, but it can never quench in noble minds this sacred sentiment, which forms the basis that supports all that is pure, lofty, and glorious in our moral and intellectual nature: it is a love which interferes with no other love, but rather strengthens it, by creating in the heart the habit of loving, which we do from our cradles till the entrance to the narrow house closes upon us; and unhappy, so as almost to seem accursed, would that man be who in his passage over this bank and shoal of time should love and be loved by no one.

"My dear Kate," exclaimed Stanley, looking at his wife; "what is the matter? You look pale and agitated, are you ill? Why do you keep looking at the stage so—does it awaken any painful associations? Ah, my God! you tremble, let us go home."

"No, Laurence," answered she, in a whisper, "we will remain. I am much agitated indeed, but I fear it is a foolish thought; however, you shall judge of that by-and-bye. I cannot explain more at present."

The play went on, and Paul at length disappeared from the stage, upon which Mrs. Stanley rose, and said "Now, Laurence, we will go home. I'm anxious to tell you my thoughts, though I fear you will consider them unreasonable." When they were at home, and when little Kate and Laurentia had gone to bed, she communicated to her husband the idea that the young actor who played Orlando might possibly be their son Paul.

"Well," observed the husband, "now you mention it, his face did seem connected with familiar associations, and is really something like yours. It is so handsome and noble."

Mrs. Stanley smiled.

"You know, Kate, that your face has been always the beau ideal of beauty to me, and upon my word, that young man is something like you. However, we can easily clear up the point. We will invite him next Wednesday to our party, and that there may not seem to be anything particular in the attention we pay him, we will invite the other principal performers along with him. Miss Wilkinson is a most charming person, and Mr. Redmond has very much the air of being a gentleman.

"Well, it is very kind of you, Laurence; but suppose it should'nt be he after all?"

"There will be no harm done, Kate. Indeed, I am not sanguine, but it is our duty to inquire into this matter."

"Oh! but I shall be so disappointed. I'd give the world to find it true! I hope he has formed no bad habits; but it does not matter, all my desire is that I may find our son, whose loss is the only drawback to the happiness of my life."

"Well, my dear," replied Stanley, "it is our duty, as I said, to search and inquire; but his apparent loss may be designed by Providence as a 'chastening for us both, though I wish the weight of it could have fallen upon me alone, since from the moment of our first meeting I alone have been culpable."

"Nay, not so, Laurence, the consciousness of many, many faults oppresses me also. I was doatingly fond of that boy, yet now I reproach myself with neglecting him. Oh! that Providence would restore to me my child! I would make up by kindness and tenderness, as far as possible, for what I ought to have done before."

THE OLD STONE OF DARTMOOR.

By MARY ROBERTS,

Author of "Ruins and Old Trees," &c.

Behold in me an old stone, exceeding old and grey. Men must seek diligently to find me, for I stand in the wildest part of Dartmoor, alone in my solitude, for around me there are no signs of life, except, that a few sheep graze occasionally on the short coarse herbage; and that the black eagle and mysterious bird of Oxenham, with her breast white and unsullied as the winter snow, utter their cries of augury and evil. The melancholy-looking snakeweed grows at my base, with the enchanter's nightshade, vervain, and henbane, herbs of power. Ages back, gray lichens struck their roots into the cracks which storms had wrought; they decayed as time passed on, others of a larger growth took their places, and now the black maiden hair and adder's tongue spring from out the fissures, and my hoary head is crowned with long pendant lichens, and that wild corn, emblem of my utter desolation, wherewith the mower filleth not his hand, nor he that bindeth sheaves his bosom.

Traveller, why cometh thou hither? Wouldst thou gather instruction from trees and stones? Alas! trees there are none, except a few low stunted oaks seen dimly on the hill of bards, but stones are plentiful, and if thou lookest narrowly thou may'st see beside yonder fast flowing stream, the foundations of stone huts, where dwelt men that are forgotten. Wouldst thou seek to know who placed me here? Listen, then. The wild wind of the vast moor is my interpreter. Sighing through the thriftless corn, its trembling reeds utter a soft murmur—they will speak for me.

Yonder sun arose as it now rises, and passed in might and glory over the vast expanse of this once peopled solitude, when a company of white-robed Druids, bearing branches of mistletoe, and attended by men clad in skins, and dyed blue with woad, commanded them to fashion my huge bulk. Thus enjoined they wrought steadily, often beneath the light of the full moon, and often in rain and wind, till I stood as now I stand, and around me uprose a circle of stones, of which each solid base was firmly and deeply seated.

"Ah!" said the old stone, or rather said its whispering reeds, "when this was done, how gloriously we stood on our proud eminence; nc lichen had then dared to strike its roots into my stately column. I was crowned with wreaths of sacred flowers, and libations were poured on my head. Men hailed me as the representative of power, and bowed low in passing. Multitudes came to this high place, watching for the morning rays, when all around was fresh, verdurous, and joyful, and light wreathing mists were seen to roll from off the kindling landscape. It was thus that the Druids allured their votaries with the pleasant appliances of flowers and sunbeams, to delight in worshipping that bright luminary which seemed as the symbol of beneficence. To the worship of the sun was appended that of the wandering moon; she was made a declaration of times, and a sign to the world, shining in the firmament of heaven, its beauty and the glory of the stars. British women made cakes to worship her, and poured out libations to the queen of heaven. Where stands yonder grove of dwarf oak trees, stunted by fierce winds that sweep through the valley of the Dart, twisted, tortuous, and moss-grown, priestesses adored her, whose bright beams lighted up the sacred place where they worshipped. Ah! those dwarf oaks seem rooted there as if in mockery of the majestic trees that spread their branches far and wide when priestesses walked beneath then, and priests went forth, clothed in white, to cut the sacred mistletoe from off their branches with a golden knife.

Festivals were held around me, rites of the British Godo or Ceres, observed with exceeding ceremony at the time of harvest. A sacred fire was kindled on my summit to her honour, blazing for a year and day; women carrying boughs, and children having their hands filled with flowers danced around the mystic circle formed by my subject stones. They sung too, and their joyous voices sounded in unison with the answering shouts that responded from one hill top to another. Godo was believed to foster the fruits of harvest, and to her the finest ears of corn were presented by the officiating priest, while his brethren formed around him the mystic circle held sacred in all observances and rites. Flowers, beauteous symbols of purity, were strewed on every side; this dull lone space, with a few broken stones, just seen above the grass, was often covered both in spring and autumn, with sweet and fragrant offerings. Think not that the moor looked then, as now it looks—flowers grew here profusely, and young children gathered them.

But now the sun attained his meridian height in the blue heavens, the wind became a zephyr, and the zephyr passed away. The traveller heard, while yet it lingered among the reeds, only broken words, which told of white robes, and mysterious harpings.

He came again—the wind then was high. Grey masses of rolling clouds moved majestically across the heavens, and the storm-beaten stone looked more desolate than ever. Presently the reeds began to rustle, and words came forth of fearful import.

Stranger, art thou here again? I spoke of sunbeams and bright flowers, of obes and music, when last thou watched beside me. Thou shalt hear the everse of these.

Seest thon yonder stunted hawthorn with the white blossoms, growing eside the bright stream that flashes among the stones? Thou seeth nought, ave that tree and river; thou heareth nought save its murmur, and the gentle ustling of the hawthorn leaves. It is well for thee thou couldst not bear the ight of what I am about to tell thee; the vision of what passed there is ever efore me.

Near that hawthorn, a British youth had erected his dwelling. He was one of the aspirants after knowledge, and excelled in all manly exercises; nay more, he had gained prizes in feats of song, and I often heard his fine full-flowing manly voice, chanting the songs of his father land to the maiden he loved. Among the many who came daily to worship within my charmed circle, none might compare with them. They seemed beings of a higher order, and I looked at them, when in the cool of a bright summer evening he first traced the foundations of his home, and reared by degrees the dwelling wherein all his thoughts of bliss were centered. And when that home was reared, rude though it might be, and she had crossed its threshold with her young companions crowned with flowers according to their custom, and came forth again, I thought that so bright a vision, perchance even the arch Druid had never beheld. The youth had kindled his fire on the hearth, at the coming in of winter. I could see its bright flickering flame in the gloom of evening—it burned steadily from day to day, and the time drew near when he would no longer watch alone its gleaming flame, and pile fresh fuel on the solitary hearth. Now came the last day of October, that day which seems to banish all pleasant thoughts of sunbeams and soft winds chasing the summer clouds, and bids all men prepare for the coming in of dark November with its sleet and fog. In the joyousness of his heart, he put out the fire on the hearth, according to ancient custom, and hastened to the home of his beloved, hopeful and rejoicing.

"Go," said her parents, "to the priest, and make thy offering for the sacred branch, kindled upon the altar. We have purchased for ourselves, and relit our household fire."

But the youth did not heed them; he was talking with his betrothed.

"Go," they said again,—"take care that thou dost not fail. This is the doomed one's day."

Thus much they had heard, but scarcely understood its meaning, and the orphan youth knew less.

At length, feigning impatience at their importunities, he snatched up a branch with the vehement joyfulness natural to his age, kindled it from off the hearth, and bounded forth into the night. The dry branch burned furiously, and on he ran, till having reached his hut, a cheerful blaze was quickly seen, where all had been dark before. The priest saw that light, and I heard that his lip quivered. As the angel of vengeance, silently, yet swiftly, he went forth, and crossed the threshhold of the new-built hut.

"Ah, young man, from whence that light?"

"I have rekindled," said the youth, "my fire upon the hearth, according to ancient custom."

"Where gained thou the fire?"

"I snatched it from the hearth of my intended parents."

"Did they consent?"

"O no; they tried to prevent me, but I was too quick for them."

"And thy betrothed—what did she?"

"She had nearly caught my arm, but I bounded over the threshold. I heard swift steps, and voices calling loudly, but I cried, 'Catch me if you can!'"

"It was well for her—for them," solemnly rejoined the priest;" but for thee, young man, thou art a doomed one," and the countenance of the priest was terrible.

The youth began to tremble. He had known the priest from childhood, and had been instructed by him in the higher degrees of knowledge, and had found him both kind and good. He pleaded that in the joyousness of his heart he had neglected the solemn rite which pertained to the closing month, he prayed earnestly for mercy, but he found it not.

Vain, too, were the entreaties of his betrothed; of all those who loved, and had known him from his boyhood days. It might be that the priest felt pity, but he had no power to forgive.

Next came the terrific sentence of excommunication, and never from that dreadful hour was his cold hearth cheered with a gleam of fire. His cattle were taken from him, his innocent sheep driven far away, and even his faithful dog was no more seen. Snow fell fast, the ground was frozen, and the wind howled mournfully, while the doomed one wasted away in his lone hut. No one dared either to aid or pity him; the same terrific doom awaited those who would otherwise have died to save him, if either food or warmth had been bestowed. I have seen the British maiden steal to that lone hut, when she hoped that the Druids would not discover her; they were gone, perchance, their rounds, or perhaps they would not deprive the doomed of the only solace that remained to him. I have seen her by the pale light of the moon enter that wretched place, and urge him to partake of the food she brought. But she could not prevail. He would not consign her to the same hopeless misery.

Night after night she went, till her poor wasted form looked like one of those light silvery vapours that steal over this wild moor. At length she failed, her steps could not bear her any longer, and she was laid to rest near the hut of her parents.

I heard low voices speaking solemnly one night, and a shrouded figure was borne from out the hut, but whither I know not. Some said that one grave held them both; others that the wildest of our torrents bore him to the sea. But this I did not believe. Water is the emblem of life and purity, and who would thus pollute the stream?

Year by year the hut of the doomed one mouldered away, for none would dwell where he had perished. The roof fell in, and grass sprung from the interstices in the walls; one stone came down, and then another; next came a heap of ruins; mosses grew thereon, till at length a slight mound alone pointed out the site of the doomed hut.

I heard but yesterday a daughter of thy race repeating beside me verses to her companions in honour of white-robed Druids, and circles of unhewn stone. She sung, and her voice sounded sweetly, of harps glittering to the moon, and groves of consecrated oaks. No wind then was stirring on the moor, or words, such as she never heard before, would have hushed that song.

Stranger, my tale is ended; but whenever thou hearest these strange imaginings, remember the Doomed Hut.

THE ECHO OF THE HEART.

Amidst the halls of memory,
  We oft hear whispered still
Some broken strains of harmony
  To which our pulses thrill;
Old faces throng around again,
  Old voices we knew well,
Whene'er is heard that phantom strain,
  On which we loved to dwell.

Again the one loved form we clasp,
  And breathe the vows of old,
Again the hand of friendship grasp,
  And feel not it is cold;
The fond emotions once they gave,
  Then flung o'er life a spell,
But now the heart is but a grave
  For all we loved so well.

E. L. B.

THE HEIRS OF PLUMSTOCK.

" It is an ill wind that blows no one good."—*Old Proverb.*

About a hundred years ago, there stood far in one of the Western counties, one of those ancient family mansions handed down for generations from father to son, once so common in England, known by the name of Plumstock Hall. It was a huge dwelling, built with much more attention to comfort and convenience than to architectural elegance. There was no single part about it like another. If a range of windows extended along this side, a bare wall was all that met the eyes on the other; if a mighty stack of chimneys was piled up at one corner, that opposite was naked, flat, and devoid of ornament; if one flight of stairs was broad and capacious, that succeeding was narrow and winding; where one looked for spacious chambers, there were so many partitions and small corners that no space was left; and, on the contrary, when you thought you had reached the utmost limits of the house, a large suite of rooms opened up to your view. Yet, with all this incongruity of structure, as you turned the winding sweep of the high road and first caught sight of Plumstock Hall, boldly towering above all the dwellings around, on a broad sketch of cultivated country, the *coup d'œil* was striking and even grand.

The owner of this mansion was Sir Childe Hallet, a worthy man, and not undeserving of the popularity he enjoyed among the gentry of the surrounding neighbourhood. He was benevolent, and though economising even to parsimony in his private expenses, never grudged a barrel of ale, or a baron of beef, or flitch of home-cured bacon as a free gift on feasts and holidays, to the numerous servants and others employed upon his estate. And his charity ended not here; the widow and the orphan knew, and never recollected him but with a kindly feeling; and, indeed, it would have been marvellous had not such been the case, seeing that he never had been known to turn the suppliant for assistance from his door.

Yet he was an eccentric character, and often committed strange and unaccountable actions, the meaning of which was inexplicable, even to those who knew him best. And in this particular, kindly-spoken and bland as he at other times was, if any presumed to jest with him upon the subject of his, as they termed them mad freaks, he would grow serious, and desire that he might be suffered to do as he pleased, without any man's calling him to account. As he never said aught but this in answer to such remarks, the practice of making them was in time dropped, and Sir Childe Hallet indulged in his curious fancies undisturbed.

Among the habits that excited the curiosity and surprise of the gossips of Plumstock was one which, though it might appear ridiculous at the present day, was not in reality at all so in those times when investment was not quite so safe as it is now. The yearly revenue brought in by the estates from which Sir Childe Hallet derived his income amounted to about five thousand pounds sterling. Regularly every year three-fifths of this had been stowed away in a huge iron chest kept in the house, but the exact locality of which none save the baronet himself knew. As he had pursued this plan with rigid strictness since the age of twenty-two, at which time he had come into possession of his paternal estates, a large sum had at the time when our history opens been amassed, he being now sixty-five years old.

Sir Childe, whose natural habits, when drawn into conversation concerning his own affairs, were reserved and distant, suddenly gave forth the announcement to his friends and acquaintance, that he had two nephews whom he now intended to invite to Plumstock Hall.

"And," said he, "I shall constitute them my heirs—my property shall be divided between them, equally or not according as their conduct and character shall please me."

This resolution, once taken, was forthwith carried into effect. Two letters were dispatched to Laurence and Robert Hallet respectively, the former then residing in London, the latter living on his wits at Paris.

Both these young men were fortuneless orphans, and I will take this opportunity, in a few words, to sketch the nature, temperament, and disposition of each.

Robert, five years the elder, was of an artful and designing character, yet with an open countenance and exceedingly winning manners. Most people disliked him at first, but were soon won over to regard him favourably, until they discovered, from unhappy experience, that the fine and open exterior was but the cloak of a double and intriguing mind, whose energies were never directed according to its own inclination, unless employed in consummating some act of dishonesty and fraud. Laurence was of a far less showy character, yet what he said in your presence you could depend upon his repeating when among others. Wanting Robert's insinuating and graceful manner, his open and honest look gained your good opinion at once. And having said thus much of the two cousins, who, for all their opposite characters, were openly on very good terms one with the other, I shall immediately bring them into action, as they are to perform the principal part in the simple but yet strange history I am about to relate.

They both reached Plumstock, as near as possible, at the same time, Laurence having had to settle his affairs in London before availing himself of his uncle's invitation, while Robert's departure from Paris was not delayed a single hour. The evening succeeding that of their arrival a large party met at the hall, most of the squires and gentry of the surrounding neighbourhood came with portions of their families. The dingy old chambers grew light again, again the ruddy wine flowed plenteously as of yore, and songs and laughter and dancing shook the ancient boards that for so many years had been trodden but by the cold step of formality. Festivity was kept up for many hours, till the light of the winter morning peeped through the windows. Next day they divided into parties, each consulting its own pleasures, and hunted, or rode, or walked about the woods and fields, the weather being delightfully bracing and frosty. Robert Hallet was all courteousness and attention to his uncle, as was Laurence; but with this difference, that whereas the latter was consistent in his conduct while in his presence, he never neglected to say a kind word for the old man when among those who, while they shared and enjoyed his hospitality, did not scorn to malign and sneer at him when not in his company; Robert, on the contrary, though obsequious and full of flattery while there was a possibility of his uncle's noticing it, behind his back used the most disrespectful expressions concerning him, called him a covetous old miser, and ridiculing his manners. Yet, though he played the hypocrite with consummate skill, his uncle in his own heart preferred Laurence, though he allowed none to perceive this by his manner.

One night Robert sat in the great hall with a party of young men and caroused to a very late hour. After the others had retired to rest he sat before the huge fire for some time brooding on his schemes of deception, till, wearied, he rose to go to his chamber, and neglecting to take a light with him proceeded up the staircase and reached a landing-place, where several corridors and narrow passages branched off. Being somewhat deep in wine his intellect was at the moment none of the clearest, and he took the wrong turning. Not perceiving his mistake he continued passing on through many windings and twistings until he arrived in a great corridor, at the further end of which was an open door, through which the unsteady light of a fire streamed. Though now convinced he was not going in the right direction, curiosity prompted him to proceed until he reached the entrance of a huge room, at the further extremity of which a large fire burnt merrily, diffusing a ruddy comfort through the chamber. The broad lofty walls were hung here and there with dingy paintings, and curtains, once splendid and gaudy, but now mouldering, dusty, and dull, swept in massive folds from the ceiling to the floor. A capacious table, entirely draped with green cloth, stood in the centre, while a kind of unwieldy, heavy desk was placed opposite the hearth, with a couple of chairs of curious and antique construction close to it.

Robert was now about to turn back and endeavour to regain the landing-place, when the sound of distant footsteps, evidently advancing towards him, caused him to pause. Conceiving that it might be his uncle, who was a strictly sober man, and conscious of his own disorderly and excited state of half intoxication, he looked around for some place of momentary concealment, as he would not on any account have allowed the baronet to have seen him as he then was.

There being nothing else available, he, without loss of time, got under the table, and arranging the cloth again, remained without making the least noise that might betray his presence to those whom he now heard advancing rapidly along the great corridor. More than one he felt sure there were, for he heard suppressed conversation; and, besides, the footsteps were not those of a single person. Whom they were, and what might be their object in coming thither at that hour of the night he could not divine. He had, however, heard much of the old baronet's peculiarities, and was therefore prepared for curious scenes being enacted at Plumstock.

His suspense was shortly relieved by seeing Sir Childe enter the silent room, accompanied by a tall melancholy-looking man, habited in black, who held a roll of papers and a small leathern case in his hand.

"You understand me, Greppet?" said the baronet. "They are both very well disposed young men, but still one strikes me as more worthy of my preference than the other. I will, therefore, leave Robert all my landed property; Lawrence shall have the chest, of which there is an accurate description among those papers."

"And the hall?" inquired the man in black.

"Must go to Robert," replied Sir Childe; and after some further preliminary observations the melancholy man drew up a will in form, giving and bequeathing all Sir Childe's landed property, Plumstock Hall, and all contained therein, save and except the iron chest, to Robert Hallet, and the said iron chest and its contents was to be given and bequeathed to Laurence Hallet.

"Robert is the elder?" inquired the notary.

"By five years," replied Sir Childe.

"Ah, the landed property generally goes to the elder," said the other.

"There was no absolute necessity for it in this case," answered the baronet.

Robert heard this announcement, and was exceedingly rejoiced at it. He fancied the baronet had cut off his younger cousin with a paltry sum in cash, and from preference to himself had bequeathed him all the estates, together with the hall. He, while congratulating himself in spirit as the future lord of Plumstock, knew not of the enormous wealth lying in the iron chest; nor was he aware of the fact that a large portion of the Plumstock estate was to pass into other hands at the death of the present possessor. Yet, though gratified at what he had heard, his heart was not so dead to the knowledge of good and evil but that a secret feeling of self-contempt crept over his mind, but instead of exerting its legitimate influence upon him it only led him on in his bad career. He knew he was committing an act of despicable meanness in thus watching in a place where he had no right to be, and in listening to what he should not hear. If his conscience, however, made a faint effort to remind him of the wrong he was doing, he choked the voice with specious silent excuses, and betook himself to listening again.

"The miser is not long for this world," said he to himself; "I shall soon call all this my own, and then if I live a dull dreamy life at Plumstock its walls shall speak in complaint to me."

However, notwithstanding the thoughts of the comfortable life in store for him, he at length grew tired of crouching, as he was obliged to do, without stirring hand or foot, under the table, and looked anxiously for the moment when the midnight conference should be ended, and he be enabled to withdraw. Long, however, had he to wait, for the lamps mingled their brilliant lights with the first grey streaks of early morning ere the baronet and the man of law left the chamber. When the sound of their receding footsteps had for some time died away upon his ear, Robert left his hiding-place, and full of joy and contentment retired to his bed-chamber, where he was soon far in the land of sleep.

After this matters at the hall went on for some time in one unbroken routine of festivity and hilarity, until all the guests had outstayed even decent limits, and no excuse remained any longer for trespassing on the baronet's hospitality. He, however, invited them for the fourth time to renew the period of their first invitation, but none were bold enough to accept it again, and at length none remained with Sir Childe save his two nephews.

Laurence, who knew nothing of the existence of the will, continued the same, neither increasing nor decreasing in his kindness to his uncle. Robert, on the contrary, plied him assiduously with attentions, was never out of his call, and, as the old man was fond of reading, never seemed to tire of overhauling musty tomes and mouldy manuscripts for him. Lawrence continually did the same; but having no such ulterior object, and not having the part of a hypocrite to play, seemed not more devoted to his uncle than he in reality was, while his cousin was never weary of pleasing. The baronet had but to mention a wish, and Robert was immediately eager and indefatigable in accomplishing it for him; and when all the household had retired to rest, he would seek his chamber, slam the door violently, stamp with his foot on the ground, and curse the old man for being, as he expressed it, "so infernally tough and long-lived."

One morning Robert had been reading with Sir Childe in the library, when the latter looking at him, as he fancied, with a severe expression in his countenance, suddenly desired him to stop for a moment or two, and read to himself. He smilingly complied, and appeared to give himself up intently to the volume before him, though in heart measuring the old man's probable length of life, and speculating how long he should have to do such dull work for the bright reward he anticipated. The baronet, as was his wont when acting on a sudden resolution, wrote a letter hastily, left it open on the table, and quitted the room for a moment. No sooner had he gone than Robert, leaning over, glanced at the contents of it. Not having time to read it carefully he could only hurriedly cast his eye down the page. The following sentences were all he could gather:—

"As I formed a hasty opinion, which has not been borne out by experience."

Again—

"My opinion of my nephews is utterly changed."

Again—

"Can see through him. He is not what he seems."

And—

"Revise my will entirely. This day week, therefore——"

The latter was directed to "Mark Grappet, ————."

The names of Laurence and Robert were often and confusedly visible on the age, but he did not look at them particularly, as he had no doubt as to their elative positions in the old man's estimation. He was again composedly sitting n his chair, seemingly buried in the book, when Sir Childe entered the room. Ie, of course, suspecting nothing of what had happened, sealed the letter, and espatched it by a servant, and then telling his nephew that he wished to take solitary ride, again left the room.

"And a curse go with you," cried Robert, when he had gone, and the clatterng of his horse's feet over the stone-paved courtyard had reached his ears; and a curse go with you," he repeated, the smothered passion that had boiled vithin him since his glance at the letter breaking forth in all its fury. "What ave I been playing the sneak for all this time? To be outstripped in the race for his favour by my cousin, who is too dull to see what he might gain by rivalling me in art."

About twelve o'clock that night, Sir Childe Hallet retired to his bedchamber. This was a spacious room. The walls were draped with dark tapestry, and the broad low bed was furnished with heavy, gloomy, but rich hangings. A soft carpet covered the floor, and furniture of a massive and expensive kind was placed in the neatest manner about the room. No light. elegant chairs, japanned tables, delicate vases, mirrors buried in beautiful gilding, or articles of virtu that a breath would blow away were there; but solid, antique, richly-carved furniture, rejoicing in sober, but yet bright polish was disposed with taste about that altogether sombre chamber. A couple of short wax candles filled it with a subdued light, while a merry fire added its quota of cheerfulness. Sir Childe stayed long at his table before he retired to rest; but when at length he did so the heavy but regular and measured breathing soon told that he was asleep.

The night wore on—the tapers burnt out, and the fire waxed low, a subdued light filled the room, and Sir Childe Hallet slept on. The hall was wrapped in slumber. From its topmost chamber in the little bell-tower to the gloomy cellars and vaults beneath silence kept solitary watch. There is ever something grand and almost awful in the gloom and shadowyness of night. The heavy darkness that sits everywhere brooding, and melancholy, and dull, fills the mind with strange and unbidden thoughts. Above all, the night watcher feels this. The consciousness of being at that hour almost alone in the world of the quick and conscious steals over the soul, and surrounds it with phantom crowds of shadowy, undefined, and shapeless ideas. Surrounding objects, mute and unobtruding in the light of day, seem, when they are the solitary companions of your vigil, to assume life and being, and each to tell its tale, full of meaning and experience. Faces long forgotten and voices long unheard make themselves visible and audible in the gloom. The very silence seems to speak. It is then that memory exerts her strongest influence upon the mind. Do what you will, strive as you may to turn your thoughts into other channels, pale and indistinct visions of things past float into your presence, and you see clearly without the agency of the eye, and hear sounds of which your organic senses are not cognisant. The recollection of a face will steal under the closed lids, and the memory of a voice needs not the ear to be alive and ready.

Such or something similar to such, must have been the feelings of him who is standing alone in the outer chamber of Sir Childe Hallet's sleeping apartment. Many hours has he stood there. There is no light in the room save that shed by the winter moon as she takes her nightly march along the skies, peering down upon the earth, as if to search into its mysteries and look upon what is taking place among the beings that inhabit it.

What is the purpose of the solitary watcher you cannot tell. That it is sinister there is not much doubt, for he has several times gone to the door of the baronet's room and listened. He does so now—he puts his ear to the key-hole and remains motionless. The heavy breathing tells that Sir Childe Hallet is asleep.

Now was his purpose told. He put his hand into his bosom and drew forth a stout-handled, short-bladed, double-edged, but pointed knife. The steel glimmered in the moonbeams as he raised it to the light and passed his finger over its edge, and then listened again.

Apparently satisfied, he prepared cautiously to open Sir Childe's bedroom door. As he was about to do it, a movement and creaking of the bed frame caught his ear, and he desisted.

Many a man would have, by thus being forced to put off the execution of his purpose for even a moment or two, been involuntarily visited by reflections which might have saved his soul from the ponderous weight of guilt now about to roll upon it; but Robert Hallet made no struggle against the bad promptings of his heart, and but waited till all should relapse into the same heavy silence that reigned before, to proceed with his crime.

He listened again for some moments, scarcely drawing a breath. No sound broke the stillness of the night. Summoning all his resolution, therefore, he noiselessly opened the door and looked in. The fire was almost extinct, the lights had burnt away, and the window of the baronet's chamber was nearly out of the influence of the moonbeams, and only one long yellow streak of her light lay across the toilet table, and reposed slantingly on the bed. Sir Childe lay on his back. The dingy curtain veiled the couch in gloom, save where that solitary ray fell, one of the baronet's hands lay in its light, the other was thrown above his head. A very slight breathing proceeded from the sleeper, and Robert, closing the door gently behind him, bolted it, and advanced with steady but cautious footsteps to the bedside. He compressed his lips and bent down over the old man. No motion save the gentle heave and swell of his bosom disturbed the coverlet, as he lay in his calm sleep, little dreaming that death, in the shape of his best-beloved nephew, stood over him.

Robert mused an instant and then placed his left hand firmly but cautiously on the bed, raised the right as high as possible in the air with the dagger glistening in it, shook and poised it for an instant, as an eagle balances itself on the wing before it darts upon its prey, and then brought it down on the aged man's breast with all the full vigour of his powerful arm. He had calculated the blow but too truly. A struggling collapsing motion for a second or so convulsed his frame, and the sleeper lay dead.

And now, when Robert had returned unheard and unnoticed by any one to the security of his own bedchamber, what had he achieved? Setting aside the moral guilt of his crime, and the probability of detection and punishment among men—not throwing the inevitable retribution to come upon him in another world into the balance—had he bettered his prospects, even in a pecuniary point of view? He had prevented the old man from altering his will, and comforted himself with the belief that he had cleverly outwitted his younger cousin, and secured to himself all the valuable estate of Plumstock.

"As for that paltry money-box," said he to himself, "I might, perhaps, with a little ingenuity, contrive to out-do him concerning that also. But he isn't a bad fellow, and I wont try to deprive him of it. I daresay it is a respectable sum to set him afloat again in the world, but not worth my spending any trouble on it."

Poor fool! Puffed up with pride at being able to consider himself sole lord and master of Plumstock, he had grown quite magnanimous, and declined attempting any other act of fraud to injure his cousin.

Now, as we have said, part of the estate was to pass into other hands at Sir Childe's death. Robert's portion was now worth about three thousand a year, while Laurence's income would amount to no less than twice that sum. Therefore it may easily be seen whether he had bettered or deteriorated his worldly condition by the committal of the dark crime I have described.

Great was the dismay at Plumstock Hall when next morning Sir Childe Hallet was found dead in his bed with the gaping wound in his breast. Many were the searches, many the inquiries, and still more numerous the conjectures as to the perpetrator of the deed. None, however, suspected the real criminal in the least, nor did he himself, as such persons usually do, attempt to fix on any one else as the author of the crime, but contented himself with looking extremely horror-stricken when made acquainted with the fact, and informing every one of the extreme love he bore his uncle, and of his perplexity concerning the person who had committed the deed. Laurence, who could never blind himself to his cousin's character, many and many times when he was least prepared for and least conscious of it cast searching and scrutinising glances, not unmixed with severity, at him, but always failed to detect the remotest shadow of anything like confusion or cowering in the expression of his face. At length he was satisfied that whatever his own opinions might have been, they were groundless, and feeling remorse of conscience bitterly in his heart for ever having conceived them, was convinced that some one of the many people employed at the hall was the real criminal, though, as no robbery had been committed, this supposition was hardly probable. No one, and no one's conduct seemed suspicious. The affair, therefore, appeared likely to remain an inscrutable mystery to the end of time.

When the agitation caused by this occurrence had somewhat subsided, the baronet's will, legally signed, sealed, and attested, was produced and read by Mark Grappet, in full council and assembly. Robert feigned great surprise on discovering that he had been named heir to all the disposable portions of the Plumstock estate. The circumstance, however, at the time caused many scrutinising glances to be bent upon his face. His look, however, betrayed him not, and remained unaltered. Each, therefore, felt ashamed of ever having, as it were, for an instant seen the suspicious beleaguring his own mind, and not having spurned it off at the instant as unworthy of being received.

When, however, the iron chest came to be inquired for, it was found that the old man had neglected to leave any memorandum of the place of its deposit with the description of it, and never had communicated the information to any living soul. Laborious and untiring search was made in all the known recesses and nooks in the mansion, but with no avail. It had been secured in one of the hidden places of the hall, and notwithstanding all the diligent investigations entered into, remained unfound. Laurence by degrees relinquished all hope of ever possessing the money left him by his uncle; while Robert discovered to his infinite chagrin that the estates he had so greatly coveted were not worth quite half what he had expected,—still they were valuable, and enabled him to live in ease and comparative luxury. It was not his disposition to begrudge letting his cousin remain and live as long as he pleased at his expense. In fact, he invited him to remain for his life time. Laurence accepted the offer, proposing to stay with him for a year or so, until he could again start fairly in the world. Nine months passed away. The two cousins still lived together. The crime he had committed seemed to weigh but lightly on Robert's heart, and if his conscience ever spoke a word to him, he would drown the voice in the wine-goblet, or stifle it amid songs, and merriment, and feasting. Gradually the recollection of it almost faded from his mind, though now and then the face of his murdered uncle would look at him while he slept, or cross his path as he walked along the corridor he traversed that night when proceeding to do his projected crime; yet these visitations were few and far between, and if any man had ever a pretension to call himself happy after such a thing as he had done, Robert Hallet might have been chosen as that man.

But one night while the elder cousin and a choice party of "friends" were carousing and making merry in the ample dining-room of Plumstock Hall, Laurence walked forth to enjoy the coolness and freshness of the air, and crossing the fields sat down in a small grove about a mile-and-a-half distant, on the trunk of a fallen tree. He remained here may be for an hour, when suddenly, without giving any previous warning of its approach, a violent storm of wind and rain came on, which soon increased in fury, until it blew a perfect hurricane. A large forest lay on his right hand, and over this the wind swept, bowing it down like a corn field; while ever and anon a loud crash told of the ruin of some ancient oak or towering beech tree. Many a cottage was unroofed, and the rough tiles and thatch were whirled and scattered away as so many leaves. The clattering of falling chimneys, the rushing of a swollen torrent that, coursing and rattling through the fields, had borne away the little wooden bridge that spanned it; the loud voice of the wind sighing in the grass, and crying out of the forest; and the heavy and incessant pattering of the rain, were the only sounds that rose upon the night-air. To the left, amid an unbroken sweep of parks, low woods, and cultivated grounds, dotted here and there with the villas and country residences of the gentry, Plumstock Hall, eminent among the rest, its huge jagged outline broken by many chimneys and gable ends, rose distinctly defined against the dull sky of winter. Suddenly, when within a quarter of a mile of it, Laurence, as he pushed hastily along the pathway over the fields, distinctly saw the mighty building nod, if I may so speak, to the wind, and in an instant after come crashing and crumbling to the ground in one tremendous mass of destruction. Astonishment and terror rooted him to the spot as he saw the ancient mansion melting, as it were, beneath the breath of the hurricane.

The venerable building continued falling and crumbling away, the chimneys flying over the fields, and the furniture of the chambers rolling, and tumbling, and crashing down with detached masses of bricks, stones, and rafters, all in one conglomeration of destruction.

Just as Laurence breathlessly approached the scene of desolation a part of the wall standing in the left wing fell, and something came down with a great noise and jingling, in the field. He involuntarily turned to see what it was, and the long-sought iron chest, bound with glittering brass, met his eye. He, however, paid no attention to it at that moment, but hastened to ascertain whether his cousin and his friends were safe. Most of the inmates of the house had been apprised of danger by a strange rumbling sound at the top of the building, and had rushed forth in time to save themselves. But Robert had not escaped so well; he, with two of his companions, had been struck and miserably crushed by the falling stones.

When Laurence found him he was lying in the last faintness of approaching death, surrounded by servants.

"Laurence," said he, as his cousin stooped by his side, "Laurence, this is the judgment of Heaven on me for that———"

"How! for what?"

"For murdering my uncle. Yes, Laurence, yes, I did it," he answered with a faint and smothered voice, and died.

Our story is told.

There is no necessity for describing the sensation caused by this announcement; suffice it to explain that the iron chest had been built up in a thick wall, which had stood when nearly all the rest had fallen. Many and many were the years that Laurence lived, enjoying the wealth left him by his murdered uncle, in a stately mansion built on the ruins of Plumstock Hall.

THE HIGHLAND BIVOUAC OF 1845.

By the Author of "Highland Sports and Highland Quarters."

CHAPTER II.

But we have now passed the fine cascades of the Teith running from Loch Lubnaig, and have entered the romantic pass of Lennie, through the Grampians. There are few passes in the Highlands more beautiful, none more variedly and richly wooded; and as we halted to admire the wild scenery, the mind wandered far away in comparison to those Biscayan scenes where Mina and his guerilla troops had caused death and dismay to the legions of France. Leaving this almost solemn pass, our britska was whirled over the bridge of Killmahog, a name more pleasing to an English butcher than to ears which then listened to rushing mountain torrents. Kill-me-a-hog, however, reminded us that mid-day had passed an hour since; moreover Loch Van-a-choir, the lake of the Fair Valley, was near at hand—and what scene more fair and calm, near which to form our intended bivouac? A few clouds now hung on the hitherto clear blue vault of heaven, causing the heat to strike less intensely across the vale, and make the picture more calm and solemn. Ben Ledi, shadowed in its dark blue mantle, stood scowling on the Pass of Lennie; the waters from the mountains hurried downwards to join the lake and refresh the air; and soon the hazel plantations which bordered the lake of the White or Fair Valley, in which the tall corn waved, became more narrow, and proceeding rapidly we soon halted at a sequestered spot, within a stone's cast of the lake, made as for the resort of a gipsy encampment. Sheltered by the hazel trees, we soon unharnessed, with the aid of the post-boy, our trusty steeds, and allowed them to pick up the fresh herb, a good supply of corn being provided for their dessert, with refreshing water at hand; this, the first benevolent duty of travellers, over, we forced our way through the thick underwood, and soon selected a truly delicious dining apartment, amid the rocks, and secluded by the trees, on the very margin of Loch Vennachar. Who reading this name does not recal the beautiful poem of the Lady of the Lake, wherein the whole of the scenes on which we then looked are so beautifully and to the life described?—

> " Few were the stragglers following far,
> That reached the Lake of Vennachar."

But we must forget for a moment the beauties of nature, and attend to the calls of a ravenous appetite. Once more the carriage was robbed of every cushion—fires were kindled among the rocks—potatoes washed in the waters of the lake—not a very romantic occupation, nevertheless doing the amateur cook is a very pleasing pastime, and on this occasion we concocted a stew, which had it not been for the damnable midges, which in the Highlands are given to feed luxuriously on the faces, hands, and necks of fair ladies and dark gentlemen who intrude on their domains, we verily believe our gastronomic talent would have surpassed those of the enthusiastic individual who finished his career on a rapier for want of a fish. Nevertheless, in spite of the midges, we stirred and tasted the stew, poured in now a little Reading sauce, now a little Worcester, while they continued to stir us with a vengeance and taste us in spite of ourselves. But the Reading and Worcester were not all the ingredients that fell therein; yet every morsel was eaten and pronounced marvellously *appetisant*, for we kept the fact to ourselves that at least a pint of sand from the shores of Loch Vennachar had assisted in thickening the gravy. We had in those bright days a merry Highland terrier, as joyous and active a little animal as ever was pupped beyond the Border. This little fellow was a great favourite with all who saw him, and as he was our constant companion, and in fact, a great addition to any party, he had been permitted to accompany us—now running by the carriage-side, now chasing mountain sheep, and frightening all the ducks on the road side out of their lives; then, fatigued, resting his little head on the lap of one of the fair ladies—for dogs have good taste in these matters as well as man—or sitting perched up between us on the rumble, in silent admiration of all with life he saw. He had, however, one trick, of which when once learned it was impossible to break him; how or where he had acquired it, it is impossible to explain, and matters little—save that he had not at the same time been taught to practise it in proper season. It was simply that of picking up a stone and laying it at the feet of any person kindly disposed to give him a run on land or a jump into the water to seek it— when, how, or where, little cared he. The day was hot—the water of the lake calm and delightful, two or three refreshing baths had already been afforded him. The party—at least, most of them—had wandered from the spot in search of the picturesque, while he for some brief time sat watching his master's culinary labours—impatient of delay, he at length found a round pebble, and laid it at our feet. Intent on our object of serving a most savoury mess, the high flavour of which began to waft its aroma towards Ben Ledi, we paid little or no attention to his wishes. These, however, he soon apprised us he intended should be gratified; and with an earnest intent to this effect, in pushing the pebble towards us, he cast into the high-flavoured concoction at least half a pint of sand, which pleasing addition he repeated ere we had time to chastise him. We had only one course to pursue, that of stirring a few additional stirs, and then serving to our friends that which we otherrould willingly have enjoyed ourselves; they were satisfied even to reple- pronounced it delicious, and of course gave us the credit of depriving ves for their benefit—but a feast in the open air after a long day's ramble, er being fair, and locality being beautiful, causes an appetite to the least ters, which no heated room, however delightful—no society, however ing—no repast, however suited to the senses, can ever call forth; and on ccasions a sprinkling of sand answers all the purposes of a dash of cay- or any other seasoning of the highest order. Dinner being over, as on the r of Loch Earn, we took our time of repose, the smokers, among whom mbered, sought a fitting divan among the rocks; while the rest of the scattered in different directions, either taking a siesta or in other amuse- , having fully refreshed the body allowed the mind to dwell on nature's es, with which on all sides we were surrounded—not, in our humble tion, that Loch Vennachar bears comparison in boldness or beauty to Earn or those more lovely lakes we were slothfully approaching. Sir r Scott, however, with his bright imagination has nevertheless thrown d it a halo of interest which makes all things, to a mind open to receive appear to advantage.

the dark and leaden clouds which now hang on the craggy pinnacle of the God, speak of a change of weather—the afternoon advances, and we have ome leagues ere we reach our quarters for the night at the small hotel t the mouth of the Trossachs for the accomodation of tourists; moreover, re led to believe that the route which lay before us was one of unsur- g beauty not to be lost sight of by the coming shades of evening, or d and saddened by the approaching storm, which, amid these Highlands frequently unexpected and unprepared for, deluging the earth and all who warily exposed to it, so we quickly gathered up the fragments of our out- neal, packed away the pans and kettles, replaced the cushions, and having d our most civil, but most unenlightened charioteer to harness in his we were soon fairly under weigh again;

"And nearer was the copse-wood grey
That waned and wept on Loch Achray,
And mingled with the pine trees blue
On the bold cliffs of Ben Venue."

an enthusiastic lover of fine scenery, we had looked forward with no on anticipations of pleasure to the four last leagues of this day's ramble. ever were those anticipations, however, we must frankly admit they were than realised as each yard opened new features in the picture more and to be admired, and the sun, now hidden by the gathering clouds, now ng forth again in splendour, produced an effect of light and shade far pleasing to the beholder than had the hoped-for clearness of the as continued throughout the day. Bidding adieu to Loch Vennachar e fair valley from which it takes its name, we now proceeded through ter of small huts, and mounted a very steep, rough road cut from the ain side, winding on through labyrinths and crags intermixed with s of verdure, bogs, rushes, and shady coppice, with mountain rivulets g from all quarters; a road less formed for easy motion of wheels, nsequently less agreeable to ride over, yet more beauteous in variety we y ever beheld—approaching the Glen of Finglass with the river issuing we crossed a small bridge, the Bridge of Turk—

"And when the brigg of Turk was won
The headmost horseman rode alone"—

a strange but beautiful and impracticable hunting country; though the was well nigh run into, ere the sparkling eyes of the fair Ellen gave ne in the distance. As we entered this part of the pass—for pass it may be —strange were the sensations which crowded on the mind; on the right a attered shielings, the river roaring through the deep glen (for there had recently been much rain, and darkened by the shadows of the high towering crags of the forest of Glen Finglass, covered with wood. The river, though loudly heard, was scarcely to be seen, so dense was the foliage—here the lofty pine towering above the thick hazel, varied by the silvery birch and mountain ash bending over the broken flood which rushed towards the bridge. To the left Loch Achray, closely surrounded by hills of every shape and hue, shadowing its cobalt waters. Hence the beauty, we may fairly add the sublimity, of the scene by the borders of Loch Achray, to the very entrance of the foot of Loch Katrine—or more properly written Loch Cathrine—is beyond the power of pen to describe or pencil to delineate, nothing but the eye can truly convey to the mind such scenery. Well may this beauteous lake be termed Loch-a-chravy, or the lake of the Field of Devotion, for never have we witnessed a spot more calculated to call the mind of man from thoughts of the world, the city's din, the struggles of life, to his God in thankfulness that he in his bounty has made such loveliness for man's delight.

On quitting the narrow road which winds, or rather twists under the rocks by the side of Loch Achray, we passed on amongst various shaped crags covered with wood, and rended chasms, deep and dark on every side. No trace of man or living thing was seen; every sound reverberated from rock to rock as if flying through the labyrinth to announce the approach of unhallowed steps. Our hearts were raised in awe to Heaven's solemnity. All was echo; the song of the bird, the sound of the foot of an animal, the rustling of the wind among the trees, the gush of a torrent, or the fall of a pebble resounded through the solemn pass as through a ruined cloister. The gloom hung heavier and heavier on the mountain; now a large drop of heated rain fell from the sky, a slight rumbling sound, the horses pricked their ears, the ladies feared for their bonnets; faster and faster fell the heavy raindrops, louder pealed the thunder, echoing through a hundred hills—flash, flash, the lightning flew across the glen. The morning scene had shifted; then so fair, so calm, so cloudless; now so gloomy yet so grand; the very weather for once seemed to have prepared itself for our enthusiasm. While gliding through treeless moors, and feasting under the canopy of heaven, all was fair, and warm, and dry, over head and under foot; but the moment we entered the wild pass we have thus briefly endeavoured to describe, we were treated to a thousand freaks of most awful grandeur; and although choice would unquestionably not induce us to select such an astonishing atmospheric termination to a pleasant excursion, we must express our thankfulness that the deluge poured on our devoted heads at a moment when shelter was near at hand, and amid scenes of all others made more interesting by such an event. But our carriage now stands before the door of the little Highland Posada, in a spot of exceeding beauty, hard by the entrance to the Trossachs; its outward appearance speaks of homely comfort and rural simplicity. We rest there to-night, to-morrow we will tell you of Helen's Isle; and having looked on the placid lake from the heathered sides of Ben Venue, will endeavour to paint you a rough but truthful portrait of its loveliness. The thunder still groans in the distance, but the battle of nature is fought, and the mighty legions are retiring. The dark clouds roll onwards from north to west, and the air is lighter, almost chilly among these Highland mountains; moreover, the gentler sex, fatigued, but not weary of the day's pleasure, yet somewhat unnerved by the last hour's thunder and deluge, are handed from the carriage. Beware how you step; the ground, but recently parched by the hot sun, is now saturated. Be careful; such fairy feet are rarely seen within the threshold of a Highland inn. We were ushered into a tolerable-sized parlour, decently clean and commodious, nothing more; the bivouac among the rocks was a palace in comparison. Our horses were cared for, our bed-rooms selected, or rather secured, these were clean, but neither airy nor commodious, the view from the windows, however, spoke for itself, and we all felt disposed to be well pleased. The dust of the morning drive was soon washed away, and dry shoes replaced the muddy boots occasioned by the thunder storm. Tea, and what not was ordered, and we all vinced the full intention of passing the evening as we had passed the ay. The merry joke went round, the cheerful laugh was heard, and anticipations of the morrow made the present doubly joyous. The board, however, had scarcely been spread for our evening's meal, ere another vehicle, in the hape of a hired open phaeton, drove to the door, from which alighted four individuals; the one a thick-set, vulgar-looking man, dressed evidently in one of Moses and Son's shooting jackets, and a pair of tartan trowsers, his head being overed with a Glengarry bonnet; yet no Highlander was he, but an unmistakable individual fresh from Whitechapel, who, Heaven knows how or wherefore, hus unexpectedly found himself in the midst of all most beautiful in Scottish cenery. He was followed by a lanky youth, some sixteen years of age; the wo with difficulty handing out, with care, a portly over-dressed dame, weighing some sixteen stone of human flesh, the mother, doubtless, of a quiet, pretty-looking young woman, whom, as she repeatedly addressed as her dair love Jane, we presume to have been her daughter. Having witnessed the unloading of the vehicle, and wondered why such persons should travel so far to witness sights for the beauties of which they cared not one jot—save, perhaps, the young lady, who had been at a London boarding-school, and was therefore well read in Scott and Burns, we resumed our seat, and prepared to play our part at the tea table—when, lo! the door opened, and the whole party entering, relieved themselves from all unnecessary garments; while the gentleman, or leader of the tourists, deliberately rang the bell, and loudly declaring he was famished among these savage hills, and positively had eaten nothing palatable since he crossed the Border, immediately ordered that everything in the house might be produced. Had he said he had smelt nothing but whiskey there would have been some truth in his assertion, as even in this truly lovely spot, where honeysuckles hung in flowery clusters without the windows, the very room within was scented with it.

But it was now full time that we should express our annoyance at that which we naturally surmised was a rude and unmannerly intrusion; we looked at one another—disgust and astonishment were vividly depicted on the faces of all—yet no one spoke. Having, however, hitherto been one of the active leaders of the party, we felt it high time that we should hint that we had already secured the apartment. This we did, as mildly and courteously as circumstances would permit; but we were very briefly undeceived as to the hopes of retaining our privacy, as were we with the pleasures we had expected around the social board.

"No offence, no offence whatever, gentlemen," said the sturdy little intruder. "This is a public room—so said the landlady; them who pays has the right of entry, and right is might with Londoners, as all the world over. First come, however, first served—that's all fair and just—so drink your tea, ladies. Doubtless you've dined, aye? I have not. Come, Jane, my dear, here is the eatables—cold beef, aye! Any pickles in this outlandish place, aye, my good lassie? Cold fowl, Jane, here's for you—come, my boy, tackle the beef. Young woman, bring porter, ale, everything your house affords, and just half a glass of brandy to keep out the mountain hair I have been hinhaling from the lake this last hour."

This was really too much. Hitherto all had been *couleur de rose*, now our quiet evening was totally upset by the association of this noisy vulgar tourist, who for an hour had been "hinhailing" the "hair" of the mountain from the lake. Would that he had been soaking in it, or on the mountains! We hastened out to find the landlady—for host there was none—but from her we only received a corroboration of his assertions. The room was not only a public one, but the only one, and truly his right was might. Alternative we had none; conversation on private matters or merriment was at an end, and heartily we wished our hungry friend had never left his home in the capital to wander amid scenes he cared not for. The ladies retired to their bed-rooms, while the gentlemen, after a stroll and a cigar, were condemned to follow their example. We have mentioned these facts merely to warn those who visit Loch Cathrine as to the accommodation they may expect; and thus far even we were in a measure fortunate, for at periods the house is literally crammed from parlour to garret. Why, it will be asked, is not additional accommodation provided at a spot where, during the summer, thousands and tens of thousands are known to congregate? The only answer we can give is that which has been given to us, and which we believe to be the fact—simply, that the whole property belongs to the Marquis of Breadalbane, and he is not desirous, for reasons best known to himself, and with which we have no right to interfere, that the locality should be overrun with strangers, who, in admiration of the splendid scenery within reach on all sides, would doubtless in hundreds make it their head-quarters, and many among them, not satisfied with sight-seeing, might be disposed to sport over the hills, which abound with game.

On throwing open our bed-room window on the following morning, the first object we beheld was our hungry friend of the evening previous, looking, as Sidney Smith once quaintly observed, like a man who had been in hot water all his life, but had never come therefrom the cleaner. There he stood, fretting and fuming by the side of his hired vehicle, to which we gladly observed the horses were harnessed ready for starting; and the carpet-bags, cloaks, &c., being at length arranged to his satisfaction, the party took their seats, and away they went in the direction from which they had come. On inquiring of our landlady for what object such visitors made her house their resting-place, inasmuch as the route only led to Loch Cathrine, we were informed that the party in question had been up early, and had walked, previous to breakfasting, to a neighbouring height, from which having a good view of the lakes, they had remained five minutes, and then returned to breakfast, which had taken them a full hour. Thus, having passed moments in looking on so exquisite a scene, and hours in gastronomic indulgence, tourists like these make a rapid journey through the half of Europe, and while they gain little knowledge themselves they deceive their friends.

But the morning now advances, and we had determined, during the long summer's day, to revel amid the beauties of nature which on all sides surround Loch Cathrine and the Trossachs, selecting for this, our third day's bivouac, that lovely little isle—

"Where Helen's hand had taught to twine
The Idæan vine,
The clematis, the favoured flower
Which boasts the name of virgin bower,
And every hardy plant could bear
Loch Cathrine's keen and searching air."

For this purpose breakfast being amply discussed in the room to which we had been first introduced, without the presence of strangers to interfere with our hilarity; and having made some little addition to our commissariat, which still held out tolerably, with the exception of fresh bread—which, by the by, must be a luxury unheard of at the Trossachs, excepting during the few butterfly months of the year, during which strangers from every part of Europe hasten to view scenes which in their peculiar nature of beauty and interest cannot be surpassed. When we first caught a glance of Loch Cathrine, we must admit the fulness of our astonishment and delight; a faint ray of sun was at the moment penetrating through the mist, for unfortunately the morning was anything but that we should have desired. We have, however, thank God, a hopeful mind, and whether it be the weather or our own fortunes which for the season lower, we invariably hope for the best, and were not unsatisfied by the effect of its brightness, which glancing through the fog, which still clung to the surrounding mountains and crags, tinged the thick woods which hung on their sides, gleaming over the beautiful islands on the lake. We had secured a boat, and having walked through the sequestered and wooded road leading to the eastern end of the lake; the whole scene in calmness harm at once opened to view. This is probably the spot which, of all ı, impresses on the mind the best effect in regard to Loch Cathrine, though ›stionably neither the best to view its splendour, nor the exciting interest ː scenery by which it is surrounded. There while we assisted in handing air companions to the boat, in which two powerful Highlanders had ly seated themselves to row us to all the interesting parts of the lake; uld not resist dwelling for a few moments to gaze on the unusual placidity e waters, which appeared like a sheet of glass, on which the several d little islands seemed fixed as sylvan toys. For hours thus we glided o'er 'aters till the increased thickness of the atmosphere led us to fear that lingered too long on the bosom of the lake, we might lose many of the ies to be seen from its mountains' sides. With this intent on Fair Helen's ve landed one of our companions whose delicate health was not exactly . for a heated ramble; to his charge were also given what are justly ninated "the prog baskets," but which vulgar appellation Loch Cathrine's and searching air would very soon cause to be the cream of elegance. as, moreover, requested to find a fitting place whereon to pitch our ac, of course as near as possible to that identical spot where James of ind had sought refuge. We then landed on the most beautiful sandy on the northern side of the lake we ever beheld; nothing could be finer ›fter than that sand, more clear and calm than those waters—

> "The summer's dawn-reflected hue
> To purple changed Loch Cathrine blue,
> Mildly and soft the western breeze
> First kissed the lake, just stirred the trees,
> And the pleased lake, like maiden coy,
> Trembled but dimpled not for joy,
> The mountain shadows on her breast
> Were neither broken o'er at rest."
> *Lady of the Lake.*

the sides of these mountains we cheerfully wandered, though the day ull and oppressive to a degree, by steps cut out in the crags to a high hanging over the lake, from which we obtained a fine view of the whole e, which lies nearly from west to east.

ː view from this favoured spot to the foot of the lake towards the east ces the whole of the wooded islands, and is unquestionably beautiful; that may be truly termed sublime where the lake, pouring into a river, ı onward through the splendid wooded pass termed the Trossachs once to join the waters of Loch-a-chravy.

ıe was our disappointment that the still lowering mists should have prel the entire development of Stuic-a-chroin or the Peak of Rutting, which, artially revealed to us, formed the southern boundary or grand guard to the beyond which imagination told us of Loch Chroin and Choir-a-chroin ılley of Rutting in the distance. Having lingered some time on this we once more descended to our boat, and visited the Den of the , we rowed under the solid rock, which rises two hundred feet perpenrly above the level of the lake, as also to every spot most worthy of ion, then hastened on to the beautiful little island whereon it was our ıtention to pass the remaining hours of daylight. During our absence a ›eautiful and secluded spot had been selected for our bivouac, and all were once more employed in providing for the inward man those ennts which nature had provided for our eyes. Again the dry wood rattled ımed beneath the potato cauldron, again the savoury stew sent forth its —where fumes of cookery, perchance, had ne'er been raised—into the ir; but the midges! Heavens! how ravenous they were, how they feasted r faces and hands! Truly the midges of Helen's Isle beat all other midges ir greediness; moreover, when they swarm as they did then, the coming is not far in the distance—a fact which the denseness of the atmosphere ıe hanging mists which now actually spread o'er the waters of the lake too truly depicted. Nevertheless, being fully alive to the fickleness of the weather in the western Highlands we had provided ourselves with abundant cloaks, as also umbrellas in case of need, the advantage of which was soon made evident, for scarcely had we seated ourselves round a rough yet bountifully supplied board beneath the clustering islet trees, than a small drizzling dreary rain, accompanied with an unmistakeably Scotch mist pronounced our out-door pleasures at an end. The ladies of the party, however, were none of the dissatisfied class, and not easily frightened by a little damping, and the males were perfectly satisfied to abide the consequences, so we stuck to our colours; and a strange picture would any one have beheld who chanced to drop from the clouds on Helen's Isle. Surrounded by thick copse wood on a small platform sat a joyous party of six, near at hand the dry pine wood fires still crackled, on one of which the potato saucepan boiled in order to keep the bursting fruit heated till the last moment; from the other a savoury steam arose, which one of the party was dealing out with a large spoon to those more seriously inclined; cold pies, tongues, and chickens, and other excellencies for pic-nic consumption were placed here and there on a clean damask table-cloth which covered the mossy turf. The ladies, as also one of the gentlemen, who was cutting up a well-seasoned veal pie, had umbrellas over their heads, while the brilliant-eyed little terrier sat on his hind legs watching for the many tit bits which may chance to fall to his lot. In good truth there was no want of plenty, or even luxury in this fair spot. But the evening was fated to be a damper—to prevent the ill effect of the drizzle and the mist, we mixed our remaining bottle of sherry with two of Scotch ale, as a last resource to keep out the mist, keep away the midges, and keep up our own spirits. The lowering mists hung so thickly o'er the lake that all was hidden in obscurity, and we were soon compelled to retreat to the little inn, where before a large pine wood and peat fire we soon forgot the miseries without. Thus hence we travelled from Perth to Loch Cathrine. Should these simple details be found sufficiently agreeable we may hope to find those who will accompany us further.

TOM TIMKINS'S PIPE.

A TALE OF THE TIMES.

By E. L. Blanchard.

It would have done your heart good to have known Tom Timkins. If you had wanted to impress the inhabitants of another planet with an exalted notion of mundane humanity, Tom would have been the very man you would have been proud to have packed up in a small parcel and sent as a specimen. You could have desired no better pattern of a thoroughly good-natured mortal, and in the manufacture of such would gladly have made any allowance by taking a quantity. He was not one of your uncertain fellows, with a temper like an April day, that varied with every moment, and was only sunny when there was no cloud to be seen, not he—his fancy, like a porpoise, gambolled most in a storm, and the more dark and sombre it grew around him the brighter flashed his lightning sparks of good humour. "Ill luck to-day—better to-morrow," was Tom's treasured maxim; and if the logical deduction was not always correct, he did his best to make it so by having recourse to another axiom, which alleged with indisputable accuracy that when matters had come to the worst they were sure to mend. Tom, in fact, was an optimist of the first degree, and his happy enviable creed had been throughout his own life, and that of his father before him, the family belief "that whatever happens, happens for the best." Happy Tom!

Now the great source and secret of Tom's happiness was his pipe, a quaint, old-fashioned meerschaum, that was his constant companion on all occasions, and with which he would not have parted for all that fabulous amount of coin supposed to be collectively comprised in the wealth of the Indies. The senior Timkins, who had in his early days made sundry wild voyages to various parts of the habitable globe, had brought it many years before from some unknown region in Germany; and when the senior Timkins departed on his final journey from earth, this family talisman had descended to Tom as his sole inheritance. Cocker himself would have been staggered at a computation of the many pounds of tobacco that had been successively consumed in its bowl, until its very surface had blushed into a sympathetic tawny red at the enormity it had committed; and as for the smoke that it had evolved in instalments of puffing, there would have been amply enough in the aggregate to have occasioned a total eclipse of the sun for the next century. Whenever Tom was in doubt, difficulty, or distress, he flew to his pipe for decision, extrication, and relief; and so great were its magical virtues that it naturally became a received opinion among his familiars that the old German meerschaum had something in it of supernatural origin, and that it must have been fabricated somewhat after the fashion of the bullets in *Der Freyschutz.* Tom generally smiled at the allusion when it was made in his presence, and struggled manfully to account for the solace he found as soon as sought by natural causes; but it was easy to perceive that these vague suspicions only made Tom fonder of his favourite than before, and that it was cherished afterwards more tenderly and tenaciously than ever.

But if Tom was thus such an inveterate lover of the Nicotian weed, it was not that he cared much for the mere ordinary brute indulgence of smoking—his whiffs were those of a philosopher, and he smoked after the manner of Coleridge and Carlyle, psychologically. His pipe was to him the type of contentment, of sociality, of that interchange of good-fellowship which he had endeavoured through life so assiduously to cultivate. It was with him the medium through which he *thought*, and the vapourous wreaths that issued from the bowl became thus the shadowy embodiment of so many distinct ideas. Nay, he had attained by constant practice such a habit of mingling fumigation with meditation, that the amber mouth-piece became at last endowed with the attributes of an oracle, and he studied its responses with the interest of a Delphic devotee. Whilst those around him were tossed upon the billows of popular controversy, and were agitated by the questions that arose from the constantly-changing currents of events, Tom was as cool and placid as a frozen lake, and kept his principles as fixed as a rock embedded in its depths. He believed in Providence and smoked his pipe.

Thus had Tom Timkins rattled merrily through thirty years of a life unchequered by any incident that made them vary from those of an ordinary mortal, when two events occurred that gave rise to much perplexity on the part of Tom, and created the necessity of this veracious chronicle being indited. To render these intelligible it will be necessary to enlighten the reader upon a few points connected with the early history of our hero, and this we shall strive to achieve with as much united levity and brevity as possible.

We have already adverted incidentally to Tom's father, and as this was the only relation Tom ever knew, and consequently the only member of the family to be introduced, we may be allowed a few preparatory explanations concerning the parent of the Timkins proper. According to what Tom had heard him reveal at various periods, and from the reminiscences of his own early youth, the original Timkins had been in the days of his maturity a pilot, and in that capacity had acquired some little emolument and more honours. From the dimensions of a rough pea coat, dotted with Brobdignag buttons, that had been preserved as a family relic, it was manifestly apparent that the progenitor of our hero had been of fair proportions, and this supposition was further confirmed by the brawny limbs and athletic frame that distinguished the son. With the aid of a small legacy and his own thrifty habits, he had contrived to spend the close of his days in a small, but pretty village on the Kentish coast, where his chief delight was in smoking the old meerschaum in his cosy ingle nook and narrating stories of the sea to his son, until at last he sank contentedly into his grave, and left Tom in undisputed possession of a snug cottage and the old meerschaum pipe previously referred to as the principal bequest. Tom, however, was not an idle consumer of the earth's produce without yielding to the earth something in return, and in all the pride of honest handicraft worked hard for his living. Not that he had any especial employment cut out for him, but being a kind of universal adept, willing and able to take anything that offered, he was rarely without the means of turning his industry and ingenuity to a remunerative account.

If Tom had never fallen in love before it was neither for want of temptation nor opportunity, for the prettiest lasses in the village had plentifully provided him with both. Manifold were the insinuating glances thrown out to him as hints that his attention in various quarters would be far from proving disagreeable; but in a discussion of the matter over his pipe Tom invariably found such good and efficient reasons for not availing himself of these privileges that he had been popularly set down as a hopeless bachelor, when his heart was at once attacked and captured, at a time when he was least prepared to offer resistance. Jane Brown—we might give her a more euphonious and less ordinary appellation, but we prefer adhering to plain facts, even at the expense of romance—Jane Brown was a little laughing brunette, whose disposition was the very counterpart of Tom's, and whose blythe and generous heart was a mirror which reflected the best and kindliest emotions of humanity. There was a neat roadside inn near the summit of the hill, which led down to the village, and it was the landlord of this rustic hostel who had the honour of being the father of Jane Brown. As courtship, however interesting to the principal parties concerned, is after all a very trite story in description, we shall only say, that after many months of preparatory visits to the Roebuck, and much preliminary argument with his pipe, Tom Timkins ventured upon matrimony, and finally by the retirement of his father-in-law, succeeded to the position of host, together with the possession of all goods and appurtenances belonging to the Roebuck inn aforesaid.

This was *one* of the events of Tom's life, and a very pleasant event it was for both parties, but it was speedily followed by a second, of hardly so agreeable a nature. For nearly a twelvemonth before there had been some rumours of a railway coming close upon the village, if even it did not actually run quite through it; and some had gone so far as to state that a station had been decided upon. This was deemed such an unlikely occurrence that the peace of the locality had been but little disturbed by the intelligence, and even when the county paper had made some remarks upon the nature of the act for its formation as it received Parliamentary sanction, and when a farmer on his way to the neighbouring market town had further encountered a surveyor and his assistants with the unknown instruments of level and theodolite, even then there was a general infidelity entertained upon the subject. But at last the whole matter was placed beyond the possibility of dispute, and preparations were made to set about the work in earnest. One morning the villagers got up and found navigators who had risen before them, and descended there, none knew how, busily employed plying pickaxe and spade, and making a tunnel directly under the very hill where the Roebuck suspended its sign to invite the wearied traveller to rest and refreshment. Huge mounds of earth began to rise along the meadows, and clumsy carts, laden with formidable pyramids of chalk and flint, were seen passing to and fro all day long, cutting deep ruts into the soft daisied sward, and piling up the sides of an embankment as far as the eye could reach. Navigators, too, commenced a series of bibulous invasions upon Tom's stock of fermented beverages, and the startled villagers would cluster curiously round the porch of a summer's evening to see the laying down of those continuous rails which seemed to link them, as with a chain of iron, to the great metropolis far away. From that time the peaceful seclusion of the village appeared gone for ever, and when the first train came rattling down, with its fiery steed in front, and its long vapourous trail of curling steam behind, whisking along the embankment, and under the hill, and again out of sight before one had time to look round; people had begun to view the innovation as a matter of course, and returned to their homes just as if nothing had happened.

So far the Roebuck had derived some pecuniary advantages from the change, but Tom would gladly have surrendered all the prospective increase of profits for a return to the quiet undisturbed days of old. Strange faces began to appear in the parlour, and the old customers, growing shy of their new acquaintances, transferred their patronage to a tavern more remote from the vicinity of the rail. Tom, however, stood his ground manfully, and battled against these annoyances with all his accustomed good humour; but his pipe was put into more frequent requisition than before, and he, more than once, resorted to it with the firm intention of considering the propriety of changing his place of abode. Several times had he and his pipe nearly made up their mind, but the ties of old associations clung round him, and a couple of rosy-cheeked urchins, which Mrs. Timkins had furnished as her contribution to the next census, materially interfered with the firmness of his decision.

Among the visitors to the parlour recently installed in the old walnut-tree chairs, where the first frequenters had nightly taken their seats by long-established prescription, there had been one brought down by the railway who made himself conspicuous among the rest by the stentorian capacity of his lungs and the violent tone of his political opinions. He was a short thickset man, with a sharp shrewd countenance, and a mass of long, black, wiry hair on his head that gave him, when excited, a peculiar aspect of ferocity. When present he would hear nobody speak but himself, and as his harangues were, for the most part, redolent of anything but the principles of universal harmony, Tom had to keep his pipe alight the whole time in order to hear with patience his errible denunciations against all who were happier or richer than himself. What especial enactments Mr. Gruffey would have made had circumstances conspired to place him at the head of the government it was not easy to conecture, but as he frequently delighted to observe he was not "a half-and-half man; but a right down physical force advocate to the last stick, and no mistake about it"—it may be presumed that he entertained some peculiar notions eminently calculated to benefit the community.

"Yes, sir," exclaimed the agitator, energetically, one evening, as he and Tom were left alone to finish the discussion by themselves, "there is nothing like physical force"—and he thumped the table violently, to illustrate his assertion —"nothing like guns and pikes to carry the point you want. Every man should be his own soldier—every man should be his own policeman—every man should be his own House of Commons. What's the use of a government?—all sheer humbug! Bah!"

Tom mildly ventured to observe that though abuses had naturally crept into various institutions yet that such formed no proof the institutions themselves were positively useless.

"Pooh, pooh!" returned Mr. Gruffey, "you are a miserable serf—a wretched, ill-used, ground-down Englishman, without any of the rights that you ought to have, and I shall never rest content until you know it and feel it. The whole state of society is wrong, sir,—radically wrong—there is no such a thing as liberty in the present state of the law; and what I contend for is, that every Englishman has a full and perfect right to do just what he likes. The tongue is all very well, mighty well—but if you want to carry your point you must not only be able to open your mouth, but you must show your teeth as well;" and saying this Mr. Gruffey slapped his hat firmly on to his head with the air of one who had done the human state some service, and disappeared through the doorway to stir others up into the same way of thinking. But Tom filled another pipe to smoke over it, and was soon absorbed in a profound reverie.

Night after night did the agitator strive to thus make Tom Timkins a convert to his own view of the matter, and at last the unfortunate landlord, from having the necessity of these desperate resources continually impressed upon him, began at last to really consider himself as one suffering under grievous wrongs. He smoked his pipe less than formerly, and walked about with a troubled and discontented spirit that formed a striking contrast to his former satisfied and joyous demeanour. He felt less interest in his own affairs, and more in those of other people, and then he found himself continually called upon to decide petty disputes and interfere with private bickerings; so that even his wife had little of his company, whilst the roadside inn exhibited all the symptoms of neglect. Gruffey, who turned out to be a discharged clerk, only recently elevated to the dignity of a delegate from the "*Upset-everything and don't-care-a-button-for-anybody-but-ourselves Association*"—was unremitting in his endeavours to fan Tom's spark of unhappiness into a consuming flame, and before many weeks had elapsed the change in Tom's circumstances became so manifest that it attracted the attention of the neighbours. He was found to be now always growling and grumbling, and ferreting out what he conceived to be terrible abuses in the appropriation of the parochial funds; and he then grew wonderfully expert at making speeches which generally turned upon the supposed existence of social evils and official malpractices that had really no foundation. Of course such a change in Tom's manners and pursuits exercised a very visible influence on his business and domestic circumstances. As Tom became more involved in these political meetings, of the precise object of which nobody entertained a very clear idea, his household affairs got more and more deranged, and at last his creditors stepped in, took all, and the next day a board was hung under the sign-post, intimating that the house was to be "Let or Sold." A week after, and Tom was a houseless wanderer.

Here was a fine opportunity for getting up an outcry against those who made laws for others, and Tom lost no time in taking advantage of it. He set himself up for a persecuted and injured man, one who had been singled out by society for destruction, and whose prosperity it was the interest of every man to crush. The liberal opinions entertained by Mr. Gruffey, and the laxity of social principles which he had laboured so successfully to instil into Tom's mind, had now their full effect upon the susceptible temperament of our hero. He deserted his wife and children; left them, with scarcely a mental struggle, to the tender mercies of the parish he had so unmercifully abused, and came up to the metropolis, ready to engage in any employment that promised the means of subsistence. Here he found many pursuing the same course that Gruffey had been continually upholding in the country. Some few, sincere in their convictions, and acting from integrity of purpose; others, with perverted talents, exercising them with the object of converting the services of misguided men to their own advantage; and the majority, utterly reckless, from a position chiefly caused by their own errors, anxious for any personal profit that they could get out of a general scramble with society. Into this association, of which Mr. Gruffey had been one of the eloquent missionaries, Tom entered with enthusiasm. For awhile the novelty and excitement of the scene engrossed his attention, but as these wore off he had recourse to a more violent stimulus, and now, for the first time in his life, taking to dram-drinking,—he made the lowest tap-rooms his constant haunt, and became a pot-house orator. What was at first an occasional spur to his brain next fastened itself upon him as a habit, and, finally, as a necessity. He lost every situation that he procured through the consequences of his dissipation, and at last was content to sponge upon the few, scarcely richer than himself, who had the means or inclination to gratify his propensity.

One night, when the rain was pouring down in a steadfast torrent, and the street was only animated by the rattling progress of a coach or cab, Tim Timkins, miserably clad, and half-intoxicated with the potations he had imbibed, was slowly returning over Blackfriars-bridge, when he stopped to lean upon the parapet, and look down on the dark plashing river rolling sluggishly beneath. He thought of the bright sunny streamlet that glanced through the glades of his native village, and the contrast it formed with the gloomy muddy tide on which he was gazing; and then he thought of his wife and children, that he had left behind, and the miserable lodging to which he had to return himself, and the utter hopelessness of retrieving his lost fortunes; and then, maddened by the remembrance of associations thus evoked, and a contemplation of the prospect before him, he took a leap from the stone recess, and in another instant was struggling amid the gurgling ripples that closed above his head. One last gasp for breath—one final battle for existence, and then, with the bubbling water seething in his ears, he sank down—down—when—

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Tom Timkins awoke from the reverie into which he had fallen on the departure of Mr. Gruffey. In the last puff of smoke, ere it had unwound its wreath and dispersed its thin vapour into air, Tom had beheld a phantasmagorical image of the career which we have briefly pictured—a phantom panorama of events created by the fumiferous outpourings of his pipe. The candle had waned in size and waxed long in the wick, but the vaporous cloud that had served as a disc to the dissolving views of his imagination, had only then slowly begun to disappear; the parlour was still and empty, but the remains of the agitator's unpaid-for glass of gin-and-water convinced him that the events of the evening had not been altogether a dream. He rose to knock the ashes out of the bowl, when a low murmurous sound, at first soft and subdued as the early breathings of a spring zephyr, attracted his attention. He listened, and then, apparently acquiring a more sonorous tone by practice, the voice proceeded to distinguish him by name. He bent his head more acutely over the bowl to listen, and his suspicions were confirmed—the voice emanated from the old meerschaum.

"Tom!" (it was the mouth-piece that thus spoke) "you have had a slight intimation given to you of what befals those who neglect their own business to run after that of other people. You're a good workman, Tom—a sound, steady, sober, reasonable thinker into the bargain, and a man whom I am proud to shake by the hand. I feel a glow of conscious pride at the tip of my bowl when you honour me with a spark, and I am bound for that very reason to see that you are not led astray by false lights. Heaven knows that there are enough evils n this world to be redressed without adding to them others of our own creation. Go on getting reform for everything that wants it, but do it with a firm determination to use no violence—an earthquake upsets a city altogether. It is your quiet, practical builders and men of calm judgment and good taste that improve t. People don't like to be bullied into submission, but convince them with plain, ensible reasoning, and they are sure to yield in the end. Physical force, Tom, ely upon it, is after all a coward's argument, and carries no permanent value or respect with it. Cutting the throat of one man is not the most likely way of ngratiating yourself with his next-door neighbour; the tongue is a far more formidable weapon than the bludgeon, and in the cause of right will more promptly gain the redress sought. You, and others who have worked like you, Tom, have an honest claim to rank among the highest; but society is not a see-saw, where you must see one end fall before the opposite extremity can rise. Legislature is like a fire which everybody thinks he can poke the best; but those who are always setting you on to make a blaze only want you to burn your own fingers that they may save theirs. Above all, don't abuse the press, Tom; it is the poor man's best friend, and has done more service to the good cause than all the pikes, and bullets, and blustering threats in the world. Have as much reform as you like—you cannot strive too much in the right path; but talk about accomplishing great measures by violent means, and you throw away the last chance you have of obtaining them."

The old meerschaum here gave such a long whiff that it fairly exhausted itself; and as the candle exhibited at the same time unequivocal symptoms of syncope, Tom contented himself with the hints given, and withdrew to his chamber, therein to meditate on the mysterious events of the night. We may say, that if not a "*sadder*," at least a "better man he rose the morrow morn;" and from that period it has passed into a kind of proverb among the merry circle now wont to congregate in the snug parlour of the Roebuck, that when any abstruse question is hence proposed for discussion, the most satisfactory plan is to leave it to the arbitration of *Tom Timkins's Pipe.*

MAXIMILIAN ROBESPIERRE:

HIS LIFE AND OPINIONS.*

BY PERCY B. ST. JOHN.

CHAPTER IV.—ROBESPIERRE AND MARAT—ROBESPIERRE AND THE GIRONDINS.

RECENT events in France will no doubt induce the publication, at no distant period, of many new documents connected with Robespierre. We shall every day have a portion of the dark and bloody veil cast around him by hate and calumny removed, and the man made known, not as the sanguinary wretches who overthrew him have succeeded in representing him to us, but as he was, real and in flesh and blood.

One of the causes which have made the memory of Robespierre detested is, that against him were ranged a whole army of monks and useless priests. This arose from his peculiar views on the civil constitution of the clergy. An ecclesiastical committee had been formed at an early period of the Revolution, of which the most active members were principally abbés and Jansenistes. The relations of man to the divine power always produce the greatest revolutions. From this date the National Assembly became the council of a new faith, and both the living and the illustrious dead lent their assistance to these debates. Fénelon, Pascal, and other apostles were there. The causists belonging to the high clergy wrapped themselves in obscure discussions, which only produced the phantoms engendered by darkness. Robespierre then arose. This man had a force of exactitude which did not exclude emotion.

"Priests," said he, "belong to the social order of magistrates, distinct from the maintenance and the service of public worship. From these simple notions are derived all the principles. I present three of them, which have relation to the three chapters of the plan of the committee. The first principle is, that all the public functions are of social institution, and they have for object the order and happiness of society; from which it follows that no function can exist in society which is not useful. Before this maxim the benefices and establishments without object disappear. In France the bishops and curés ought alone to be retained. By the second principle, the ecclesiastical officers being instituted for the happiness of man, and for the general good of the people, it follows that the people ought to have the right of appointing them. By the third principle, the ecclesiastical officers, being established for the good of society, it follows that the amount of their salary should be fixed, with a due regard to the general interest and utility, and not with the desire to gratify and to enrich those who exercise these functions. These three principles contain the complete justification of the project of the committee. I will add an observation of great importance, and one which I ought, perhaps, to have presented at first. When the ecclesiastical constitution is to be regulated, that is to say, the relation of the ministers of public worship with society, the motives which more particularly unite their interests to the public interest must be given to these magistrates, to these public officers. It is, therefore, necessary to attach the priests to society by all the ties in"—— At this point the orator was interrupted by mingled applause and murmurs. He then went on to speak of the marriage of priests.†

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* Continued from page 189.

† His general views, as recorded above, contain an amount of sense and philosophy rarely found in statesmen. But his proof of the uselessness of mere idlers in all professions made him very many enemies.

Robespierre on two other occasions took a part in the discussion of ecclesiastical matters; he said:—

“ Neither the administrative assemblies nor the clergy can join in the election of bishops; the only constitutional election is that which has been proposed by the committee. When any one says that this article militates against the spirit of piety, that it is contrary to the principles of good sense, that the people are oo corrupted to make good elections, is it not perceived that this inconvenience s relative to all possible elections, that the clergy is not more pure than the people? I vote for the people. The founder of the Christian religion has recommended the rich to share their riches with the poor; he willed hat his ministers should be poor—he knew that they would be corrupted by iches, he knew that the wealthiest persons are not the most generous, that hose who are separated from the miseries of humanity but little pity these miseries, and that by their luxury, and by the wants attached to their riches, hey are poor even in the midst of affluence.”

Robespierre, towards the end of his oration, was admirable.

“ I invoke,” cried he, “the justice of the Assembly in favour of the ecclesiastics who have become grey in the ministry, and who, at the end of a long career, ave only reaped infirmities from their works! They have, likewise, for themselves the titles of ecclesiastics, and something more—that is, indigence. I demand that the Assembly declares that it will afford subsistence to ecclesiastics f seventy years of age, who have neither pensions nor benefices.” The Reolution had introduced justice and mercy into the church, as it had done into society: it had rendered visible in the world these words of Scripture—He hath cast down the mighty from their seats, and exalted the humble and meek.”

The discussion was tempestuous. The bishops only waited for this moment o break out. They cried “ Heresy, scandal! ” but the Abbé Gouthes, in the name of the members of the ecclesiastical committee, said—“ I make profession o love and honour religion, and if it be necessary I will shed my blood for it.” This man supported Robespierre.

It will be seen that Robespierre pays every respect to Christianity; that he attacks the church only as deviating from the intentions of its great master and head, Jesus Christ our Lord; and everybody calls Robespierre an athiest, an infidel. Robespierre, in attacking the rich and powerful clergy, made himself atal enemies. There are no haters like priests. They are cordial in this, at all events. But neither the fate of Robespierre nor that of any other church reformer should discourage. The sacred truths of Christianity are founded on so sure a rock that we need not fear to attack those who make of religion a mere instrument of wealth and power; this did Robespierre. Hence the ibels on his memory published by curé, abbé, and bishop.

All this time the life of Robespierre was most studious and exemplary. He was usually buried in thought. How to make the Revolution succeed was his great idea; to make it grand, noble, great, sublime, peaceable, was his one object. He therefore saw with pain the publication of the *Ami du Peuple*, in which Marat, writing, as Lamartine grandly says, with blood and bile, distilled venom on the faith of the Revolution.

Marat was now much persecuted for his opinions. He had to hide himself—o fly—to wander in fields and woods; but he always came back, to pour forth still greater hatred against that society which rejected him. The fact is, society s either too lenient or too oppressive. Either Marat should have been crushed at once, or not persecuted at all. In the same way the insane communists in Paris are hunted and hooted, but no man lays hands on them.

An interview was arranged between Robespierre and Marat, an interview which has not hitherto been recorded in history. It is very curious. They both defended the same principles, and yet they knew not one another, since they sustained their principles in a very different manner. The friend of the people always spoke of the deputy of Arras with esteem:—"M. de Robespierre, the only deputy who appears learned in great principles, and perhaps the only patriot who sits in the senate." They met with affected politeness on both sides. Robespierre hid nothing. After having praised the motives which incited Marat to action, he ended by warmly reproaching him for the excesses of his sheet, excesses which may obscure, in the eyes of some people, the services rendered by him to the cause of the republic. "There escape you," he said, "here and there certain words which come, I wish to think, from a good intention, but which nevertheless very much compromise our cause. I must beg of you to calm these immoderate angers, which allow your enemies fair opportunity to calumniate your heart."

"You must know," replied Marat, standing proudly erect, "that the influence of my sheet comes from these excesses—from the *audace* with which I dash under foot all human respect. From the effusion of my soul—from the impulse of my heart—from my violent exclamations against despotism—from my impetuous sallies—from my dolorous accents—from my cries of indignation, fury, and despair. These cries of alarm, these tocsins sounded, which you take for words in the air, are the *naïve* expressions of my sentiments—the natural sounds which agitate my heart."

"But," replied Robespierre, "you will confess that, in professing to serve the cause of the people, you have exclaimed sometimes in the name of liberty, in favour of measures opposed to liberty itself."

"What say you about liberty? Five hundred spies seek for me night and day! If they discover me, and hold me, they will cast me into a burning furnace, and I shall die victim of that liberty you accuse me of attacking. God of battles, if I have desired for one instant to seize your sword, it was but to restore, for the poor, the holy laws of nature. Believe me, our simple mission is to make men try new destinies. That which we do we are divinely impelled to do, and our Revolution is but a series, ever continued, of miracles. Each age has its current of ideas, which can neither be turned aside nor dried up: when these currents meet with obstacles, there is a struggle, and thrones—society—the whole part is swept away by an irresistible force. That is the whole history of our revolution. There are moments, I confess, when in the midst of the perils and difficulties of a state of agitation, I myself regret the ancient *regime;* but we must submit to the process of a renewal. We shall rather bring the sea back upon the beach it has deserted, than time back on man and the institutions he has given up. Since the constituents of '89 have provoked and commenced the Revolution, it must be carried on and accomplished at any price. They began it amid festivities and joyful embraces,—we will conclude it in blood and in tears; such is the law. Revolutions are like aspics, their sting is in their tail. We may be shattered during our labours: but what matter? We labour, and our sons alone will reap the fruit of our labours and our sweats. The present generation must disappear. Free men are not made with ancient masters and old slaves. As the lover of a corrupt woman cannot appreciate a good one, so the lover of the oppressive *regime* could neither love nor recognise the nature of a free and reasonable *regime*."

Robespierre listened with terror: he became pale, and was for some time silent.

"You are, then," said he at last, "for measures of blood? If you pretend to strike down all those who inflicted the yoke, and all those who bore it, the half of France would perish."

"You know," replied Marat, "that our revolution is surrounded by obstacles and by resistance; in a calm time, and when the reigning system is well seated, the disasters may be brought back by patience, by moderation, and they will be attached to the constitution by seeing the benefits which arise from it; but in the midst of faction, of civil wars, and the principles of ruin which menace on every side our growing liberty, we have neither the time nor the leisure to act thus. We must crush all who resist, and answer war by war. Baited, bit in the flower, covered with dust and wounds, our revolution is the wild boar pursued by the pack of hounds; let those who stay or resist take the consequence. Revolutions begin by the war and finish by the sword. I did not myself foresee in '89 that we should be forced to cut off heads; but that was error and blindness. Every revolution creates among those whose ancient privileges are disturbed irreconcilable hatreds. A struggle begins, a struggle to the death, in which the new government must strike or be struck down. Conquered or cashiered on one point, our enemies show themselves on another. To get rid of them they must be destroyed. You know all this as well as I do, but you dare not avow them."

Robespierre was silent.

"No revolution," continued Marat, "will be more economical than ours of the blood of the people. We war not—we are warred against. The holy epidemic of liberty gains everywhere in all haste; it is that which will deliver us from all our enemies by exalting all thrones, and making servitude disappear. This is better than cannon. We are hard but to the enemy from within, because with these we can neither hope for amnesty or treaty. They must fall under our blows or we must fall under theirs. If we miss them they will not miss us. But, once more, this state of violence cannot last; it is the passage from the ancient to the new *regime*. Our principles will soon make of all Frenchmen children of the same family; they will re-unite all hearts, confound interests, and bring together all the scattered members: then will be formed a new spectacle, unknown unto this day, and finer than ever the sun illumined before. I am represented as an agitator and disturber. The friend of the people, on the contrary, is not less an enemy of licence than he is passionately attached to order, peace, and justice. But as long as the revolution is not accomplished, I look upon it as a duty to excite the people, and to keep them awake against the perfidy of her ancient rulers. Monarchy tries to raise its head triumphant under new forms and new disguises; I see Louis XVI. behind the Girondins. I am accused of flattering the populace, and of descending to its caprices, in order the better to carry out my will. Falsehood! Read my paper, and you will see how I treat, on the contrary, that embittered and restless portion of the people called the populace. If I have sometimes used them, it is because in revolutions they are wanted to stir up the masses. Bread is not made without leaven. Besides, it is not the government of one class of Frenchmen which I wish to establish, it is the government of all. I believe that attached to our liberty is that of all the people of the earth, who are our brothers. Do not be surprised if I am angry against those who would oppose this noble design, and who retard by their plots the reign of justice. This reign must come as I must perish. Thence these words in the air, these transports of indignation which you blame —but which will always be drawn from me by the picture of the miseries of the human race, and by the sentiment of its oppression. I am not one of those icy souls who see others suffer without being nerved; such scenes enrage me so my anger knows no bounds. I then cry, "Avenge yourself, my friends,—avenge yourselves! Kill and burn, and stop not until the whole human race is delivered from its executioners!"

Robespierre retired from the conversation terrified, alarmed, horror-struck. But he wanted power to crush the semi-madman, Marat, while he also unfortunately wanted courage to denounce him. Esquiros thus explains the difference of these two men :—

"Robespierre, firm, pure, convinced, but cold, wished the triumphs of the Revolution by means less prompt than the *Ami du Peuple*. These tempestuous bursts alarmed him. This bold profession of faith retarded, according to him, the success of their cause. These conductors of public opinion only differed, however, as to the means to be employed to regenerate the French nation, and through them the whole human race. The life and profession of war leave strong traces on their ideas. Robespierre treated the Revolution like a speech—

Marat as an experiment. The lawyer saw in the people a client to defend; the doctor looked upon the social body as a sick person wanting a vein opened."

The results of this interview were serious. Robespierre at the Jacobins repelled all connivance with Marat, whose dangerous zeal and extravagances he blamed. Marat disavowed, on the other side, Robespierre as his dictator. "I declare," wrote he in his paper, "that Robespierre has no influence over my pen, though it has often been used to render him justice; an interview I have just had with him confirms me in my opinion that he unites the lights of a wise senator to the integrity of a good man, but that he wants both the views and audacity of a statesman."

Robespierre was scarcely yet a republican. He cared little for form so long as he had the reality. He writes thus in a letter to the people :—

"I have not partaken the general fear which the name of king inspires. So that the nation be put in its place, and that there be a free flight for patriotism, which the nature of our revolution has created, I do not fear royalty, nor even the hereditary existence of royal functions in the same family."

The Girondins were, however, hot republicans. Esquiros thus sketches the opposition of Robespierre to this party :—

"The man who was to combat the opinion of Brissot was Robespierre; suspicious probity beside cynicism masked by clever pride. Robespierre, who since the closing of the Constituante had made a journey to Arras, came back with a reputation increased by his absence. Intrepid and immoveable in his ideas, he was ready to seal with his blood the happiness of all. The Montagnards were at this period men of peace. Liberty is an idea—war is a fact, and a brutal fact. They declared against war. These men of inspiration had faith in the popular sentiment, which upsets the wisdom of sages, which changes light into darkness and darkness into light.

Worthless in character, an ex-spy, an immoral writer, he stood no chance against Robespierre. But such were the Gironde, so much lauded—Brissot an intriguer, Petion a hypocrite, Domouries a traitor, Louset a debauched rake; such were the chiefs of this splendid party. They wanted war. Robespierre opposed it. Alone in the Jacobins, he contended against its follies and wickedness. Camille Desmoulins thus speaks of his courageous opposition of the French love of glory :—

"The talent of Robespierre," writes Camille Desmoulins, "has risen to a pitch hopeless for his enemies and the enemies of liberty; he was sublime; he caused tears to be shed by all."

Barrere on his death bed thus alludes to this period :—

"Robespierre had the temperament of great men, and posterity will give him this title. He was great when alive in the constituant assembly; he had courage to defend the sovereignty of the people; he was great when, later, in the assembly of the Jacobins, he alone balanced the whole force of the government, and stayed the decree of war against Germany."

Again we admire Robespierre. The Girondins, like men insincere and unconvinced, attached great importance to forms. Pharisees of the Revolution, they adopted its outward form, and they exaggerated in everything. The *bonnet rouge*, so much talked of as the symbol of *sans-culottism*, was the precious invention of the Gironde. Brissot thus advocates it in his journal :—

"It is priests and despots who introduced the *triste* uniform of hats, as also the ridiculous and servile ceremony of bowing, which degrades a man by making him bow before his fellow a bare and submissive head. Remark the difference between a *bonnet* and a *chapeau*. The one, *triste*, sad, monotonous, is the emblem of mourning and magisterial morosity; the other enlivens and opens the countenance, renders it more assured and free, covers the head without hiding it, lightens the natural dignity, and is susceptible of all kinds of improvements."

In Paris, amid its mercurial population, a new fashion is always accepted. Everybody wore the *bonnet rouge*. Robespierre again resisted the general movement; he contended always against all exaggerations, false ideas, and puerile innovations. He neither let his beard grow nor his nails, nor neglected his hair, nor wore hideous clothes by way of placarding his patriotism. He always took care of his hair, and his habiliments, without being of a very *recherchée* elegance, were always clean and decent. The fact is, Maximilian thought that the love of liberty was compatible with clean shirts. He accordingly always spoke against the *bonnet rouge*, which became soon the mere standard of a party, composed of the ultra-democrats or anarchists.

Again, when the Girondins called upon the people to arm themselves with pikes, Robespierre was in arms against them. "It is difficult to be astonished, if the Montagnards, who believe in humanity, in national unity, whose ideas were that citizens were of one and the same family, showed themselves indifferent to these puerilities. I speak of the fabrication of pikes. Too much iron must not be put into the hands of a multitude newly freed, for it is to be feared this ever will, sooner or later, be dipped in blood. The Girondins, stayed in their designs by the words or by the silence of Robespierre, ceased not to accuse his pride. . . . . . . But personal egotism, egotism of cant, such is the primitive rock met a little below the surface by those who take the trouble to sound the intentions of the Gironde. Sensation was their doctrine, nature was their God."

The great secret of the hate of the Gironde against Robespierre was that he was religious. Esquiros says—"We have not sufficiently inquired why the man ended by effacing all the other figures of the Gironde of the mountain; eloquent Danton was like him, and so were the Gironde; patient, tenacious, inflexible, other men partook with him these qualities. No! if Robespierre held firm against all his enemies; if, overthrown by the slain, the mainmast of the Republic was broken, it is because in him was the religious idea of the Revo-ution."

Robespierre saw the hand of God in everything. On one occasion he cried—' Let us fear to weary the goodness of Heaven, which until now has been obstinately bent on saving us, despite ourselves." This phrase caused him much abuse from the infidel Gironde.

Previous to the 10th of August—an insurrectionary movement, in which Robespierre had no hand—an attempt was made to place him at the head of the movement, which was thought necessary to stop the counter-revolutionary pro-ects of the Court. It is thus related by Lamartine:—

"Another attempt took place in the name of Robespierre, but without his knowledge, to rally the Marseillaise to his cause. Two of the confidants of Robespierre, Panis and Freron, his colleagues in the municipality, sent for Rebecqui and Barbaroux to the Hotel de Ville, under the pretext of giving to the Marseillaise battalions a barracks nearer to the centre of the revolutionary movements—at the Cordeliers. This offer was accepted. Panis, Freron, Serjent covered their thoughts in clouds. 'The people want a chief. Brissot aspires to dictatorship—Pethun possesses it without exercising it. He is too feeble a genius. He doubtless loves the revolution, but he wants impossibilities—legal revolutions! If his feebleness had not been violent, there would have been no result.'

"The next day Barbaroux went to Robespierre. The hot-headed young man of the south was struck with astonishment on entering the dwelling of the austere and cold philosopher. The personality of Robespierre, like a worship that he rendered to himself, appeared in everything, and was breathed forth even in the ornaments of his simple cabinet; everywhere his own image—in pencil, in pen and ink, or in marble. Robespierre did not go beyond general reflections on the march of the Revolution, on the acceleration which the Jacobins had given to the movement, on the imminence of an approaching crisis, and on the urgence there was to give it a centre—a soul—a chief, by investing a man with popular omnipotence.

"'We wish not for a dictator any more than for a king,' said Rebecqui, *brusquement.*

"They thus parted. Panis accompanied the young Marseillaise, and said to Rebecqui, squeezing his hand—

"'You have ill understood; nothing was intended but a momentary and insurrectionary authority to direct and save the people, and not of a dictatorship. Robespierre is this man of the people.'

Except this conversation, provoked by the friends of Robespierre, unknown to him, and accepted by the Marseillaise chiefs, nothing indicates in Robespierre the premature ambition of dictatorship, nor even any direct participation in the movement of the 10th of August. The Republic was for him an ideal perspective in an ideal distance; the Regency was for him a reign of feebleness and civil trouble; the Duke of Orleans he hated, as a crowned intriguer; the constitution of 1781, loyally executed, would have sufficed, without the treachery of the Court. The dictatorship he desired was the dictatorship of public opinion—the sovereignty of his words.

Shortly after, the 10th of August came, and the monarchy virtually fell. Whatever may have been the secret sentiments of Robespierre, he had no hand in this event. Shortly after, Danton, Hebert, and others organised the atrocious massacres in the prisons, known as the Massacres of September. This bloody event, the most awful in the whole Revolution, is almost inexplicable. Two hundred men terrified all Paris; entered the prisons, and killed and slaughtered all therein, without let or hindrance. Marat himself never was guilty of a worse atrocity, which rests as the great blood-stain of the Revolution. A careful examination of history leaves no doubt as to its author. Danton was the man, the most dangerous of the revolutionists, because, while using the people, he had neither faith in them, nor cared for them. In fact, he never denied his guilt. Sometimes, after being accused of the massacre, he accepted the responsibility, and said, "I looked my crime in the face, and I did it."

To understand another part of this tragedy, we must quote a scene from the admirable pages of Lamartine:—

"As to the part which Robespierre played during these days, it was the same which he affected in all the crises. In the question of war, from the 20th of June to the 10th of August, he did not act—he blamed—but he left the event to take its course; and when accomplished, he accepted it as a step in the Revolution, upon which he had no occasion to return. He did not wish to give to others an advantage in popularity—he washed his hands from this blood, and he allowed it to be shed. But his credit, inferior to that of Danton and of Marat, in the Council of the Commune, did not then afford the power of hindering anything. He was, like Pethion, in the shade. These men, as also the Girondins, saw the projects of Marat and Danton transpire; unable to prevent them, they affected to be ignorant of them. A fact, recently revealed by a confidant of Robespierre and of Saint Just, outlives these unfortunate times, and proves the justness of those conjectures on the part of Robespierre in the executions of the days of September.

"At that time Robespierre and the young Saint Just—the one already celebrated, the other as yet obscure—lived in that state of familiarity which often unites the master and disciple. Saint Just, already mixed in the movement of the times, followed and outran with his eye the crises of the Revolution with the cold impassibility of a logic which hardens the heart as a system, and renders it cruel as an abstraction. Politics were to his eyes a deadly battle, and the conquered were the victims. On the 2nd of September, at eight o'clock in the evening, Robespierre and Saint Just left the Jacobins together, harrassed with fatigue of body and mind, by a day entirely passed in the tumult of deliberations, and pregnant of such a terrible night.

"Saint Just lodged in a little furnished room in the Rue Saint Anne, not far from the house of Duplay, the joiner, inhabited by Robespierre. In talking over the events of the day, and the threatening signs for the morrow, the two friends arrived at the door of Saint Just's house. Robespierre, absorbed in thought, ascended the stair, to continue the conversation, until, arriving at the young man's room, Saint Just threw his clothes on a chair, and disposed himself for sleep.

"'What do you do?' said Robespierre to him.

"'I go to bed,' replied Saint Just.

"'What! you think of sleeping on such a night!' cried Robespierre. 'Do you not hear the tocsin? Do you not know that this night will, perhaps, be the last for thousands of your fellow creatures, who are men at the moment in which you fall asleep, and who will be corpses when you waken?'

"'Alas!' answered Saint Just. 'I know that there will be a massacre this night. I deplore it. I wish I were powerful enough to be enabled to moderate the conflicts of a people which debates between death and liberty; but say not so. And besides, after all, those who will be sacrificed this night are not friends to our ideas. Adieu.'

"Thus saying, he fell asleep.

"The next morning, at daybreak, Saint Just, on awaking, saw Robespierre, who was walking with disturbed steps in the chamber, and who, from time to time, pressed his brow against the glass of the window, looking for the daylight n the sky, and listening to the noise in the street. Saint Just, astonished to see his friend so early in the same place, cried out—

"'What has brought you here so soon to-day?'

"'What has brought me?' answered Robespierre. 'Do you think that I have returned?'

"'What, then, you have not been to sleep?' inquired Saint Just.

"'Sleep?' replied Robespierre; "Sleep? while hundreds of assassins massacre thousands of victims, and while blood, both pure and impure, runs like water in the streets. Oh, no!' continued he, in a gloomy voice, and with a Sardonic smile on his lips, 'no, I did not go to bed. I watched, like remorse or crime. Yes, I was weak enough not to go to sleep, but DANTON—HE SLEPT.'"

This anecdote, given on good authority, exculpates Robespierre, with the testimony even of his enemies, from all participation in the greatest crime of the Revolution. It will be found that he was equally guiltless on nearly every other occasion.

THE INDIAN ISLANDERS.*

THE Eastern Archipelago has lately become, we may say, an all-engrossing topic in the commercial, literary, and scientific world. Numberless works, papers, and articles have been written on the subject: there have, however, been none devoted exclusively to the manners, customs, religion, and modes of life peculiar to Borneo, and the islands adjacent.

No portion of the globe affords an equal example of the want of a wide-spread and established faith. It is true, indeed, that there exists among the various populations an indistinct notion of some kind of spirit exerting an influence more or less beneficial on the whole human race, but of the extent and nature of whose power they are totally ignorant, and when questioned on the subject, seem perfectly at a loss. The Rajah Brooke falling into conversation with a Dyak of Lundu, asked him a great many questions concerning the customs and religion of his tribe, which we extract.

"'When a chief dies, what becomes of his spirit?'

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* "Events in Borneo and Celebe, from the Private Journals of James Brooke, Esq.; with a Narrative of Operations on the Coast of Borneo, in H.M.S. Iris, by Captain Rodney Mundy, R.N." Murray. 1848.

"'It goes into the clouds.'

"'When the chief dies, and goes into the clouds, do you ever see him again?'

"'No; but when his friend dies, too, they will meet.'

"'Amongst these spirits, is there one great spirit above the rest?'

"He seemed only half to comprehend, and on the question being repeated, said—

"'I do not know; but there are a great many spirits of my countrymen in the clouds; others are not there.'

"'Did he know there was a God?'

"'Yes.'

"'What is God?'

"'He did not know, but he had heard the word.'

"'Do the Dyaks offer sacrifice or pray like the Islamites?'

"'They offer sacrifice of hog and deer.'

"'To whom do they offer sacrifice?'

"'To Biadum.'

"'Who is Biadum?'

"'A great Dyak chief of former days.'

"'Biadum—is he one person, or are there many like him?'

"'Biadum is one person.'

"'Do they ever offer sacrifice to any other person?'

"'Never, never; to Biadum alone.'

"'Did they ever see Biadum?'

"'No; the people of former days saw him.'

"'Who sends snow, lightning, thunder, and rain?'

"'Biadum.'

"Here my visitor showed such unequivocal signs of weariness, that I ordered him something to eat, and he partook of salt beef, biscuit, and grog. I closed our questions by asking him—

"'Are many of your tribe converted to Islam?'

"'Yes, a good many.'

"'Are you of Islam?'

"'No; I do not want to be.'

"I then dismissed my wild man for the day."

There are many tribes, however, who from time to time have been converted to the faith of Islam, among whom we may mention the Minkokas, dwelling in Celebes. These must, however, be divided into two distinct communities—those living near the sea, and those who make the valleys of the interior mountains their home. The former have in some measure been civilised by their intercourse with the Bugis and Bajow people, and have adopted the Mohammedan creed, without, however, rejecting their ancient and savage practices. Indeed, the principal sign of their religion consists in the abhorrence of pork and other unclean meats. The hill-dwellers remain in their primitive state of ignorance and barbarism. Their language bears no affinity to that spoken by the Sumatrans, Malays, or Bugis. In general appearance, however, they greatly resemble the last-mentioned people, being of rather diminutive stature, though exceedingly well made and clean limbed. Their clothing consists, in most instances, of nothing but a pair of very short trousers, though some few wear the sarong.

These people wear their hair long over their shoulders, serving as their only head-dress. They decorate their arms with rings of plaited bamboo and carved shells.

Of warlike weapons no savage race is destitute. Accordingly, these Minkokas, each and all, are provided with poniards, short, but broad and formidable; and adorned at the hilt with tufts of hair, human or otherwise as the case may be. Besides this they have long cut-and-thrust swords, with spears, and the sumpitan, or blowpipe, to cast poisoned darts—that extraordinary weapon peculiar to barbarous races. Like most of the other inhabitants of the Indian

Archipelago they pursue the practice of head hunting, which, however, is not general in this as among other tribes, it being only resorted to at fuerals or festive gatherings. The death of a great chief affords a special ccasion. When this occurs, the friends and relatives of the dead man, each ith a white band bound round his forehead to denote his purpose, sally forth nd destroy every enemy they can lay hands on. "From twenty to forty heads, ccording to the rank of the deceased rajah, being procured, buffaloes are illed, rice boiled, and a solemn funeral feast is held, and whatever time may lapse, the body is not previously buried. The heads on being cleaned, are ung up in the houses of three principal persons of the tribe, and regarded ith great veneration and respect. It is not necessary, as with the Dyaks, to roduce a skull previous to marriage; nor, except on the occasion mentioned nd during war, do they take any heads."

The Minkoka people marry but one wife.

Thus much for Celebes—Mr. Brooke's account of this island will be perused ith interest by all. Few travellers have penetrated so far as he did. Had we pace, we could make numerous extracts from this portion of the work, such as he deer hunting, the visit to the caverns of Mampo, compared by our counryman to the palaces of Alhambra, and others equally striking. However, magazine laws are stern, and allow only of a certain amount of matter. We herefore reluctantly transplant ourselves from Celebes to Borneo, where we ind Mr. Brooke among the Bukara tribe of Dyaks, whose notions of a supreme being are extraordinary to the last degree. Entertaining no definite idea of a God, they possess a dim perception of a great spirit dwelling far above the clouds, who sends thunder, lightning, and rain. They never pray nor offer sacrifice o this invisible deity. However, their belief is that the dead, after they have been buried, depart to a place similar to the happy hunting grounds of the Indians, called Sabyan. They expect that all friends will meet again there in a state of endless beatitude if they have been good in this life; but if wicked, though they would go to Sabyan, it would be to another division of it, where they would be far from happy. This belief is very general among the Bornean tribes.

The Bukars have by some writers been denounced as cannibals; this, however, is not the fact, though one Indian tribe in the neighbouring island of Sumatra—the Battas—occasionally justify the accusation; for when a man has been convicted of some particular crime, he is sentenced to be tied to a stake and devoured alive by the assembled multitude. The palms of the hands and the soles of the feet are reserved as *bon-bouches* for favoured individuals—a barbarous mode of executing justice, certainly, but the Battas of Sumatra are somewhat different from the Bukars of Borneo.

The Kayans, a tribe of wild Dyaks in the interior of Borneo, have partly been converted to the faith of Islam. This, however, does not prevent their devouring any quantity of pork-chops they can procure; indeed, their religion appears to be but a name, as they are totally ignorant on the subject. They are expert in the use of the sumpitan, are fond of music and dancing, and bear a good character for honesty and punctuality in performing their engagements.

"I observed one of their customs somewhat new to me; a child was sick, and, as a charm, a straight stick, six feet high, was stuck in a water jar before the door of the apartment in which it lay; leaves, surmounted by a Baltich handkerchief, crowned the head, and the stem was twined with a waist-cloth. On inquiry, I learned that it was a charm, and that a ghost or fairy would descend and make known the best cure for the child, either in a dream, or whilst they were awake, they couldn't be certain which."

The manners and customs of the inhabitants of Sarawak, which Mr. Brooke, as rajah of the province, has abundant opportunity of observing, are simple and primitive in the extreme, though ridiculous and absurd. The Dyaks are remarkably mild and gentle, and exceedingly attached to their white ruler, whom they make much account of in their religious ceremonies. For instance, when praying to their great god, Jowata, they fill small cups with yellow rice, which a chief then takes and presents in succession to Mr. Brooke, after which the contents are scattered over the ground, while a prayer is muttered to the supreme being.

Mr. Brooke observes that the moral code of the Sarawakians, though rather low, is sufficiently respected; while quietness and tractability form characteristics of the Dyak tribes. To ingratiate himself with the people it has been the universal rule of the English Rajah never to mock any of their prejudices, while he submits with perfect good humour to the most ridiculous ceremonies, among numerous instances of which we extract the following:—"When I seat myself on the mat one by one they come forward and tie little bells on my arms; a young cocoa nut is brought, into which I am requested to spit. The white furl is presented,—I rise and wave it and say, 'may good luck attend the Dyaks; may their crops be plentiful; may their fruits ripen in due season; may male children be born; may rice be stored in their houses; may wild hogs be killed in the jungle; may they have cold weather.' This exhortation over, the dance begins. Men and women advance, take my hand, stroke their own faces, with a wild indescribable shriek, and begin a slow, monotonous, twisting, wriggling movement, with arms extended, the measure being occasionally faster, when the old ladies feel inclined to indulge in a jump; when this occurs the music gradually becomes more furious and the dance proportionably animated, then may be seen a shy boy or girl stealthily mixing in the crowd, and perhaps some proud mamma will bring her little child of six or seven, and put her into the circle, and the tiny creature will move her tiny hands in unison to the music. At Raping, on my late excursion, the wife of the Orang Kaya, who was very pretty, and danced exceedingly well, insisted upon exhibiting herself before Bethune and myself, and by this little piece of vanity greatly disturbed the economy of the dance. This being observed and complained of by the other performers, the head man (at once the chief and the master of the ceremonies), said in a loud tone, addressing her by name, 'Why don't you dance fair? There you are dancing before the great man, and the great man can see no one but you.'"

Among the sea Dyaks exists an extraordinary custom, which may be briefly described. It seems to be peculiar to a few tribes. The principal doctor or magician of the community is chosen as "Manang," and thereafter considered as a woman, and dresses as such. *She* or *he* marries a husband, adopts children, lives altogether among the women, and performs all the domestic duties incidental to the sex.

The principal occupation of this *man-woman*, if we may be allowed the term, is to perform the cure of certain diseases by the use of various charms, driving away devils, and exorcising wicked spirits. The whole is a gross superstition; though, as it leads to no evil results, it is not interfered in by Mr. Brooke, whose whole policy is marked by a rigid abstinence from the practice generally so prevalent among European travellers, of ridiculing the practices, and offending the prejudices, of the races among whom they may happen to be for the time located. There are many harmless ceremonies attendant on the election of any new candidate for this office. A branch of a tree is fixed on the Manang's head; around it is wrapped a piece of white cloth, and near this spot the spathe of the betel or areca nut is placed.

Then a great assembly of the people is convened, shouts are uttered, gongs are beaten, shells rattled, and all proclaim, in every possible way, their joy and satisfaction. The Manang to whom our countryman was introduced became so when quite a child, and was then well stricken in years.

It may not be amiss here to extract an account of the mode of taking the crocodile adopted in Borneo: it is curious and characteristic:—

"A monkey or cat is attached to a stick as a bait, which the monster sucks down lengthways, and when the strain comes on this gets across his throat. To the stick is attached, by a cord, a long rattan (cane), which floats on the surface of the water, and which the animal attempts to get rid of. In the vicinity of this floating bait a dog is confined on a stage, beyond the crocodile's reach, in which miserable position it is not surprising that he should howl somewhat lustily. The crocodile, attracted by the noise, approaches the spot with great caution; and the natives state that if he encountered any resistance in taking the bait, he would immediately retire, without a second attempt. When, however, he has swallowed it, which he does slowly, as he never suddenly tears the bait, he carries it to the shore, and it is sometimes two or three days before the long rattan is found, as he frequently takes it some distance, and secretes himself amongst the bushes and weeds of a small creek."

The manner in which capital punishment is executed at Kimanis is characteristic. A thick mosquito net is given to the criminal, who wraps it about his person, and, when all is prepared, gives the signal, upon which the fatal noose is instantly attached, and death ensues in a moment. At Sarawak it is somewhat different. The prisoner's arms are extended, his breast bared, and the kris fixed within the left clavicle bone. All being ready, a sign is made, and the executioner, by a sudden movement, drives the weapon home to the heart. Death by this means is instantaneous.

Having thus glanced briefly at a few of the customs and ceremonies used upon particular occasions by the natives of Borneo, we shall now proceed to touch on the more regular and common ceremonies, courtships, marriage, and the varied modes of burial. Of course courtship comes first, being generally a preliminary of marriage.

No youth of quality dare venture to say sweet words to an aristocratic girl, unless the said sweet words be accompanied by a net-ful of fresh human heads, thrown at the blushing maiden's feet. If a young man can accumulate a sufficient number of these trophies, he places them carefully in a receptacle somewhat resembling a cabbage-net, slings them on his shoulder, and proceeds forthwith to the house where resides the object of his desires. He then offers the heads at the same time that he places at the lady's disposal his hand and heart.

If his addresses be agreeable, the damsel desires her lover to cut a large bamboo cudgel from the neighbouring jungle, and when armed with this instrument she carefully arranges the *cadeau d'amour* on the floor, and by repeated blows beats the skulls into fragments, which, when thus pounded, are scraped up and cast into the river, the damsel at the same time throwing herself into the arms of her enraptured lover. So commences the honeymoon.

The usual practice, in other cases, however, is to guard the skulls, pickling them with care, as from the extreme heat of the climate constant attention is required to preserve them.

The above account is the only one worth relating here; we shall, therefore, proceed at once to the next in succession—viz., marriage ceremonies, which, however, are not very varied or interesting.

The people of the tribe of Sinar are not obliged to take possession of a head before marriage, being in this respect almost singular. The ceremonies among them are as described in the following extract:—

"They have four cups, in which are hog's blood, fowl's blood, rice, and gold dust, each in a separate cup. Four cups are carried by the bride, four by the bridegroom, in a tray on their heads, and when they retire to rest these are placed over their couch. They do not assemble the tribe, nor do they feast, the immediate relatives of the parties only being present."

Among some races there is very little ceremony. The lady is at perfect liberty to accept or refuse her admirer, as she pleases, and matches are made with very little intervention on the part of the parents, who, after the usual period of courtship has elapsed, cannot withhold their consent to the union, if both parties are agreeable. The lover then presents his father-in-law with a present suiting his circumstances, and the bride returns with him to his house, when the ceremony is completed, and the marriage considered as accomplished. It will thus be seen that a girl may marry without the consent, or even the advice of any of her immediate relations, and also that very little ceremony is observed on the occasion.

However, the rites attendant on the disposal of the dead are not so devoid of solemnity as the hasty and unceremonious solemnisation of marriage would appear to warrant. We must not, however, be understood to mean that solemnity in burials is universal. Some tribes rather neglect their dead, though among the generality no want of respect is ever shown.

In some places the people content themselves, at the death of a relation, with burning an abundance of wood, cloth, rice, and *one head* with the corpse. The spirit is then supposed to descend to Sabyan, a place of which we have already made mention.

The Kayans have a mode of burial so curious that we cannot avoid making an extract that the reader may have it described in Mr. Brooke's own rapid and graphic language.

"When a man dies, his friends and relatives meet in the house, and take their usual seats around the room. The deceased is then brought in, attired in his best clothes, with a cigar fixed in the mouth, and being placed on the mat in the same manner as he would have arranged himself when alive, his betel box is set by his side. The friends go through the forms of conversing with him, and offer him the best advice concerning his future proceedings, and then having feasted, the body is deposited in a large coffin, and kept in the house for several months. At the end of this time the friends and relatives again assemble, and the coffin is taken out, and deposited on a high pole or tree in a particular direction. The deceased during the procession, is repeatedly cautioned to beware he does not lose his way—'Follow the road (they say), till it branches in three directions; be careful in selecting the centre path, for this will conduct you to your own country, whilst that to the right leads to Borneo, and that to the left to the sea.' After many similar cautions, the coffin is deposited, and the assembly separates."

Some tribes dispose of the dead simply by burning, others bury them without any ceremony. The only reason the Dyaks give for burning their dead, is that the smoke ascending to heaven goes to Jowata, the god of the Bornean races. Among one community the custom prevails of interring the corpse, and along with it various articles, such as spears and other arms, clothes, rice, ciri, betel, and the head which the deceased first gained during his lifetime. Here it may not be amiss to give a description of a Dyak cemetery, which at all events may serve to illustrate the superstitious feeling prevalent in the wild island of Borneo, among the wonderful races which inhabit it.

"It was situated on the slightly-elevated ridge near the channel, shaded by fine trees. Each grave was entirely covered by a bundle of sticks, a foot and a half or two feet in height. These were kept together by a transverse cross. On the grave of the men were placed the scabbard of their swords, their arm-rings, and other light ornaments, whilst over those of the women, were hung their waist-rings of rattan; a jar of water and food were placed at the head and foot of each, and in a hole amid the burying-place I saw two skulls, but they had the appearance of being the heads of persons accidentally disinterred."

Having thus glanced at one peculiarity in each of the grand ceremonies of this world as practised among the Indian islanders, we trust our readers may be enabled to form some idea of the present state of civilisation and religion in Borneo. Barbarous and primitive they are indeed, savage and tending to deteriorate the character of the people. Yet, with the exception of the head-taking, it will have been observed that the Dyaks are a simple and inoffensive people, easily carried away by feeling, and fondly clinging to old prejudices and customs. Affectionate and honest in almost all the relations of life, they still show signs of the innate propensities of all savage races, a thirst for blood—a carelessness of human life, a disregard of those prejudices and manners of living common among the civilised portions of this world's inhabitants.

We sincerely wish that our task consisted not in describing the rites and ceremonies practised by races of our fellow men plunged in the deepest darkness, but in describing the progress of Christianity in their hitherto much neglected and almost unknown lands. Already we see with pleasure that Mr. Brooke has succeeded in some degree in ameliorating the condition of the unhappy Dyaks. Unhappy they indeed are at present. Enveloped in the densest cloud of ignorance, wrapped for ages in obscurity, neglected, left to their own resources, the savage tribes of Borneo have ever lived, a by-word for barbarism and wretchedness.

The stigma of this rests, we are sorry to say, on the nations of Europe. When the Dutch and Portuguese first established an influence in the Eastern seas, was it to civilise the people or to carry the benefits of commerce among them? Far from it. Their only idea was that of enriching and aggrandising themselves at the expense of the benighted races they oppressed, by drawing forth the resources of countries hardly equalled in wealth by any others on the face of the globe for fertility, and the variety of its productions, mineral, vegetable, and agricultural, with a climate mild and gentle, where you can enjoy in the different districts, the temperature of spring, summer, autumn, and winter.

Among the most valuable of the products of Borneo is its wood. There are to be met with in every direction vast forests of inexhaustible supplies of timber fit for ship building, and almost every other purpose to which the material is applied. No limits can be set to the extent to which wealth may flow from this source into the coffers of the enterprising. Nor is it alone for its commercial riches that Borneo offers advantages to the settler; it is a beautiful and delightful country; towering hills, broad plains, magnificent forests, noble rivers, meet the eye in succession. Every variety of landscape is presented. Here the eye may meet with a pile of lofty mountains rearing their heads one above another, among whose craggy ravines the voice of torrents is never silent as they precipitate themselves from stupendous heights and dash into spray in the rocky basins below; there the beholder finds his gaze enchanted by a lovely glade refreshed by some pleasant water-brook, and adorned with every variety of flower and shrub, and climbing parasite, brilliant with bright blossoms.

Moreover, as we have observed, the inhabitants of this magnificent island are on the whole a simple and inoffensive race, the slaves of ancient prejudices, nurtured in barbarous practices, ignorant, debased, and enslaved. Hospitality, too, is a universal characteristic of the Dyaks. The weary traveller never fails in finding where to shelter himself from storm and tempest, wind and rain.

Having thus, we trust, particularised some few of the principal characteristics of those singular races inhabiting the no less singular island of Borneo, we shall now, for the present, at least, take leave of them, and trust that ere long we shall have to describe the progress of Christianity, the advancement of commerce, and the spread of the arts of civilisation among the wild tribes over whom now hangs the darkest cloud of ignorance, now for the first time beginning to melt and scatter before the breath of European influence.

THE FOUR HENRYS.

History is replete with strange coincidences, and we read of such inexplicable events that we are almost led to believe that they are ordained by Providence, and become the inevitable fate of some families. Among the many strange but well-authenticated facts that we read of in French history, we may quote the following:—For instance, the succession of three brothers *successively*,* to the throne of France has always preceded the overthrow or the extinction of that dynasty, and paved the way to a new line. Philippe le Bel dies, and leaves four sons: three of them occupy the throne successively—Louis le Hutin, the first; then Philippe le Long; and lastly, Charles le Bel. With him the branch of the Capets becomes extinct, and is replaced by the Valois—Henry II. dies, and also leaves four sons, three of whom became kings of France:—viz., Francis II., Charles IX., and Henry III. who was the last of the Valois. Then come the Bourbons, and we have seen the extinction of the elder branch of that house, after the reigns of Louis XVI., Louis XVIII., and Charles X., who were three brothers, and who all three became kings.

We will now relate another strange coincidence, which is to be found in one of the numerous quaint productions of the sixteenth century. We are indebted for the following anecdote to a book which was published at the Hague, under the title of "The Hand of God;" we have shortened it considerably, but by connecting the principal parts, and not losing sight of the spirit of it, we have endeavoured to show its singularity with equal effect.

One dark winter's night, when the rain was falling in torrents, an old woman who lived in a small hut in the forest of St. Germain, and who passed for a sorceress in that part of the country, was brooding over the dying embers of a wood fire, when she was suddenly roused by a loud knocking at her door; she opened it and perceived a horseman, who craved shelter from the storm; and having kindly invited him to enter, she hastened to lead his charger to a shed hard by. By the feeble glare of a smoky lamp she perceived that her guest was young, and evidently a person of distinction, and, having kindled the fire into a cheerful blaze, she hastened to spread before him a scanty supply of brown bread and cheese, which was all the provisions she had in the hut.

"I have nothing else," she said; "after having paid all the taxes by which we are burthened by the church and the king, I have little left to offer to a hungry and weary traveller."

"*Par Dieu*," "said the stranger, "if ever I become king of France, my first care shall be to suppress all taxes, and to instruct the people."

"God help you," answered the old woman.

The young nobleman was approaching the table to eat, when another knock was heard at the door, and a horseman, wet to the skin, again craved for hospitality. It was granted, and having bid him welcome into her humble abode, she perceived with some surprise that her new guest was young and another person of rank.

"Ah! is that you, Henry?" said the first.

"Yes, Henry," replied the other.

Both were named Henry, and the old woman understood by their conversation that they had accompanied the king that morning with a large hunting party, and had been separated by the storm.

"Hallo! mistress," said the new guest, "have you nothing else to offer us?"

"Nothing," was the reply.

"Well, in that case we must share alike."

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* *Consecutively.*

His companion did not seem to relish this arrangement very much, but glancing at the other's fierce and resolute air, he reluctantly consented to it.

They sat down opposite to one another, and were on the point of dividing the bread, when another loud knock shook the hut. It was rather a singular meeting—it was another person of rank, another youth, and another Henry. The old woman gazed at them with astonishment. The first Henry wished to conceal the supper, but the second replaced it on the table, and laid his sword beside it. The third Henry smiled.

"You do not wish to share with me," he said,—"well, I shall wait, although I feel very hungry."

"The supper," said the first Henry, "belongs by right to the first arrived."

"No!" said the second, "it belongs to him who can best defend it."

"Perhaps," said the third, impetuously, "it will belong to him who can get possession of it."

Hardly had he spoken these words, when the first Henry drew his dagger, and the two others their swords. Blood was about to be spilled, when a fourth knock was heard, and a fourth youth, a fourth nobleman, and a fourth Henry entered the room. At the sight of the drawn weapons, he plucked his own from the scabbard, and siding with the weakest he rashly began the attack; whilst the old woman, frightened out of her senses, hastened to conceal herself in a closet. The lamp was upset during the fray, and the four combatants were left to struggle in the dark; and after some time, which seemed an age to the old woman, the clashing of steel subsided gradually, and then ceased altogether. She then ventured to leave her concealment, and having relighted the lamp, she beheld the four young men extended on the floor. On examining their wounds, she perceived at a glance that they were but slight, and that they must have fallen more from exhaustion than loss of blood. They all rose heartily ashamed of what they had done, and bursting into a loud laugh, they said to one another—

"Come, let us finish our supper peaceably, and in friendship."

But when they came to look for it, they found the bread on the ground, trampled upon and soiled with blood. On the other hand, the hut was in complete disorder, and the old woman, crouched in a corner, was looking fixedly at her guests.

"What are you looking at, dame?" asked the first Henry, evidently ill at ease under the steady gaze of the old crony.

"I am reading your destinies, which are plainly written on your foreheads."

The second Henry sneeringly ordered her to reveal them, and the two others asked her good-naturedly to do the same.

"As you have all four met in this hut, so surely will your destinies be united; as you have trampled upon and soiled with blood the bread of hospitality, so surely will you trample upon and soil with blood the power which you might have shared; as you have laid waste and impoverished this hut, so surely will you lay waste and impoverish France; and as you have all four been wounded in the dark, so surely will you all four meet your deaths by treachery and violent means."

The four young men laughed heartily at the old woman's prophecy. They were the four future heroes of the League, two as its enemies, and the others as its defenders.

The first was Henri de Condé, assassinated by his wife, at St. Jean d'Angely.

Henri de Guise, assassinated at Blois by the forty-five.

Henri de Valois (Henry III.), assassinated at St. Cloud by Jacques Clément.

And Henri de Bourbon (Henry IV.), assassinated at Paris by Ravaillac.

THE FRENCH PROMPTER.

By JULES JANIN.

Imagine the torments of Tantalus dying with thirst in the midst of a limpid stream, of Ixion on his wheel, or of Prometheus under his eagle—picture to yourself all that is most perplexing and torturing in imprisonment or slavery, and you will have but a faint idea of the miseries of the existence of the unfortunate being to whom fickle destiny has assigned as a perpetual residence that narrow hole, the extinguisher of all poetry and sentiment, denominated the PROMPTER'S BOX.

Nevertheless, this unknown, invisible, nameless being should not be despised, for without him the dramatic art could not exist. He is the corner stone of the whole edifice. We will not now enter into the question mooted by dramatic antiquarians as to whether the prompter preceded the poet, or whether they entered into existence simultaneously. We have only to look at the signification of his French title, *le souffleur*, to be satisfied of his right to our gratitude and reverence. *Le souffle* signifies the breath, the soul, and the life; and from his despised post the Prompter gives the awakenings, the signal, the motion, the breath, the light, and the current to dramatic art. He holds the hidden wires by which the puppets of the scene are made to move. He must know everything, must foresee everything, and it is he who must previously prepare for the effect of a gesture or a speech of passion. He must be a diviner of character. He must seize with unerring tact the variations between one actor and another. He must guess at the first glance, by the gait and manner of his hero, what is his doubtful point, and rush to his aid with a sign, a look, a word, as the special case may demand. No certainty or confidence on the part of the player must for an instant of time put to sleep the watchfulness of the Prompter. He must ever keep his attention rivetted on him through all the phases of the contending passions—and then, if having reached the apex of his love, his rage, or his hatred, the eyes of the hero should assume an expression of fear, his frame tremble in the agony of doubt, and his features assume a fixed or wandering aspect, then is he lost, if the Prompter, like a dog of St. Bernard, saves him not from the abyss into which he is about to fall.

Care must be taken not to prompt too much or too little, to speak too loudly or too softly—and in this he must study the individual; and when he sends his voice to the extremity of the stage, on the other side of the wings it must be unheard.

What are the *tours de force* of our great vocalists, or the variety of sounds they produce, to the marvels accomplished by a first-rate prompter, whose voice is by turns as loud as an ophicleide, or as dulcet as a flute? The actor has but to manage and please the audience—the Prompter has the infinitely more difficult task of flattering the vanity of these tyrants in pasteboard crowns.

These trials, however, fade into insignificance before the difficulty of assisting the memory of the ladies of the stage. Who would undertake to answer for the memory of a woman? The part she knew perfectly yesterday, and the instant previously to coming upon the stage, and which she has, perhaps, already repeated before thousands of persons, she has suddenly forgotten. The sight of a new toilette worn by her rival, or a fold displaced in her own dress, will suffice to put to flight whatever of memory or intelligence she before possessed. She no longer sees, hears, understands, or speaks; and who may describe the difficulty of bringing her back, step by step, like a truant child, to the recollection of her part, and of giving the electric shock which will recal her scattered senses?

This martyr of the theatrical art acts all the leading parts simultaneously. He is, by turn, the tyrant, the noble father, the valet, the maid, the flirt, the lover, the butt, and the hero. He holds in his hand all the threads of the plot. He weeps, he raves, he swears, he sighs, he soliloquises, he strangles, he poisons, he dies; he is in love, he marries, he is a conspirator; he is rich, he is poor, covered with glory and honours; he belongs, at the same moment, to all nations and all ages, to all griefs, to all joys. What must be the confusion of ideas in the head of this unfortunate victim! What torments must he endure, imprisoned for seven consecutive hours in his wretched den, employed in manufacturing and arranging the materials which compose what is denominated dramatic art!

We have not catalogued one-third of the miseries and annoyances of the Prompter's post. To him is most frequently intrusted the copying out of the parts for the actors; and then after enjoying this sort of relaxation for his moments of leisure, he must assist at the rehearsal—not at those which take place a few days before the piece is presented to the public, and which resembles the performance on a smaller scale; but those trials of his patience where he has to teach to the subordinates his or her lesson—while the play is yet in embryo—whether the author and actors, out of temper with each other, vent their spleen upon the Prompter, who is the scapegoat, at the same time that he is the soul of the entire proceeding.

Another circumstance ministers to his miseries. It is now the fashion to give only outlines of comedies, which the actors fill up according to their individual fancies. Imagine the conflicting demands, the alterations, the orders and counter orders, with which the auriculars of the poor Prompter are assailed. How, amidst such antagonistic interests, is he to make way, and to avoid the general torrent of indignation which will break forth against him should he happen to commit the slightest error or mistake?

The Prompter is incessantly connected with pleasure and amusement, which personally he knows not what it is to enjoy. He hears of large salaries, of benefit nights, of golden tributes, diamonds, embroidered vestments; magnificence of all descriptions constantly pass before his eyes. Meanwhile, his threadbare coat is ten years old, his waistcoat appears to lament departed glories, and his hat admits the air. Though love-making is constantly taking place before him, he never comes in for the smallest portion. Of all the triumphs in which he plays so important a part, he but participates in the noise and dust. Of all the wreaths that cover the stage he obtains not the smallest flower; and on those occasions when the actors and actresses partake of collations, the peeling of an orange, thrown maliciously into his den, is his allotment of the repast.

His life is passed in the hideous retreat upon which the musical director is constantly beating—a system of torture which all the refinement of cruelty invented by the Spanish Inquisition could not exceed!

Hitherto, I have supposed the Prompter to be an aged man; he at least would possess the advantage of having lost the illusions, the hopes, the passions, and the emotions of youth. But let us for an instant imagine a young man in such a situation. All must have observed that the younger and more charming the actress, the more she flies the Prompter's box. She desires to be completely seen—she will not conceal her pretty little feet behind the extinguisher which covers the miserable *caput* of the Prompter. On the other hand, the old, the awkward, and the ugly members of the *troupe* shelter themselves behind it. Then, how are the most charming illusions dispelled! "What renders the planet Venus so beautiful in the distance," says a celebrated astronomer, "is, that she is frightful when near." What compassion must we, then, not feel for M. Arago and the Prompter, both forced to view the "stars" in such fatal proximity? Beautiful is dramatic art in the distance, but frightful, indeed, when seen from the Prompter's box!

Let us conclude this slight sketch of a Prompter's life with the words of one of the fraternity—an old Prompter of the Comedie Francaise—to Fleury:— "*Mon cher enfant, je m'en vais; et si j'ai le bonheur que le souffle sorte une fois de mon corps, je veux être pendu plutot que de le faire rentrer!*"

DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL MIRROR.

Shakspere has said, "Time was that when the brains were out, a man would die, and there an end"—and even thus would it appear to be with theatres. Drury Lane and Covent Garden, though their brains have been literally knocked out, still exist, and, like the ghost of the murdered Banquo, "push us from our stools." Lyricism and equitation have usurped the royal seats, and the warblings of the one, and the canterings of the other, have seized upon the ears, and trodden out all the bright intellectuality, the profound philosophy, and the golden poetry which, at no very backward period, were the winning charms of these once national institutions. The present efforts at the Sadler's Wells and the Marylebone Theatres, are praiseworthy and satisfactory, and have, to a certain extent, served to keep alive the flickering flame from quite expiring, but for any high and enduring purpose, they cannot avail. The remuneration can but be in an equal ratio with the sizes of the buildings, and the largest possible amount to be realised will do no more than cover the current expenditure, with an hypothetical, or, at least, but a modest gain to the proprietors. We feel that the licensing of so many minor theatres was the original cause of stopping the resources of the national drama. We were canvassing this interesting subject not many days since, with a celebrated dramatic writer and acute critic, of the good old times, when he feelingly remarked, "With what pleasure in our earlier days of dramatic criticism did we consider theatrical matters—what a relief was it from the severer labours of our profession, to direct to a play-going public what was most worthy their patronage. But those days have passed away. All the immense capital invested upon the faith of the laws has been sacrificed by the unblushing violations, which the government have not only permitted, but sanctioned, upon the property and patents, which had induced individuals to embark their money. The result is so plain that those who run may read: ruin to the proprietors, and semi-starvation to the professors of the stage. The facility with which licences have been granted, and new theatres established, has increased the number of histrionic attempters a hundred-fold, luring them from their legitimate callings of tailors, shoemakers, carpenters, weavers, &c., ultimately to become objects for union workhouses. The laws upon theatrical licensing in Great Britain are as absurd as they are pernicious; they repeal everything that might tend to the upholding of the drama, and encourage everything that can deteriorate it. Verily, they have had, and will have their reward."

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

This brilliant *troupe* has at length concentrated its strength, and devoted it, without artistic jealousies or theatrical heartburnings, to the perfect rendering of the works which have been presented. We need scarcely offer remark on the style in which Rossini's superb opera of *Semiramide* has been produced. Certainly, at no previous period has it been given with so great vocal or scenic splendour. The fine stage and complete machinery of this theatre afford advantages which no other establishment in this country possesses for the mounting of great lyrical works, in which scenery, processions, and splendour form some of the natural elements. In the instance of *Semiramide*, these additional means are of especial importance to the carrying out the design; and assuredly the rich eastern costumes, the Numidian slaves bearing the golden presents, the phalanx of warriors, the barbaric gorgeousness, and the quaint banners, and the military bands form fitting auxiliaries to enable the spectator to lend himself to the dramatic illusion. Horrible as is the story of the drama into which Rossini has interwoven his melodies, there is yet an unaccountable charm in mingling amongst the historical personages who formed the ruling characters of the court of Babylon. It is full of gloom and mysticism, and the passions and emotions, and the vices of the several characters invest the mind with a semi-dreaminess, akin to that said to be experienced by travellers upon first viewing the wonders of Elora. We are subdued by the action, but feel no human interest for the actors; and, indeed, the music of Rossini, with the single exception of the early portion of the finale to the first act, and the fine writing of the sestet, is in perfect antagonism with the sentiment of the subject. There is a want of appropriate colouring; the poem is dark, gusty, lurid, and gloomy; the music light, cheerful, voluptuous, and flowing. The minister of Belos, the poisoner of Ninus, gurgles *cadenzi*, and indulges in vocal embroidery—the incestuous Queen warbles in love-sick strains, and luxuriates in harmonic beauties—the young warrior, Arsace, vocalises tenderly as a sighing Giovanni, beneath the lattice of his "ladie love," and even the music allotted to the High Priest, the prophet of the land, might be appropriately arranged for the use of polkists, mazourkists, and devotees of waltzes and quadrilles. Nothing less than the marvellous talents of the artists could reconcile us to the wide differences between the subject and the musical illustration. We breathe no word against Rossini, for he wrote this opera for his countrymen, who would have deemed any true musical echo of the words as absurd; they wished for mere melody, and Rossini gave it to them in profusion. What he could produce when called upon by a higher state of the lyrical drama he hàs proved in his *William Tell*, a work that may worthily rank with those of Gluck, Mozart, and Beethoven. Semiramide is Grisi's finest impersonation. Her Eastern style of beauty, the commanding presence, the almond-shaped eye, and the ringing quality of her splendid organ, all contribute to a perfect interpretation of the Assyrian Queen. Madlle. Alboni, though still beyond comparison the greatest existing *contralto*, has not entirely recovered the potency of her voice, but its beauty and its liquidity, and the facility and grace of her ornaments, are still the same. Tamburini's voice is gone—we fear without chance of return—his style is antique and *rococo*, and his execution is a sort of chin operation, and has no more to do with true and legitimate vocalising than have the capers of a North American Indian with the graceful *poses* of Taglioni. With this exception the *Semiramide* was quite perfect.

La Donna del Lago has afforded affluent means for the individual displays of Mario, Grisi, and Alboni. King James is admirably adapted to the means of Mario, who both in power and execution has marvellously improved; he is the finest tenor of the day, and bids fair to be an accomplished actor. As Malcolm Græme, Alboni proved that she had moulted no feather of her former superiority—her power had returned, and at no former period was the audience more enthusiastic. To Tamburini, unfortunately, was assigned the Roderick Dhu, a part written for a tenor, and to which Donzelli gave wonderful effect. The result of Tamburini was a signal failure. We put in our protest against the introduction of music not belonging to the opera; upon the occasion to which we allude, Mario and Tamburini both sinned in this particular, and this in the very teeth of the boast of the establishment that every work should be given in its integrity. This should be stringently forbidden by the direction. We hear that some of the mighty works of the mighty composers are in preparation. Viardot is expected, and will complete the starry circle. The houses have been full and fashionably attended.

SURREY THEATRE.

It would seem that this admirable theatre is a sort of debateable land in the domain of the drama. Each season, as it passes in its annual round, exhibits a new phase of theatrical amusement. Opera, tragedy, melodrama, and ballet, are for a limited period in the ascendant. On Monday it commenced a new era, under the management of Mr. Kerschner, who, if we may form any present opinion from past success, will not suffer the property to lie fallow. He has commenced his reign with spirit, and has gathered around him those actors who had made the Surrey famous. *The Bohemians* is a drama of powerful interest, and exhibits the inner life of Paris with horrid fidelity. We think we have seen a version of the same piece at the Adelphi. There can be but one opinion as regards the certainty of success of the Surrey Theatre under spirited and judicious management; when these qualities have been combined it has ever been triumphant. The population is dense, and the passion for dramatic exhibitions is intense; and, hence, failure must be rather attributed to the want of skill in those at the helm, than to the fitness of the vessel, or the value of its freight. We are certain that, if common industry be used, to procure peculiar pieces, and a sufficient talent to give them due and fitting utterance, be secured, that a rich harvest may be gathered.

MARYLEBONE.

To Mrs. Warner is strictly due the first thought of devoting Sadler's Wells to the purpose which that theatre has since so worthily carried out. After a career of deserved success, she moored her craft to the far wilds of Pancras, and pursued the same course she had adopted at the confluence of the New River. The result has succeeded, so far as the moral purpose is concerned; the finest productions have been acted in their poetical integrity, and have been presented in a style the most complete. A goodly, if not a great, company was engaged, sufficient for a fair interpretation of the works produced, and all seemed to wear a cheering aspect. We now learn that Mrs. Warner is about to abdicate the throne she has filled so worthily; we greatly regret this, for we felt that a lasting advantage would result by the adoption of legitimate plays, to the exclusion of melodramatic monstrosities. As a crowning triumph of her government, Mr. Macready has been engaged, and is now in the course of acting some of the great characters of the immortal plays of Shakspere; a worthy conclusion of the noble attempt to drag the stage from its present slough of despond.

The Easter dramatic offerings have been more than ordinarily effective. At the Haymarket, Horace Walpole's clever romance has been turned inside out by the punning pen of à Beckett. The huge casque and towering plume, and the giant cased in armour, afford a great scope for the marvellous and the mirthful; while, at the Lyceum, Planche has gracefully burlesqued the prettiest legend of the "Metamorphoses"—the loves and adventures of Theseus and Ariadne. At the Adelphi *The Fountain of Thea*, a charming thought, beautifully elaborated with all scenic appliances. At Drury Lane, wonderful is the equitation and wonderful the elasticity and the daring of the equestrians forming the *troupe* of M. Franconi. There would appear such a love of horses in Englishmen as almost to amount to instinct. To the races, so superior in this country to those which take place on the Continent, may be ascribed the superiority of our breed to those of any other nation, hardly excepting that of Arabia. The out-door exercise which this induces, and the excitement of the sport which it causes, may be cited as peculiarly English. To foster this feeling in the breasts of her children, her Majesty has made it an invariable rule to afford them the amusement which exhibits equestrianism. Prince Albert and the royal children, almost as a matter of course, have honoured Franconi's with a visit, upon which occasion the direction strained every nerve to render the performance satisfactory. The royal box was regally decorated, and the *troupe* and animals, upon this complimentary occasion, appeared in the most gorgeous array. The housings were superb, and the coats of the horses rivalled the gloss of the finest satin. The *petit* Loisset and little Marie Anato were especial favourites with the royal children, and the comic *apropos* and physical feats of M. Auriol and his elastic son, excited roars of laughter which would have reflected honour on the merest plebeian. The innumerable leaps through floral hoops executed by Madlle Palmyre, while the horse is galloping at full speed, caused loud demonstrations from the royal box. Madlle. Caroline went through the evolutions of the *haute école*. The horse was trained after the by-gone system, in which the martingale is used. The present bit-practice causes the mouth of the horse to become so tender that he is necessitated to keep the neck in a continual curve, which, though it may add gracefulness to the appearance, cannot but render its usage oppressive and painful. A grand *entrée* of knights and ladies in picturesque costumes closed the performance. The houses have been well attended, and the horses continue to draw. The interest of M. Jullien in this establishment has ceased, and Mr. Beale, the well-known music publisher, of the firm of Cramer, Beale, and Co., is now the lessee. Cremorne has opened its sylvan shades; here music and mirth, and Terpsichore, and ærial voyages, and aquatic gambols are rife. The gardens bear an entirely new aspect: gravelled walks and green swards rival the velvet in smoothness, and parterres of gay and sweet-odoured flowers regale the senses. The orchestra is excellent, and all that can minister to the pleasure seeker is here presented in rich abundance.

POLYTECHNIC.

This excellent institution has re-opened its portals to the public, with a vast accession of attractions, each of which claims especial mention. We must be content, however deserving every department may be of a full and amplified notice, to give a somewhat general inkle of the almost endless treats here provided for the young and the old. We will first most cheerfully accord our meed of praise to the admirable judgment which has been exercised in the re-arrangement of all that which is not new and that which is, in the mechanical and artistic departments. In the mechanical, many working models of patents, but recently sealed, are to be found; thus enabling the scientific world at once to see—that is, to some extent—what is going on, and thus save many an ardent and ingenious mind from bestowing its valuable time and attention on that which has, mayhap, been effected before. The same class of talented persons is likewise afforded the opportunity of carrying out to perfection many things which are here but hints, or in too incipient a state to prove more than curious. We earnestly desire, from these and other reasons equally obvious, to see more of these working models, the limits of the society in this respect being capable of considerable extension and of commensurate usefulness. The philosophical toys, and the lectures upon the rudiments of science, are all very well; and although there be much in these which could be well dispensed with, we presume that such is necessary for the amusement of a considerable portion of the shilling public who, although listless and unproductive, contribute to a fund without which the more rational portion could scarcely be provided. Dr. Ryan lectures upon "The Breakfast Table," in which he gives a history of the table-cloth, from the growth of the flax to its introduction to the parlour; the best methods of making tea and coffee—in which, by the bye, excellent opportunities present themselves, and are not altogether unheeded, of giving a lift to some few inventors of registered urns, patent percolators, &c.,—the process of toasting bread, of making butter,—the growth and properties of watercress; the natural habits of the "Finnun haddy" and the anchovy; the nutritious qualities of the English egg, and its preservation from the foreign *yoke*, and, it may be, the manufacture of London milk; all forming a comfortable intellectual meal, which is somewhat greedily swallowed by an audience right hungry for knowledge.

The Polytechnic is assuredly one of the most interesting of our exhibitions; and its growing prosperity is flattering evidence of its utility in the neighbourhood of a city the inhabitants of which are becoming daily more alive to the value of an insight into the nature and economy of the things by which their comforts are rendered greater and their necessities provided for.

THE COLOSSEUM.

"These are timerous times," exclaims Hodge, in the farce, and men should be careful in dealing out that which may add to the large pile of fright already around us. The announcement by large posters upon every wall and hoarding of "The Removal of London by Moonlight," had far from a soothing tendency; but all fear is removed now that the innocent nature of the declaration is known. Nor are the proprietors of the Colosseum about to shoot the Queen of Night, as some may think; but, on the contrary, the Herculean labour is undertaken to make room for a new city. That France should be glad at the present moment to get a comfortable location in the Regent's-park few would doubt; and, therefore, they may not be surprised to hear that capital lodgings are provided for Paris in the Colosseum. John Bull's hospitality is notorious—here he positively turns himself out, to give more room to his neighbour. The Conservatories, the Swiss Cottage, the Galleries of Sculpture all look as fresh as ever, and the Fairy Cave as brilliant as the first day it was thrown open to astonish and delight.

DIORAMA.

Mount Ætna is the subject chosen for the present season. It is painted by M. Diosse, a pupil of M. Daguerre. The view is taken from the ruins of the theatre at Naormina. Three effects are produced:—moonlight, sunlight, and the eruption of the mountain, rendered more forcible by surrounding gloom. These three several aspects appear to owe nothing to exaggeration, and the best talents of the artist and ingenuity of the mechanist have combined to the most successful issue. It may not be known to the general reader how this marvellous semblance to nature is produced. The pictures are placed at distances from the spectator, proportioned to the angle at which he would view the actual objects; and, in the absence of the means to perceive this distance, and having no connecting objects to operate as a scale towards the direction of his judgment in comparing quantities, he yields irresistibly to the magic of the painter's skill, and feels the illusion to be complete. This successful illusion is not alone the attraction of the exhibition, it has further claim to applause from the changes that occur in pictures, so decided and true to nature that the mind is led to doubt that they are the effect of art. The present exhibition is one of great and varied beauty, and will delight in equal proportion to any, even the best, of past seasons.

COSMORAMA.

The entrance of this exhibition has no very great pretensions; and the most eager sight-seer might pass it by without a thought, so little does that without suggest the excellencies provided within. Here the power of the locomotive is beaten—for, from St. Peter's to Mount St. Bernard it is but a minute's walk. *Presto!*—the great Sphynx stands before you; and from the site of this monster may be seen Klutchee, in Kamtschatka, Mont Blanc, and Berne, without straining the optic nerve or tiring the retina. The Genoa Crucifix, carved most exquisitely in ivory, is likewise beneath this roof; and although we are not going to commit ourselves to the story which is gratuitously given with the exhibition of it, we can safely say that, viewed as a work of art, it possesses the most genuine claims upon the attention of the connoisseur. The philanthropic Soyer is, moreover, about to rule the roast here, he having laid out a large room, with carved frames, for an artistic banquet,—at which, alas! would that the principal preparer of the feast, his lamented wife, could have presided. Most of our readers have, doubtless, seen the plates; here will be found in a few days the originals—provided for the taste and from the *palette*—from which such plates were taken. In the exhibition of the pictures of Mr. Soyer, the *chef* has a charitable motive. May it meet with success!

MIRROR OF FINE ARTS.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

"It is easy to find fault" is an accepted axiom: not so in art; at least, not logically, critically so. It is much easier to praise, and a much more pleasant duty. Praise is accepted mostly without the reasons which induce it; the exercise of fault-finding necessarily calls forth the why and the wherefore. The critic, therefore, were he to select the less onerous side of his task, would choose that which would involve the least burdensome consequences. To dash off a report of an exhibition of art with a lavish distribution of encomiums, like sugared comfits amidst a mob upon an Italian jubilee, with here and there an indiscriminate buffet or two by way of cayenne, or balance to the sweet, may be one way of getting rid of a task as important to the public as it is to art and artists, and equally of serious consideration to the honour and efficiency of those who are entrusted with the obligation. "Praise undeserved" being "Censure in disguise," never told with greater force than in art. Praise undeserved may be seen to be such by all but the one most interested in the expression of truth. Truth to an artist, whether he be young or matured in his profession, involves advice,—the conviction of others that he be in the right path—the warning monition that he is pursuing a wrong one. Praise, to a tyro, is called encouragement; to the matured, approval. How cautiously, then, ought it to be dealt! Encouragement in a doubtful course may lead to disappointment—approval of error to its continuance, and its endless perpetuation in those that confidently follow. In this we trace the first cause of the wide-spread mischief that is abroad. Such-and-such an one's pictures were highly reported upon last year; they were selected as prizes (by whom ?) of the Art Union: "He uses bitumen and brown pink in his shadows, paints his sky with turpentine, leaves his figures just indicated and sketchy, shows here and there the mark of the tool, rubs in his glazings with his thumb, and scrapes the higher lights with his palette-knife." Here, then, is an amount of knowledge for the would-be successful candidates for market-honours; and, lo! the following season covers the walls of the exhibition-room with acres of canvass, all vying with each other which shall be the nearest—in imaginative expression, in a close adherence to nature? No!—in the nearest proximity to Mr. ———'s style. Perhaps not one of these copiers of another's peculiarities meets with the desired goal. Some one else obtains the laurels. *His* pictures are singular for their prismatic effects—"Turneresque"—all form is merged into colour:—"See, I can hang it upside down, and it looks as well one way as the other." "His ground is covered with perennial snow throughout the seasons—his skies are the gorgeous hues reflected from a prism—his foliage hot browns, balanced by the coldest greens: harmony is attempted by extremes, and the picture is not complete until every colour of the palette has found a place—somewhere." Here again is food for *imitative* art. Painting in and in, until the web of chaotic error becomes so entangled that not a thread of originality remains to relieve the mass of servile imitation from its inextricable worthlessness. We sorely regret that these observations are directed with purposed force to the landscape portion of an exhibition having the high prestige of a royal charter, and numbering amongst the initiative those whom we must, in impartial justice, class as the most zealous adherents to "copyism."

Commencing with the large room, we find Count D'Orsay exhibiting the head of *Our Saviour*, which has been painted with great care, but in character or treatment of subject evinces nothing but what has been done often before.

The Prison Door (No. 7), by Mrs. J. Macleod, presented an opportunity for making a picture of interest, which has been marred by the neglect in having a fitting model from which to draw the drapery, which is crude in colour, and does not fall in natural folds. There is merit in the face and an earnestness of expression which is suggestive of far better things.

No. 9, R. Nightingale, from Wordsworth's "White Doe of Rylston," is noticeable for its strange effect. It appears as though it had been painted thinly on a dark slate, and that the hue of the slate was making itself manifest throughout.

No. 10, *Two Children*, by Mr. Bowness, should have been kept at home.

Mr. Tennant's pictures are at all times deserving notice, although we fear he is not altogether free from the *'phobia* we have alluded to. His *English River Scene* (11) is well chosen and nicely treated; here and there a little too washy and laboured. The art of knowing when and where to leave off has to be learned by others besides Mr. Tennant. 128, *On the Wye*, is far better and picturesque. Again, 248, *Monmouth and Chepstow*, is a pleasing specimen of the artist's power: and 349, 366, 546, 578, *The Ferry Boat*, more especially will give a very fair notion of his varied excellencies. The latter is a delicious bit of nature, and the figures are introduced with a kindred feeling for the beauties with which they are surrounded. There is a quiet ease about everything in this frame that wins attention, and causes one to turn again after quitting it.

Mr. H. Lancaster has five subjects. The best, 115, *A Sea View*, which is fresh and vigorous, has the scarce quality of being like what it is intended to represent, and its painter has been content to use the colours, and the colours only, to be met with in the natural scene. A little more variety in the larger waves would have added to its merit. *Boat on the Scheldt* is not so fortunate. It lacks truth, mainly caused by the chalkiness of the lights. *A River Scene* (269), and *On the French Coast* (464), are average specimens of Mr. Lancaster's easel, in which there are parts which display no ordinary capabilities.

Whatever faults Mr. Woolmer may possess, it may be said they are at least his own. His overweening love of colour carries him headlong, at times, into strange vagaries, which are obviously intended to be poetical, but in most cases falling far short of their aim, leave but the notion of a large ambition thwarted by the withdrawal of the necessary supplies. His illustration of the *Lake of Pergusa* has evidently received much more of studious thought than he generally bestows, and his efforts have been waited on by a commensurate success. Still it is more redolent of "prettiness" than of poetry; yet it carries to some considerable distance the imagination, and we will be thankful for the lift. *The First Appearance* (205), a maiden startled by the appearance of Cupid on the bed quilt, will have its admirers. It's a quaint, artless little canvass, and is evidently destined for the *burin*. *Evening in the Alps* (241) is good, taken piecemeal, but, as a whole, sadly deficient in unity. This is caused by an apparently resistless desire to seize upon every object upon which to load the hues of the palette. Let us instance the coat of the pilgrim. Had this been grey, it would have become an eye to the picture and a resting-place for the observer, instead of which it adds to the endless fritter, like so many gad-like flies before the vision. A weary palmer might at least have been spared the weight of all the colours of the rainbow upon his back. *Reading Dante* (323), *The Duenna* (386), *The Pilgrims at the Well* (366), and *The Futile Disguise*, are additional instances of over, and consequently unnatural, colouring straining vainly after the poetical. More attention to the female faces of his subjects would render the works of Mr. Woolmer of additional value. A handsome face may cover a multitude of sins in nature—in art, it may not plead in vain for a few faults.

Mr. S. B. Pyne, who has many followers *in* the Society of British Artists' "School," and who is in part a follower himself of others *out* of it, has sent nine pictures. He has struck out for himself a style almost peculiarly his own (*maugre* a bite o' the hand of the "Turner" 'phobia), and which style, from its novelty and attractiveness, and its marketable qualities, has provoked countless imitators. "Pyneish" is a term already adopted in London modern art phraseology. Mr. Pyne's style is essentially a "manner," of which the mechanical elements are lime and treacle; but no man living can do more and better with lime and treacle than he. The power which in Mr. Pyne is in the greater extent original, and elicites admiration, in the hands of others gives positive offence, if it does not provoke contempt. Making every allowance for these eccentricities, much that is poetic may be found in his works; and although they would scarcely bear the test of engraving, of being translated into black and white—a process which would have for its result plates apparently unfinished, and needing filling in—they almost ever have a high intrinsic value, and possess no mean claims as pictures. *Entrance to the Menai Straits, Storm Clearing off, Opposite the Setting Sun*—by-the-bye, what a number of setting suns there are in this exhibition!—(58) is an extremely clever production, and would go far to induce us to recal our remarks touching engraving. How tastefully is every part treated. We are almost induced to forget the treacle and the lime; but, truth to say, they are used but sparingly here, and where so, with consummate artistic judgment. *Pallanza—Italy* (108), is only remarkable for its close likeness to Turner's peculiarities, and the absence of any one of the artist's, saving the careless chalky dashes upon the water meant for "sunny forms," but being white-lead (our familiar veritable lime), unmistakable. *Mill at Plass y Nant, North Wales* (240), very, very beautiful. *Shore at Littlehampton, Sussex* (359), another gem. *Thames Recollections—The New Custom House* (480). Wherefore this title? There is nothing in the pourtrayal but what may be found there at any moment. Wherefore, then, *Recollections?*—wherefore New *Custom House?* Because, forsooth! the Custom House *must* be painted white—the majesty of lime demands it—so the title must be made subservient to the picture. Or wherefore is the ancient hostelrie of Simpson's, famed for its fish dinners, painted white too?—that ever had a dingy exterior. Which, then, is the master here, lime or Pyne? *Pallanza on the Lago Maggiore* (634), a water-colour painting. Like his oils but in one respect, the white paper left for lights being far more warm and agreeable than those in oil pigment.

Mr. Alfred Montague is one of the most rapidly rising young artists of the day. His productions here testify to his talent and industry. They all have allusion to Holland or its immediate vicinity, and most of them are characterised by great faithfulness of detail, conveyed to the canvass with a fine, firm, unerring touch, both broad and rich. His smaller pictures are the best. He is great in little, less in greater, and little or nothing in the greatest. Take *A Dutch Milk Boat* (71) as the first (saving a tinge of the Bright school); and *Dort, from the Ferry* (176), as the last. Can anything be more sweet than the one—more inane than the other? The lesser works, of which there are several here, all bear witness to this fact, and point, with direct intention, to where his greatest talents lie. Ours are not picture-purchasing times, or we should have found the ticket "sold" to more of those of cabinet size.

In the notice to artists which prefaces the catalogue appears this sentence—"No *unfinished* work can be admitted into the exhibition, unless as a sketch, to be so described in the Catalogue;" and yet we find, in contravention of such law, one of its members, Mr. Hassell, hanging *The Village of Aldershot, Hants* (66), upon its walls. The cart, the figures in it, and part of the landscape itself, are merely denoted. The same remark cannot be made upon all the rest of his productions; but a far less excusable one of premeditated copyism of Mr. Pyne is painfully apparent in *The Old Tile-Kilns at Aldershot* (167). *Cæsar's Camp on Brickbury Hill* (408) is another unfinished picture by Mr. Hassell. If considered otherwise by him, he clearly mistakes the time and place to leave off. Mr. Hassell has no ordinary powers of pleasing, and his judgment of selection is, moreover, that of an accomplished artist; it is a pity, therefore, that he should coquette with his own, or make free with the styles of others. Why cannot he always take the independent course he has adopted in *Stonehenge* (60), simple to an extreme, winning to an excess? Did he think the subject unworthy to wear the mantle of another, and thus left it to appeal in its naked, natural, lovely loneliness?

No. 20 is a clever sketch of *A Gleaner*, obviously taken from the life. The handling is broad and pure, and Mr. D. W. Dean, if he be but a young artist, has the elements from which may arise a great one. *A Market Girl* (56) is another from the living model, equally good, and *An Irish Girl* (597) a third, with similar recommendatory claims.

The Hay Cart—showery weather (27), H. M. Anthony, is a glaring combination of the manner of Turner, Bright, Müller, and Pyne—so defined, indeed, that the canvass might be mapped out and allotted to their several prototypes. A large picture, by the same artist, *Landscape and Figures*, makes as free with Mulready in the objects of its middle distance. The trees take great liberties with Turner, and in one respect leave the author of the "Pleasures of Hope" far behind; they have two distinct foliages upon the same stem. 222 and 585 are but little less free from these offences; but in 533, *A Mountain Stream*, he seizes upon Pyne with a nervous and determined clutch, as though in the fixed intent to stick by his colours until the last.

Mr. J. A. Puller has three little paintings, all worthy of remark, but far from equal to what he can do.

Mr. Zeitter's works all bear the same stamp; but it is his own die, and if he is too profuse, it is not with another man's coin, 'tis with his own. Comparatively, no little virtue here—he, too, rollicks in colour and throws it about with no unsparing hand. The rags of his gipsies are always clean, and of a material which a good housewife would prize for their fast-colour properties. Mr. Zeitter has to learn that the human eye, however black it may be upon a near approach, becomes grey by distance and the intervention of atmosphere, which tones down and softens all things. His best picture here is *A Dutch Ferry Boat* (263).

Mr. T. Clater's subjects are not altogether happily chosen. His finish is, however, unexceptionable, and plainly tells us that he has been looking well into the best masters of the Dutch school. Every morsel of his studies are painted from the objects themselves; and although he does not draw largely upon his own imagination, he seizes with considerable judgment each adjunct, whether accidental or otherwise, that may prove of use to the general design.

E. J. Niemann has but one picture, *Scene at Brill* (118), a clear half of which is extremely well painted, the other of more than average ability. The portion we admire is to the right of the spectator, the distance, old cottages in the middle distance, and the broken foreground. The distance is especially fine—indeed most of this artist's works excel in this particular, a most difficult one, and so seldom well treated by the landscape painter, many of whom appear to avoid subjects which involve the task. Niemann, on the contrary, seems to know that he wields this rare power, and he positively revels in the far off. Giving to a limited canvass the deceptive effect of space is amongst the highest attainments to which the painter of art can aspire, and when this is combined with a classic perception of the beauties of form—of what to select, and of what to lay aside, it needs but one thing to perfect the master. That *little* one thing is unflinching devotion to nature's self, to paint almost at all times out of doors—morning, noon, and night; spring, summer, autumn—ay, and winter too. Nature is a bride that will well repay the wooing. But she must be wooed at *her* own home, not in the chamber or studio of the artist. Neglect her for a day, and she has quitted you for a day—neglect her for a year, and the portraits are not her portraits; they are of a school or clique, and Nature disowns them.

Somewhat of the success of Mr. Niemann's clear atmospheric effects are attributed to the use of silica colours, but like Isaak Walton's fiddle and fiddle-stick, it must be the knowledge and methods of using them after all.

The Trial of Socrates (142), W. Salter, could not have been a greater one to the philosopher than its representation has been to ourselves. We dismiss the picture; but must find the artist guilty of elaborating a piece of worsted work, and framing it.

Waterfall at Haeg (124), W. West, is a charming nook in nature; if there be anything to criticise it is the shadows, which are not sufficiently transparent.

We have, we believe, now touched upon nearly all that courts remark. There are a vast number of others too far removed from criticism to occupy our space; did they not occupy that of the society 'twould be better for themselves and for that body. J. W. Allen's works are amongst the few that may be excepted from this apparent sweeping observation, and so are both the Wilsons, and W. Fowler, and Boddington, by whom is 500, *The Path to the Church*, redolent in beautiful passages; and a little *Landscape* by T. Dingle (43); another by W. Oakes; and *The Victim of Sin and Death* (197), by Latilla, may be enumerated amongst the honourable exceptions.

We have now said enough, and trusting that the lecture we have read at the commencement of this article will have its due weight with the several members of the society, we take leave of Suffolk-street for this year, in the fervent hope of better fruits at the next season.

THE FREE EXHIBITION OF MODERN ART.

This exhibition has arisen from the exigency of the period. The exclusiveness of the Royal Academy as a corporation and the limited space at its disposal have contributed to throw the greater proportion of the British Artists upon their own resources. Considering that this is but the second year, and that the spirited band have been compelled to evacuate the comparatively small rooms of the Egyptian Hall for the more ample quarters of the Chinese Exhibition, the promoters of the movement may be fairly congratulated upon their having attained the broad and direct road that leads to a successful issue. We must acknowledge that we recognise those elements which mainly contribute to so desirable a consummation, not so much from the talents as a painter possessed by each individual member composing the initiative, but from the fact that such gift is grafted upon, and fused with, business notions not inconsistent with the noblest pursuits, and the clearly-apparent firm determination to afford the project an uninterrupted trial of some few years. Taken in the aggregate, our artists are characterised by a highly sensitive and cautious, not to add suspicious, turn of mind. They are to an immeasurable extent, beyond all other communities, jealous of being associated with failure or in anywise compromised or committed to any one thing or part of a thing which has not a certainty, or next to a certainty, as its elementary basis. This sensitiveness, not necessarily the attribute of a refined mind, is peculiarly such in reference to artists, who have ever been tacitly recognised by their fellow-men as endowed by nature with the fullest share of enlightenment and honour. In corroboration of this, mark the astonishment which society gives expression to at any dereliction from the strict line of probity by any one of its members! Long may art thus be united with truth; the cautious feeling of the way while thus in company cannot be otherwise than complimentary to her companion.

Confidence once obtained, recruits are never wanting. This confidence, if we may judge from the exhibition we have just left, is manifesting itself, and will grow and enlarge with every accession of co-operation and numbers.

The room of the late Chinese Exhibition is admirably adapted for the exposition of pictures, and is certainly the best, if not the largest, we know of in Britain—indeed, its light could not be better adjusted; falling from an angle of about 45 degrees from both sides of the roof, its rays are met and refracted upon the walls beneath with the mellowest influence. In this respect it is incomparably better than the Louvre, where the light descends but from one side, and its rays are necessarily intercepted by the spectator.

Some of the pictures have been exhibited before, and one or two at Westminster. But such portion is scarcely worthy of remark in respect to numbers, which in all amount to four hundred and forty. In this number there are many upon which praise would be abused, but the majority—and a very large majority—are of a class of merit, although not "high" as an order, quite equal to the average of the most flattering season of the Royal Academy. This is saying much for an institution but two years old, and in making the statement we may be probably and naturally suspected of "colouring,"—a suspicion which will be dispelled by a visit to Hyde-park-corner.

We have only sufficient space in the present number to give a list of some of the names of the contributors. In our next we have promised ourselves the gratification of entering fully into their merits *seriatim.*

H. K. Browne (Phiz) begins the catalogue—why does he not paint more ?—and is followed by Lucas, Passmore, Middleton, Niemann, Mclan, and Mrs. Mclan, Dibdin, Gilbert, Robins, Fowler, Duvall, Davis, G. A. Williams, Hulme, Salter, Mrs. J. Robertson, Lander, R.S.A., J. E. Lander, Kidd, Marshall, Claxton, Lucy, McInnes, Bell, Browning, Wingfield, Peel, Sayers, Miss Ann Paulson, Stump, Bentley, C. Varley, Sidney, Percy, &c.

The Art Union has intimated its intention to include this exhibition with the others from which prize-holders may select their pictures. It may be added that the term "Free" has been adopted with a *future* intent; on and after the 26th June it will be thrown gratuitously open to the public.

THE BOWYER BIBLE GRAND CLUB SUBSCRIPTION.

THE history of the Bowyer Bible is the history of a life. Endowed with the purest love of art and directed by a faultless judgment, Mr. Bowyer in early years determined to bring together each and every illustration it was possible to discover of the sacred text. How his devotional zeal was rewarded the galleries of Mrs. Parkes, of Golden-square, bear open and willing evidence. Setting aside for awhile the religious importance of this collection, in itself a theme for the most earnest pen, let us view it in a national light; for in such phrase do we feel ourselves imperatively called upon to do so. No one country throughout the globe has ever laid at the shrine of its religion such an art-offering as this. Composed of the graphic interpretations of Scripture according to the spirit which was in them, have thousands of master minds thus welled forth their fonts of genius to render fit homage to *Him* who can redeem. Each gushing evidence of heavenly love meeting here in one broad, deep, and mighty lake. The tribes who when earth was young ceaselessly piled huge and ponderous stone on stone until death alone summoned them from their religious toil were not more intent to raise a glorious and colossal structure for the admiration of after ages than were the builders of this gigantic work. Would that the gifted crowd of labourers—from Raffaelle,

> " Whose thoughts towards heaven,—to which they were akin,
> Ennobling his whole being—touching chords
> Of holiest sweetness—purifying sin—
> Raising a deathless moral that records
> The Majesty of truth, in *tints* surpassing *words!*"—

from Michael Angelo—

> " Who steeped his spirit in the richest dyes
> That nature's wealthiest fountain could bestow;
> The tastes, the passions, sentiments, which show
> The eloquence of colours, and those fine
> Mysterious sympathies which thrill and glow,
> Like stars which burn and tremble as they shine,—
> Gifting the painter's sight with glories all divine"—

down to West, Reynolds,—

> "——names
> My country !—dear—ay, doubly dear, to thee;
> Gems of thine own heart's mine, whose lustre shames
> The earlier record of thine history;—
> High denizens of immortality,—
> Enduring pillars of their native shore—
> Whose memories are a people's legacy!
> A rich bequeathment, and beloved the more,
> For they were good as great,—brave spirits born to soar."

es; would that this gifted crowd could behold their cherished offering bound together ith one kindred sole intent—to bedeck *the Book* from which they drew their inspira-ion and their love! All honour, then, to the architect who has thus brought from far nd near the material for so rare a structure,—honour most cheerfully accorded, though ot unmingled with regret that upon the sportive waves of chance the book is thrown, nd that, mayhap its boundless worth be cast upon some foreign shore, some thoughtless varicious hand to seize the laden prize and ruthlessly scatter the sacred spoil—to utilate its holy unity!

Here *would* be a vital thrust at a nation's pride. Here *is* evidence strong of a nation's rt-paralysis.

But we will hope a better fate for a casket so replete with unselfish sympathies. Its ecurity would have done honour to a British Museum. A temple erected for its especial eception might have been amongst the patriotic boasts of the future historian. But we ave to deal with facts as we find them, with the knowledge that by the payment of trifling sum a chance is at once insured of becoming the owner of what would render he most insignificant of consequence to his fellow man—attract the society of the connoisseur—raise the envy of the *mere* collector, obtain for him the intimacy of artists, and a wide-spread interest amongst the truly devout.

As only one, however, can become the envied possessor of so unappreciable a treasure, Mrs. Parkes has providentially made preparation against utter disappointment. No one subscriber can lose. Besides there being several other prizes of great value, encased in richly-carved cabinets from the designs of some of our first artists, every donor receives a self-selected number of high-class engravings equal to the amount of his monetary offering, thus carrying away, at the period of his becoming a member, a guarantee against the slightest positive deprivation.

It may be added that the galleries in Golden-square are thrown gratuitously open to the curious, and that a reception is insured free from offensive solicitation; and that, more over, names of enlightenment and moral worth bear spontaneous testimony to the probity of so interesting a movement in art.

SERIES OF ETCHINGS BY EDWIN LANDSEER, R.A.

Edwin Landseer is the most sincere of painters. Truth is his artistic idol; and to her his whole professional life has been earnestly devoted. In the series of etchings which a fortunate accident has added to the cabinets of the connoisseur, this fact is unmistakably manifest. It is now nearly a quarter of a century since the master hand conveyed these evidences of a master mind to the enduring copper, and each and all bear witness to the strong devotedness of the artist to perpetuate that which should have truth as one of its valuable elements. Thus early a close adherence to nature is evinced. After years have but served to bring her painter-worshipper yet nearer. It is no marvel that some of the single impressions of these plates, stamped as they are by the impress of genius, should have been the cause of anxious competition for possession amongst the conversant in art, and that sums equal to what have been given for scarce old etchings should have been cheerfully accorded for these. Now that they are published by M. Gambart they are no ess intrinsically valuable, whether as a school for the guidance of the young aspirant who ould assay his talents by the aid of the etching point, or as an acquisition to the port-olio of the man of elegant discernment. To enter fully into the merits of each of the et of twelve would occupy a very extended space; but it may be enough to say that the reater portion of them, were they the production of Landseer but now, instead of so any years agone, would not be other than honourable to his more matured and highly-ifted powers. We would *en passant* especially point out the singularly successful attempt o give to the dead eye of the stag in the etching of *The Eagle* the *colour* of film. Such nd similar daring do most of these gems exhibit, and the result, in nearly every case as been equally happy.

LITERARY MIRROR.

Rose, Blanche, and Violet. By G. H. Lewes. In three volumes. London: Smith and Elder, 1848.

The novel before us is one which could not have been the production of an ordinary mind; full of passion, thorough acquaintance with the human heart, of a deep-seated philosophy, it bears upon it the stamp of genius, and could have been conjured into existence only by a master hand. Our author displayed in his first work of fiction considerable powers, but the promise budding in the pages of "Ranthorpe" has been more than fulfilled in the novel before us. The characters are all real, and evidently have been sketched from actual life. There seems indeed, to have been a type for every one of the individuals who enact a part in this deeply-interesting narrative. There are incidents of many kinds, scenes of a startling character, highly-graphic groupings following closely one upon another. But that which will recommend it most strongly to the class which support novels, is the fact that it is essentially a love story; not false love, not the high-flown, unreal attempt at love dwelt upon in the pages of the ordinary novelist, but such love as one meets with in life. Mr. Lewes displays an intimate acquaintance with the human heart, and therefore possesses that command over his materials without which no startling novel can be written, none which will be lasting in its effect upon the mind. Few novels of the present day aim at producing anything beyond a mere passing effect; but the influence of the work before us will not pass as we close upon the last page. We are induced by it to reflect and moralise upon our condition in this life, and to ask ourselves the question, how can it be bettered?—how can we turn it to most advantage? Mr. Lewes has three heroines to deal with, the daughters of a gentleman, who after his first wife's death, thinks fit to marry again, thus placing his children in the enviable position of step daughters. Mrs. Meredith Vyner is a young woman of extraordinary fascination, though by no means faultless beauty. Slightly deformed, she yet exercises the most dangerous power upon men. Towards her husband she affects to display the utmost tenderness, and treats his children with apparently great kindness. The two elder daughters are completely blinded by her attentions, and think that no person on earth is more amiable than their mamma, but Violet, the youngest, the most splendid character in the novel, sees through her and strives to reveal her in all her hideous moral deformity to the eyes of her sisters. This, however, she cannot at once accomplish—time performs for her what persuasion cannot do, and at length Mrs. Meredith Vyner falls in the estimation of all. This is an entirely original creation; she is unlike other novel heroines, unlike them in her conception and carrying out. Her very wickedness is original and striking, and the gradual rise and fall of the woman from her youth to her more mature age is ably imagined and conceived. An irrevocable destiny pursued her, and overwhelms her at last, but irrevocable only because she braves and beckons it on. With all the elements for achieving good in her hands—she yet wilfully persists in error, with no cause, no palliative to make us sympathise with her. Violet is a very splendid creation. In her are developed a fine, noble-spirited woman, who will sacrifice, if necessary, all the dearest impulses and affections of her heart before the shrine of virtue, and what appears to her a stern necessity. Blanche is a sweet girl, as gentle, as loving, and as amiable as can well be conceived; but a doubt arises in our mind whether such a girl, loving Cecil as she did, would have afterwards consented to marry Captain Heath. Cecil is a weak, vicious man, whom we pity, nevertheless, in his misfortunes, and sympathise with his fate. Under better circumstances, he might have been a better man. The scene detailing his death is one of the finest in the book. The horror of the catastrophe creeps through every line. We know that the anxious wife in vain will count the hours and watch for his return, and our deepest anxiety and interest is created for her. Captain Heath is a noble, disinterested man—noble in his very imperfections. We may endeavour to particularise scenes and characters, but our words will but feebly convey our ideas of the novel. To say that it is the most striking of the season is to say nothing. It surpasses in interest any that has been written for years, and will, therefore, be eagerly sought and read when the time usually allotted to the life of a novel is past—the season. It will be read again and again for its beauty, its interest, and the intimate knowledge it conveys of the human heart, its inmost workings, its hopes and fears, its secret thoughts and hidden mysteries. The stride which Mr. Lewes has taken from "Ranthorpe" to "Rose, Blanche, and Violet" is such as could only have been taken by a man of genius. We strongly recommend this novel to our readers as one which will amply repay a most careful perusal.

HOURS OF RECREATION. A Collection of Poems. By Charles S. Middleton. London: Smith, 1848.

No one could peruse the modest and unpretending preface prefixed to the volume before us without entertaining a profound sympathy with the young poet whose productions we are now called upon to notice. He does not affect to assume to himself any position as a right; he only asks to be judged without those bitter and envenomed remarks which the thoughtless critic sometimes so unsparingly scatters, in order to repress the ambition of those aspiring spirits who aim at securing a place in their country's annals. But let our author take courage. Let him remember that the shafts of criticism assailed Byron in his earlier days. But what did they do? They did not crush his spirit, or disincline him from pursuing his noble task; they only aroused his ambition, and made him turn upon his adversaries such a fire of sarcasm and reproach as made them tremble. His ardour was roused to the highest pitch, and he afterwards proved that he was capable of high and noble undertakings. Let, then, our poet, we repeat, take courage, nor suffer himself to be cast down, should he meet with disapproval at the outset. The poet's nature is highly sensitive and nervous; it is the very attribute of his inspired genius which renders him so. Living in that world which their imagination conjures up, and which is peopled with beings of a finer mould than they jostle against in their contact with the busy practical throng, poets are sensitively alive to the smile of ridicule or the curl of scorn, which proceeds from envy oftener than from real contempt. But our author must remember that it is only by the exercise of our own will, or that moral power within us which never deserts us upon an emergency, that we can overcome the obstacles which oppose our progress in this world. The inert and those content with mediocrity calmly stand behind the stumbling-blocks which lie in their way, and make no effort to rise, and overcome them. The great and the noble boldly leap, and venture. They look calmly in the face of fortune, and scare her by the steadfastness of their gaze, until, abashed and crest-fallen, she opens for them a way to the goal whither their aspirations tend. Our author, then, must rely firmly upon his moral courage, and must, by degrees, seek to shake from his mind the conviction that haunts it, that because he does not now occupy a proper position, or the one destined for him by fortune to occupy, he will not meet with the success he deserves. Merit WILL be recognised, such is its overwhelming force, in spite of all obstacles, and Mr. Middleton may therefore hope courageously. It is not because we do not love poetry that its voice is silent amongst us, but because there are few poets existing. It is absurd and discouraging to say that because this is a practical age men must repress their poetical genius. Let it be ever so practical, there are still moments when the soft voice of poesy lends a charm to our spirits, and serves to soothe us into oblivion of many sorrows.

If, indeed, Mr. Middleton should be so unfortunate as to find a few critics inimical to him, he must, imitating the example of his predecessor, Byron, bear up manfully against them. The same energy which assists him in moulding the music of his soul into verse, and fashioning those poetic whisperings of his fancy into form, must teach him to stand unshaken against the shafts aimed at him by the critic. He must remember that he is yet young, that the time for the full development of his genius is not yet arrived. As there must be a beginning in everything, so must there be in poesy. The volume before us, full as it is of beautiful imagery and sweet touches, is not the best thing Mr. Middleton will produce. He has a life before him, and his gifted spirit will teach him how to employ it. Let him subdue those anxious and corroding fears which act as a blight to his imagination, and suffer his soul to unshackle itself entirely from its trammels. There are thousands who will appreciate his productions, thousands whose hearts will be warmed by the lessons of love which he inculcates. We shall be delighted to learn that Mr. Middleton's object has been gained, and that he has obtained some position which, by releasing him from his present too arduous labours, may, while it elevates him in the social scale, leave him abundance of time to pursue at intervals those studies in which he is by nature peculiarly fitted to shine. "The Poet's Vision" is a very fine piece, full of the finest imagery and the deepest feeling. We cannot extract part without spoiling the piece; but as the volume is within the reach of every one, we recommend it to our readers, assured that they will find in the poems of Mr. Middleton a depth of soul and profundity of thought which a much abler man might with reason envy. Many other shorter poems in the volume are exquisitely beautiful.

BORNEO AND THE INDIAN ARCHIPELAGO. With Drawings of Costume and Scenery.

By Frank Marryatt. Longman.

The present work is one which will doubtless meet with the success it deserves. Its author lays claim to no profound knowledge of the politics of insular Asia, no deep research into its history. The book is simply a narrative, written in a dashing and vigorous style, of amusing and novel adventures met with during the cruise of her Majesty's ship Samarang in those seas, and embodies at the same time much interesting and often original information. The ground gone over is immense, as the author carries us from Portsmouth harbour to the Cape; from thence to Singapore and on to Borneo, where we are presented with a detailed account of Mr. Brooke's new settlement; after which we accompany an expedition up the Sarawak river and across a large portion of that province. Many characteristic traits of Bornean manners are here described. Mr. Marryatt, being young and fond of adventure, mixed freely with the natives, and observed many new features in their customs and mode of living, collecting by the way much valuable information concerning the produce of the country. His affable and good-natured manners gained him much pleasant attention during his stay in the settlement, which was prolonged on account of an accident which happened to the Samarang, which vessel, unfortunately running on the rocks, sank, and it required the utmost exertion to get her up again. Mr. Brooke entertained the whole crew at his own dwelling. From Sarawak our traveller proceeded to Borneo Proper; after which we find him running through the Sulu group, sailing along the coast of China—at Pootor; then at Ningpo, at Quelport's Island, beating off the shores of Japan, and then threading the intricate channels of the Philippine islands.

Near Gillolo a most spirited and exciting conflict took place between one of the Samarang's boats and a large number of pirate prahus, in which desperate havoc was made among the crews of the latter vessels. Some little discussion was made as to which was the aggressive party, and we must say it bore the appearance of a somewhat equivocal proceeding.

Variety forms one of the most prominent characteristics of the present work. Events on events follow each other in rapid succession, related in a dashing and vigorous language, bearing testimony to the ability, acuteness, and intelligence of our young author. We shall say nothing of Mr. Marryatt's unfortunate misunderstanding with Sir Edward Belcher; perhaps a little more forbearance and equilibrium of temper would have prevented matters from resulting in so disagreeable an issue. However, we may remark that we are sorry her Majesty's navy has lost the service of Mr. Frank Marryatt, whose volume is by no means the least interesting of the numerous works on Borneo and the Indian Archipelago generally which have recently appeared before the public. It will be read with interest by many; while the beautiful plates with which it is profusely embellished add much to the value of the book. Seldom have more highly finished drawings come under our notice. If Mr. Frank Marryatt be as skilful in all other respects as he is in the use of the pencil and the pen, we may fearlessly predict a brilliant career for him.

POEMS. By W. C. Bennet.

The productions of this writer are full of nature, and contain some exquisite touches. Those which appeal to the sympathies of the world in general, those based upon the political events which have been lately passing around us, are, though bold and stirring, not by any means so much to our taste as those short pieces, which reveal, as it were, the whole up-wellings of a father's love to his child. They are inspired by his affection, and have the stamp of reality affixed to them. The first piece, entitled "Baby May," reveals his pride and delight in the little being which constituted his treasure upon earth, and around whom all the tenderest feelings of his nature expand. We know not if we be right, but it seems to us as though in the second piece, a sort of indistinct foreboding of evil is shadowed forth; and in the third surpassing all the others in beauty, the father seems to allude to the loss he has sustained. In this volume Mr. Bennet has fully established for himself the true character of a true poet; and we hope ere long to have another opportunity to review more of his productions.

THE MIRROR MONTHLY MAGAZINE

FOR JUNE, 1848.

EUPHONIA;

OR, THE MUSICAL CITY.

BY HECTOR BERLIOZ.

(FIRST PART.)

The Scene passes in Italy, near the year 2344.

XILEF TO SHETLAND.

SICILY, JUNE 7TH.

I COME from bathing in Etna! Oh, my dear Shetland, what a delicious hour have I passed, swimming in this pure, serene, and lovely lake! It is immense, and from its circular form and rocky margin its surface is rendered so sonorous that my voice travels without effort to the midst of the distant shores. I heard the applause of some Sicilian ladies who were coursing in a balloon across the meadows, more than half a mile from the spot where I was sporting like a frolicsome dolphin. I had been singing, while floating, a melody I had composed that morning, to an antique French poem by Lamartine, which the aspect of the neighbourhood recalled to my memory. These verses fascinated me. Thou shalt judge for thyself, for Enner has promised to translate "The Lake" into German. Wherefore art thou not here? We rode together the fleetest steeds. I feel myself full of blooming youth, strength, intelligence, and rapture! Nature is so beautiful around me! This plain, where was Messina, is an enchanted garden; everywhere flowers, orange groves, and palms bending their graceful heads; 'tis the odorous crown of the divine cup, in the depth of which now slumbers the victorious lake of the fires of Etna. Strange and terrible must have been this struggle! What a spectacle! the earth shuddering in horrible convulsions, the great mountain sinking into itself, the snows, the flames, the boiling lava, the shrieks, the death rattle of the volcano in its agony, the hissings of the tide that gushed from a thousand subterranean issues, pursuing its enemy, grasping it, binding it, stifling it, slaying it, and suddenly calming, ready to smile in the gentlest breeze. Well, would'st believe that this spot, formerly so terrible, now so exquisite, is all but deserted? The Italians hardly know it—it is no where spoken of—mercantile speculations so absorb the inhabitants of this beautiful land that they interest themselves not in the sublime scenes of nature,—commercial questions agitate them day and night. Hence Etna to the Italians is but a great hole filled with sleeping water, which is good for nothing. From one end to the other, this land, recently so rich in poets, in painters, in musicians, which, after Greece, was the second great temple of art, where the people was endued with the true sentiment, where eminent artists were honoured almost as much as they are now in the north of Europe,—throughout Italy are now seen nothing save workshops, commerce, bargains, markets, warehouses, artizans of all sexes and of all ages burnt up by the thirst of gold, and by the fever of avarice; rushing tides of merchants, of speculators; from the top to the bottom of the social ladder nothing is heard but the clinking of money; the sole conversation is of linen and cotton, machinery, colonial produce; in the public places are permanently established men armed with telescopes, to anticipate the arrival of carrier-pigeons, or ærial ships. Even France, that country of *roués* and coquettes, is an artistic nation compared to modern Italy. Is it here that our minister of the musical department has sent me to discover singers? Eternity of prejudices! We must indeed be strongly absorbed in our individuality to be ignorant to so great a degree of the barbarous habits of this land, where yet the "orange flower blooms;" but where art, long dead, has not even left a memory.

I fulfilled my mission, notwithstanding; I sought for voices, and I found them in great numbers. But what organisations—what ideas! I shall in future not be astonished at anything. When I addressed a young woman, who from the sonority of her speech, I supposed gifted with remarkable vocal qualifications, and I requested her to sing, she replied, "Sing! what for? What will you give me?—for how many minutes? It's too little; I hav'nt time." If I persuaded others, less avaricious, to utter some notes, their voices were often powerful, and of admirable resonance, but with an incredible want of culture, without the slightest sentiment of rhythm, or of tonality. One day, accompanying a young woman who had commenced an air in E *flat*, in returning to the subject I suddenly modulated into D, and the young barbarian without the slightest disturbance continued in the primitive key. With the men it is still worse, they shout with all their strength at the top of their voices; when they possess one note more resonant than another they seek when it occurs in the melody to prolong it as much as possible—they pause upon it, they grin at it, they pump it out, and in a horrible manner; one fancies that one hears the sinister howlings of a melancholy wolf-dog. And these absurd horrors are but moderated efforts compared with the singers of the theatres. These are a little less odious, but that is all. And yet from Italy came to us, but five hundred years since, Rubini, Persiani, Tacchiniardi, Grisi, Pasta, Tamburini, those gods of ornate song! But wherefore, and for whom would they sing, should they return to the world at this day? You must witness a representation of those *things* called operas in Italy, to credit the possibility of such an insult offered to art. The theatres are markets, 'changes for business, in which they talk so loudly that it is almost impossible to hear a note from the stage. (The ancient critics pretend that it was the same in the days of the great composers, and of those great vocal *virtuoses* who made the glory of Italy, but I do not believe it; it is impossible that the *artistes* would have submitted to such ignominy.) To amuse a little these brutal merchants, after their mumbling of the money market is finished, the amiable idea was suggested of placing a billiard table in the centre of the pit, and these gentlemen continued to play with loud exclamations at each unexpected stroke, while the tenor and the *prima donna* were exercising their lungs in the front of the stage. The night before last was given at Palermo, *King Murat*, a sort of pasticcio of twenty authors, of twenty different epochs; after supper (for every one sups in their box during the performance) the ladies, indignant at seeing the gentlemen smoking and playing in the pit, instantly demanded that the billiard table should be removed for the purpose of having a ball—this was done. Some young men seized the violins and the trumpets, and commenced playing waltzes in the corner of the amphitheatre, and the groups of waltzers whirled in the pit without the performance being in any way suspended. I thought I should have died with laughter, at seeing with my own eyes this incredible opera-ballet.

As a consequence of the profound contempt of the actual Italians for music, they have no longer any composers, and the names of the great masters of the ancient schools of 1820 and 1860, for instance, are only known to a small number of the learned. They have given the jocular denomination of *operatori* (operators, makers of operas) to those poor devils who for some few pieces of money, compile from the libraries, the airs, duets, choruses, and concerted pieces of all the masters, of all times, analogous or not to the situation, to the characters of the personages, or to the words, which they combine, by means of the coarsest soldering, to form the music of the theatrical pieces. Such are their composers—they have none other. I had the curiosity to question an *operatore* for the purpose of ascertaining in all its details the mode in which they practise their *operations.* The following was his reply:—

"When the director wishes a new score, he assembles the singers, to submit to them the outline of the piece and to settle with them the costumes which they should adopt. The costume is, indeed, the principal thought of the singers, for it is the only thing which directs the attention of the public to them on the night of the first representation. Thence formerly arose the most terrible quarrels between the singers and the directors. The authors were never admitted to these conferences, nor consulted upon the subject of these debates. They bought their book, as one buys a *pâté*, which one is at liberty to eat or to throw to the dogs after having paid for it. But in the present day the directors have become more reasonable; they no longer adhere to truth of costume—they have felt that they should not for such a trifle displease the artistes; and their aim is now to satisfy all,—a not very easy task. They meet at the reading of the book, but only to ascertain what description of costume the actors have chosen, and to watch that no two amongst them dress alike, for such a coincidence frequently gives birth to the most inexpressible passions; and now is it that the position of the *impresario* becomes exceedingly embarrassing. Thus, for the new opera, *King Murat*, Cretinone, who acted the part of Napoleon, wished to copy an antique statue and appear in the cuirassof Pompey, an ancient general who lived three hundred years before Napoleon, and who was killed by a shot from a cannon at the battle of Pharsalia. (You see that my poor *operatore* was not deeper in ancient history than he was in music; I allowed him to continue.)

"But it so happened that Caponetti, who acted Murat, had the same idea, and no means could have been found to arrange the affair if Luciola, our prima donna, had not proposed a great helmet of bear-skin with a white plume of feathers for Napoleon, and a blue turban with a diamond cross for Murat. These head-dresses satisfied the virtuoses, and this notable difference being arranged each was permitted to adopt the Roman cuirass—without this the piece could not have been represented.

"The grand affair of costumes once settled, we come to the pieces of music. Here commences for the *operatore*, I assure you, the most painful task, and the most humiliating for him if he happen to have some knowledge and a little self-esteem. These ladies and gentlemen glance over the extent and tissue of the melodies, and after this rapid inspection, one says:—'I shall not sing in F my phrase in the trio, it is not sufficiently brilliant. Operatore, you must transpose it to F *sharp*.' 'But, sir, it is a trio, and the two other voices must remain in the primitive key; what can I do?' 'Do what you please, modulate before or after, add some bars if you choose; however, you must arrange the matter, I shall sing the subject in F sharp,—' This melody does not please me,' says the prima donna, 'I wish another.' 'Signora, 'tis the motive of the *morceau d'ensemble*, and all the vocal parts take it up successively after you—and you must therefore condescend to sing it.' 'How, *must* condescend, saucy fellow! you *must* give me another, and that instantly, this is what *must* be done. Attend to your business, and don't argue.'—'Hum, hum! *tromba! tromba! gia ribomba la tromba*,' shouts the bass on the upper D. 'Ah, ah, my D is not so powerful as usual, since my last illness, I must wait till it comes back. Operatore, you must scratch out all these notes, I don't wish any D's in my parts until September; you must introduce C's and B's in its place.'—'I say, rascal," growls the barytone, 'do you desire a sound kicking? I perceive that you have forgotten my E *flat*—it occurs but twenty times in my aria; do me the favour to add at least two E *flats* in every bar; I have no desire to lose my reputation,' &c., &c.

"And yet in spite of this," continued the unfortunate wretch, "there are many charming passages in my score, that I may say. Here, look at this prayer, which they have entirely destroyed, I have never been more successful."

I looked at it—his *music*—judge my astonishment on recognising the beautiful prayer from the *Moïse* of Rossini, which we had so often executed at night in the garden at Euphonia with such prodigious effect. The old maestro of Pesaro, whom they say thought but lightly of his compositions, would have given proof of a rare philosophy, or rather of a culpable indifference in matter of art, could he have foreseen without indignation what a monstrous grotesque one of his finest inspirations would one day become. The simple and vibratory modulation of G *minor* into B *flat major*, which imparts so much majesty to the second phrase, had been changed to the horrible hard and dry G *minor* and B *natural major;* in lieu of the harp accompaniment of Rossini, they had thought proper to imagine a variation for the flute, full of the most extravagant and ridiculous cadences; and lastly, at the second return of the subject in G *major*, they judged it apropos to substitute——what? Guess if you can, say if you dare!—the chorus of a French national air, "Aux armes citoyens!" accompanied by a dozen small and four big drums!

It has been proven that this old Rossini, to whom lack of ideas could not assuredly be ascribed, did not neglect upon occasions to gather those of others, when chance had bestowed a happy melody upon a clumsy workman. He confessed it without scruple, and even jested at those whom he had robbed: *E troppo buono per questo coglione!*" he said, and then produced from it subjects either charming or magnificent according to their nature. These were so many canons (without a pun) taken from the enemy, with which, as was said by the great Emperor, he erected his column. Alas! in these days the column is broken, and of the fragments which we gather with so much respect, the Italians manufacture kitchen utensils or ignoble caricatures.

It is thus pass away certain glories, from the very same people who have been warmed by its most brilliant rays. We preserve, it is true, we Euphonians, all that art has seriously consecrated; but we are not the *people*, in the high acceptation of the word; we form but a very small fragment of those lost in the mass of civilised nations. Glory is a sun that illumes successively certain points of our miserable globe, but which moving across space, traverses a circle of such immensity that the most profound science may not predict with certainty the epoch of its return to the spot it had abandoned.

Excuse, dear Shetland, this access of a desponding philosophy—I suffer, I fear, I wait, I burn, my heart beats, my eyes seek every point of space; the post-balloon arrives not, and that of yesterday brought me nothing. No news of Camilla! Has anything happened to her?—is she ill, or dead, or unfaithful?—I love her so intensely, and we suffer so deeply, we children of art, with wings of flame—we who are nursed on her burning lap—we who are the passions poetised, labour piteously with heart and brain to sow the inspiration, that bitter seed which continues to destroy, even when the germs shall be developed. We die many times ere the last. Shetland! Shetland!—I love her, as thou wouldst love her, couldst thou feel a love other than that thou hast to me confided; and yet, despite the greatness and the brilliancy of her talent, Camilla appears to me often but as a vulgar organisation. Shall I tell thee—she prefers a sensuous melody to the grand inspirations of the soul; she escapes from reverie—she heard at Paris thy first symphony from beginning to end, without shedding a tear—she finds the adagios of Beethoven too long! *Fémelle d'homme!* The day on which she avowed this I felt an icy shudder pass through my heart. And more than this, although a Dane, born at Elsineur, possessing a villa built on the spot and with the sainted ruins of the castle of Hamlet—she finds in this nothing extraordinary—and she utters the name of Shakespeare without emotion; for her he is nothing beyond a great poet, like many others. She laughs—laughs at the songs of Ophelia, which she finds absurd, nothing less—but spite of all I love her! I love her, and, like Othello, would, should she deceive me, "though her jesses were my dearest heart strings"—(die glory and art! she is all to me)—I——

I have left you for an instant, and the fatal word I was about to pen is not completed. You guess—a faintness—I will not repeat the old eulogy on death; I will abstain from saying how happy is annihilation! 'Tis false, we are not happy; we are nothing; and life, which with its anguishes returns to me, is life after all. I think of her; I fancy I see her undulating walk, her large sparkling eyes, her goddess-like air; I hear her Ariel-like voice, agile, silvery, penetrating—I fancy I am beside her. I speak with her in her Scandinavian dialect. "Camilla! *sare disuil dolle menos ?—doer si men ?—doer ?—vare, Camilla! vare, vare, vare!*" Then droops her head on my shoulder; we softly murmur our innermost confidences, and we speak of our early days, and we speak of thee.

She is very curious to know thee; she would go to Euphonia for that alone. They have so often spoken to her of thy astonishing compositions. She has imagined a portrait of thee, strange enough, and which, fortunately, does not in any single point resemble thee.

I remember with what interest she gathered, previously to my leaving Paris, all the echoes of your recent triumphs. I jested with her one day on the subject, upon which she remarked upon my jealous nature. "I jealous of Shetland!" I replied, "oh no! I fear nothing; he could never love thee; the powerful passion centered in his heart must first be extinguished—it is impossible!" Camilla closed her eyes and was silent—a moment after she opened them more beautifully.

"It is I who will never love him," she said, embracing me; "if I wished sir, I could prove to you, perhaps, the contrary."

She was, at that moment, so beautiful that I avow I felt myself happy, despite the certainty of the constancy of my friend, Shetland, knowing that he was three hundred miles distant from us, occupied with trombones, flutes, and saxophanes. You will not feel hurt at my frankness?

Alas! I am alone, and after so many protestations, so many oaths never to suffer eight days to pass without writing to me, not one line of Camilla has reached me.

I see another post-balloon descending—I run—nothing!—

Thou art almost happy, thou! Thou sufferest, it is true, but she thou lovest is no more! no jealousies; thou neither hopest nor fearest; thou art free and great. Thy love is brother to art; he evokes thy inspirations, thy life is the life expansive, thou shinest. I—oh! let us not speak further of ourselves or of her. Curses on all beautiful women—whom we possess not!

I will endeavour to continue my sketches of the musical manners of Italy. Here is neither passion, nor imagination, nor heart, nor soul, nor spirit; all is downright reality.

Well, I will pursue the subject. In all the theatres there is in front of the stage a dark cavity filled with wretches blowing and scraping, equally indifferent to those who squall on the stage, or those who chatter in the boxes or pit, and having but one thought, that of earning their supper. The gathering of these poor creatures constitute what is called the orchestra, and this is how this orchestra is in general composed. There are ordinarily two first and second violins, very rarely an alto or a violoncello, almost always two or three contra basses, and the men who play them, for some trifle *given to them at the end of the performance*, are exceedingly embarrassed when it is necessary to execute a morçeau in which the three open strings cannot be used; in B natural, major, for example, where the three natural notes G D A do not occur. (They have preserved the contra-basses of three strings, tuned in fifths, which obliges them to shift down upon the occurrence of the slightest scale!) This formidable battalion of string instruments is opposed by a dozen keyed bugles, six trumpets à pistons, six trombones with cylinders, two tenor-tubas, two bass-tubas, three ophicleides, a horn, three small flutes, three small clarionets in E flat, two clarionets in C, three bass clarionets for sprightly airs, and an organ to play the tunes of the ballet. Let me not forget four big drums, six small ditto, and a gong. There are neither hautboys, nor harps, nor kettle drums, nor cymbals; these instruments have fallen into complete disuetude. And thus it may be conceived the orchestra has but to produce a noise sufficient to drown from time to time the noise of the audience; the small clarionets and the little flutes have far more piercing sounds than those of the hautboy, the ophicleides and the tubas are preferable to bassoons, the drums to kettle-drums, and the gong to the cymbals. I do not perceive wherefore the single horn has been retained, when they are pleased to overwhelm it by the other brass instruments. It really serves no purpose; and the four miserable violins and the three contra-basses are scarcely to be distinguished. This singular agglomeration of instruments necessitates a special labour for the "*operatori*," to appropriate to the *exigencies of the modern orchestra*—(consecrated phrase!)—the instrumentation of the ancient masters, which they tear, rob, and accommodate to the species of olla podrida of which I formerly informed you. And these arrangements, be it understood, are manufactured in a fashion worthy of all that is here manipulated under the name of music. The parts of the hautboy are given to the trumpets, those of the bassoons to the tubas, those of the harps to the small flutes, &c.

The musicians—(the musicians!!)—execute pretty nearly what is written, but without the slightest shading. The use of the mezzo-forte is invariable and permanent. The forte is indulged in when the big drums, the small drums, and the gongs are employed—the piano when these are silent. These are the *nuances* known and observed. The leader of the orchestra has the air of a deaf man conducting the deaf; he beats the time with a heavy club upon the timber of his desk, without acceleration or diminution—should he desire to hold back a group, who are becoming excited (they never are excited), or to excite a group who are falling asleep; he continues mechanically as the pendulum of a metronome; his arm ascends and descends—they may observe him if they wish, he cares not. This man-machine acts only in the overtures, the airs of the ballet and the choruses. As for the airs and duets, as it is absolutely impossible to foresee the rhythmical caprices of the singers, or to conform to them the leaders of the orchestra have given up the notion of beating any time—the musicians have therefore the bridle on their necks. They accompany by instinct as they can, until the mess becomes too formidable. The singers then make signs to them to stop, which they hasten to obey and do not accompany at all. I have been in Italy but a short time, and I have already had frequent occasion to admire this fine orchestral effect.

Adieu for to-night, my friend! I thought myself stronger; the pen slips from my hand. I burn; I have fever! Camilla! no letter! What are the Italians or their barbarisms to me? Camilla! I see the pure moon admiring herself in the Etna! Camilla! — Silence! Camilla! — Absent! — Alone! — Paris! — * * * * * *

What a martyrdom has our minister inflicted upon me! To remain as I have done in Italy, detained by my word, so lightly given, not to leave before I had engaged the number of singers which we required; when the smallest vessel might transport me in a few hours through the air to the spot where is my life! But wherefore this silence?—I am very wretched! And to occupy myself with music in this state of burning vertigo, with every feeling agonised, in the midst of this outrageous conflict of a thousand griefs! It must be, notwithstanding. Oh! my friend, this worship of art is only happiness for the serene of soul; I feel strongly the indifference and the disgust I experience in regard to those very things which were for me, in other times, objects of such high interest. No matter—to continue my task.

Knowing the mission with which I was charged, and my functions at Euphonia, the members of the Sicilian Academy have written to me this morning to ask of me information relative to the organisation of our musical city; they have heard it much spoken of, but not one of them in the mean time, notwithstanding the facility of travelling, has hitherto had the curiosity to visit it. Send me, therefore, by the next courier, a copy of our charter, with a succinct description of the conservative city of that great art which we adore. I shall read both to the learned assembly; I wish to experience the pleasure of being an eye witness of the astonishment of these worthy academicians, who are far from knowing *what music is.*

I have said nothing of the concerts and the festivals of Italy, for the reason that these solemnities are entirely obsolete; they excite among the population no sympathy, and the execution in every instance does not differ much from that I have observed in the theatres. As to religious music, there is also none, as regards the ideas which we have and which we so greatly realise in the application of every resource of art in divine service. The last popes having forbidden in the churches all other music excepting that of the first masters of the Sixtine chapel, such as Palestrina and Allegri, have, by this grave decision, caused to disappear for ever the scandal which was so bitterly complained of some centuries since by writers whose opinions appear to us to have had some value. They no longer perform, it is true, violin concertos during the mass; we no longer hear cavatinas sung in a falsetto voice; the organist no longer executes grotesque fugues, or overtures of comic operas; we may not, however, the less regret this expulsion, but too well-motived, of so many shocking and ridiculous montrosities into which the noblest and most elevated productions of art had fallen. These works of Palestrina cannot be for us, nor for any possessing the knowledge, now become common, of the true sacred style, perfect musical nor absolutely religious works. They are but tissues of consonant chords, of which the design is sometimes curious to the eye and to the mind, when considering the difficulties with which the author amused himself in finding the solution of which the sweet and soothing effect upon the ear produced a profound reverie—but it is not perfect music—for it demands neither melody nor expression, rhythm nor instrumentation. The learned Sicilians will be greatly surprised, I imagine, to learn with what care it is forbidden in our schools to consider these puerilities of counterpoint otherwise than as exercises; to regard them as the end and not as the means, and in thus seriously seeking to transform the scores into logarithms or chess-boards.

But to resume: if it is to be regretted that we can no longer hear in the churches but *calm vocal harmonies*, at least we should felicitate ourselves upon the destruction of the brazen style which has been the result of this decision. Between two evils we may congratulate ourselves with having the least. The popes, besides, have for a long time permitted females to sing in the churches, thinking that their presence and participation in the religious service was nothing more than natural, and would appear infinitely more moral than the barbarous custom of castration, which their predecessors had not only tolerated but encouraged. It required ages to discover this! Formerly it was freely permitted to females to sign during the divine service, but upon the expressed condition that they should sing badly; as soon as their knowledge of the art permitted them to sing well, and to appear, in consequence, in an artistically-organised choir, it was forbidden to composers to employ them. It seems, in reading history, that at certain moments our art had to submit to the despotic influence of idiotcy and folly.

The choirs of the Italian churches are in general not numerous; they are composed of from twenty to thirty voices at the most on days of great solemnities. The choristers seem pretty well chosen; they sing without light or shade, it is true, but in tune, and with *ensemble*, and they must evidently be placed far beyond those wretched screamers of the theatres of whom I shall abstain to speak.

Adieu! I leave you again to write to Camilla; shall I be more fortunate this time, and will she answer me?

A Saloon, splendidly furnished, at Paris.

CAMILLA.

I feel that I shall be wretchedly *ennuyée*. Can these gentlemen intend to trifle with me? Not one of them has thought proper to propose anything for my amusement to-day. I am alone, and have been abandoned for these four weary hours. Even the Baron, the most attentive, has not yet come. Perhaps they have done better to leave me in tranquillity—they are so cruelly stupid, these creatures who adore me! Their conversation consists but of *fêtes*, races, intrigue, scandal, and dress—not a syllable that has the slightest reference to intellect, or to the sentiment of art; nothing that flows from the heart. And I am an artist—ay, above all an artist, heart and soul! Wherefore should I, then, hesitate to avow it? Yet am I certain of the fact that I have either heart or soul?—eh, who knows? Already, I feel not the slightest love for Xilef. I have not even replied to his burning letters. He accuses me, he is in despair, and I think of him, sometimes, but rarely. Is it my fault if, as the stupid Baron says—"the absent are ever wrong," and "the present ever welcome?" Is it my duty to remake the world?—wherefore did he leave? A man that truly loves, should never leave his mistress; he should behold nothing in the world but her, and estimate the rest as worthless.

Enter FANNY.

Here are the newspapers, madame, and two letters.

CAMILLA (*opening a paper*).

Ah! the *fête* in honour of Glück at Euphonia, in eight days from this. I should like to go—should like to sing! [*Reading*] "The hymn composed by Shetland, is the theme of all tongues, nought else is spoken of. Never yet, in our opinion, has a more noble enthusiasm been more magnificently expressed. Shetland is a man apart; a man differing from others, by his genius, his character, and the mystery of his life." Fanny, call my mother!

FANNY.

You have not read your letters, madame; I think there is one from your betrothed, M. Xilef. [*Exit.*

CAMILLA.

My betrothed!—silly word! it's positively absurd. But perhaps he may also call me his betrothed—if so, I become ridiculous. The silly girl, with her grotesque expressions! This vexes, annoys, and unnerves me. And the worst of it is, it is quite true; she guessed but too well. Yes, this letter is from my faithful Xilef. As usual: reproaches—suffering—love—art—ever the same burthen! Young man, you pester me! Decidedly, my poor Xilef, you are undone! These eternally impassioned beings are insupportable. Who wants their constancy?—who asked him to adore me? Who? It was I, it appears he thought not of it! And now that for me he has lost the repose of his life—romantic phrase!—'tis heartless to abandon him; yes, but we live but once. Now for the second missive—[*laughing*]—ah! a laconic epistle truly! a horse, excellently well drawn, and not a word. It is, at the same time, an emblem, a portrait, a signature, and an hieroglyphic phrase. It means that I am expected for a gallop by that animal the Baron. He will ride this time without me. [MADAME HEAFER *advances slowly.*] How slow you are, mother, I have been waiting for you this half hour, and I have no time to lose, I can tell you.

MADAME HEAFER.

What has happened?—what new folly are you about to commit? You seem quite excited.

CAMILLA.

We are about to leave.

MADAME HEAFER.

Leave! but I have no wish to leave Paris. I am very well here, above all, if, as I suspect, 'tis to join your pale-faced lover; I repeat, Camilla, that your conduct is unpardonable, you neglect what is due to me, what is due to yourself. This union is absurd in every way, this young man has not sufficient fortune. And besides he has such strange ideas of women; you are mad, thrice mad—pardon me for saying so—and silly, with all your sense and talent. Never was such a choice heard of, or such a mania for marriage. I should think the brilliant society in which you are in the habit of moving here should have made you wiser. But it appears that your caprices are intermittent fevers, and that the fit is on you now.

CAMILLA (*curtseying with exaggerated respect*).

I declare, mamma, you are sublime! I do not mean to infer that you have improvised marvellously, for I am sure, that it was composing this sermon that made you keep me waiting. No matter, eloquence has its price; but you have been preaching to a convertite. The truth is we must leave, we are going to Euphonia; I shall sing at the Glück festival. I think no longer of Xilef. We will change our names, to escape pursuit; I shall call myself Nadira, you shall pass as my aunt; I am an Austrian *débûtante*, and the great Shetland will take me under his patronage; my success will be dazzling, I shall turn every head—for the rest, *qui vivru verra*.

MADAME HEAFER.

Now, indeed, I recognise my daughter; reason is asserted at last. Embrace me, my beautiful one, I suffocate with joy! The sooner we leave the better; and that fool, Xilef, who had the impertinence to aspire to my Camilla, and wish to take her from me, at any rate I shall have the pleasure of giving him his dismissal; a cantatrice of such talent, and so beautiful; in ten lines he shall receive his *congè*—in two hours our trunks will be packed, our post-balloon ready to start, and, to-morrow, at Euphonia we shall be gaining triumphs, while our young gentleman will be in pursuit of us in an opposite direction. Ah, I'll provide him a knot to loosen, I warrant!

[*Exit* MADAME HEAFER (*puffing like a whale*).

Enter FANNY.

And you intend to leave him, madame?

CAMILLA.

Yes, it is settled.

FANNY.

Good heavens! he loves you so much, and depends so entirely upon you. And you do not love him any longer, at all?

CAMILLA.

No.

FANNY.

I quite tremble with fear; I'm sure some misfortune will happen—he'll kill himself.

CAMILLA.

Nonsense!

FANNY.

He'll kill himself, I'm sure he will! poor young man!

CAMILLA.

Silence, idiot! Go to my mother and assist her to prepare for our departure; and no reflections, let me beg, if you desire to remain in my service.—[*Exit* FANNY.]—He'll kill himself! will they not say that I—will it be my fault? if I love him no longer!

She seats herself at the piano, and vocalises for some minutes, then her fingers run over the keys, reproducing the theme of Shetland's first symph which she had heard six months previously. She murmurs while playing, "Really it is beautiful; there is in this melody something so elegantly tender, so capriciously passionate." She stops—long silence—she resumes the theme of the symphony: "Shetland is a man apart, a man different to others, by his genius [*playing*], character [*playing*], and the mystery of his life. [*She takes the minor mode.*] *He will never love me!*—said Xilef." The theme reappears wanderingly dislocated, broken—*crescendo.* A burst in the major mode; Camilla approaches a mirror, arranges her hair, and hums the first bars of the theme of the symphony—silence—she perceives the Baron's letter which contains the sketch of the horse; she takes a pen, and traces on the neck of the animal a loose bridle, and rings the bell. A servant in livery appears. "You will give this to the Baron—that is the answer; [*aside*]—he is sufficiently stupid not to understand it."

Enter Fanny.

All is ready, madame.

Camilla.

Has my mother written to ——

Fanny.

Yes, madame, I put the letter into the post, for Italy.

Camilla.

You can both hasten on board the vessel; I will follow. [*Exit* Fanny.

Camilla seats herself on an ottoman, crosses her arms on her bosom, and remains for an instant absorbed in thought—her head droops, an imperceptible sigh escapes her lips, a slight blush covers her cheeks. At length she seizes her gloves, rises, and leaves the room, exclaiming, with a gesture of ill humour, "Come will, what may!"

THE DEATH OF AN ANGEL.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF JEAN PAUL.)

TRANSLATED BY JOHN OXENFORD.

As the angel of the last hour, which we so harshly term "death," the tenderest, kindest angel is appointed that softly and gently he may pluck from life the sinking heart of man, and bear it, uncrushed, in his warm hands from the cold breast to the high exhilarating paradise. His brother is the angel of the first hour, who kisses man twice; the first time, that he may begin this life; the second time, that he may wake above unwounded, and enter the other life smiling, even as he entered this life weeping.

When the battle-fields were full of blood and tears, and when the angel of the last hour was drawing out of them trembling souls, his mild eye melted, and he said:—

"Once I will die like a man, that I may fathom his last agony, and calm him, when I dissolve his life."

The immeasurable circle of angels, who love each other above, approached the dear, compassionate angel, and promised that, after the instant of his death, they would surround him with their beaming heaven, in order that he might know that it was death indeed; while his brother, whose kiss opens our stiffened lips, as the ray of morning opens cold flowers, laid himself gently against his face, and said, "If I kiss thee again, my brother, then art thou dead upon the earth, and with us once more."

Deeply moved, and still loving, the angel sank upon the battle-field, where a fine spirited youth was alone quivering, while his shattered heart yet palpitated. None were near the hero but his bride; he could no more feel her burning tears, and her wailings were almost as faint as a distant battle-cry to his ear. Oh! then the angel quickly covered him, and rested by him in the form of his beloved, and with a hot kiss sucked the wounded soul from the cleft heart; and then he gave the soul to his brother, who kissed it on high for the second time, and then it smiled.

The angel of the last hour darted like a flash of lightning into the empty trunk, gleamed through the corpse, and, with the strengthened heart, gave a new impulse to the warmed streams of life. But how strange to him was the new incarnation! His eye of light was immersed in the whirlpool of the new nerve-mind; his thoughts, which once flew freely, now lazily waded through the atmosphere of the brain; on all objects the damp, soft haze of colour, which had hitherto hung autumnally waving over them, was dried up, and the objects stabbed him from the hot air with burning, agonising colour-spots; all his sensations became more dim, but, at the same time, more stormy and closer to his own individual self, and they seemed to him to be instincts, as the sensations of animals seem to us; hunger rent him, thirst consumed him, pain rent him. Oh, his torn heart lifted itself bleeding, and his first breath was his first sigh for the heaven he had left!

"Is this the death of man?" he thought; but as he did not see the promised organ of death—as he saw no angel and no flaming heaven—he clearly perceived that this was only the life of man.

In the evening the earthly strength of the angel was fading, and a crushing earth-fall seemed to be rolling over his head; for sleep sent her messengers. The internal images moved from their sunlight into a smoking fire; the shadows of the day, cast upon his brain, darted about, confused and colossal, while an uncurbed rearing world of sense dashed itself upon him—for dream sent its messengers. At last the shroud-veil of sleep folded itself doubly around him, and sunk into the grave of night, he lay, as we poor mortals lie, lonely and rigid. But then, heavenly dream, thou didst fly, with thy thousand mirrors, before his soul, and didst show him in all the mirrors a circle of angels, and a beaming heaven; and the earthly body seemed to fall from him with all its stings.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, with vain delight, "my sinking to sleep was my death!"

But when he again woke, with oppressed heart, full of heavy human blood, and discovered the earth and the night, he said—

"That was not death, but only its image, although I saw the starry heaven, and the angels."

The bride of the departed hero did not observe that it was but an angel that dwelt in the bosom of her beloved. She still loved the monument of the departed soul, and still joyously held the hand of him who had gone so far from her. But the angel returned the love of her deluded heart with that of our human heart, and was jealous of his own form. He did not wish to die sooner than she did, in order that he might love her, till in heaven she had forgiven him for having been made to clasp an angel and a beloved in one bosom.

She, however, died first. The grief she had undergone had too deeply bowed down the head of this flower, and it lay broken in the grave. Oh, she sank before the weeping angel, not like the sun, which gorgeously flings itself into he sea, before admiring nature, so that his red waves rise up against the sky, ut like the silent moon, which at midnight silvers over a mist, and, with that ale mist, fades away unseen. Death sent his more gentle sister, insensibility, efore him; she touched the heart of the bride, and the warm face was frozen; he flowers of the cheek crept back, the pale snow of winter, beneath which pring and eternity are green, covered her forehead and her hands. The ngel's swelling eye was broken into a burning tear; and when he thought that is heart was detaching itself in the form of a tear, like a pearl from its soft hell, the bride, who awoke to her last frenzy, moved her eyes once more, and drew him to her heart, and died, when she kissed him, and said, "Now I am with thee, my brother." Then the angel fancied that his heavenly brother had given him the sign of the kiss and of death. However, no beaming heaven surrounded him, but a mournful darkness, and he sighed because this was not his own death, but human sorrow for another's.

"Oh, ye oppressed men," he cried—"how, oh ye weary ones, can ye survive; how can you grow old, when the circle of youthful forms is broken up, and at last lies scattered around, when the graves of your friends sink so as to form steps for your own, and when old age is the dumb empty evening hour of a chilled battle-field? Oh, ye poor men, how can your hearts bear that?"

The body of the heroic soul, which had ascended to heaven, placed the gentle angel among harsh men—in the midst of their injustice—of the distortions of vice and passion. Even that prickly girdle of combined sceptres which presses together portions of the world with its spikes, and which the rich bind tighter and tighter, was bound about his frame; he saw the claws of crowned armorial animals rending their prey, despoiled of feathers, while it grieved, and weakly flapped its wings; he saw the whole globe of earth entwined by the gigantic serpent, Vice, in intersecting black-mottled rings—the serpent which thrusts its venomous head deep into the human heart, and there conceals it. Ah, then was his soft heart, which for a whole eternity had been pressed against nought but loving, gentle angels, pierced by the burning point of animosity, and his sacred soul, full of love, felt scared at the thought of being rent internally.

"Ah," said he, "human death is painful!" But he was wrong, for no angel appeared.

In a few days he was weary of a life which we endure for half a century, and longed to return. The evening sun attracted his kindred soul. The splinters of his wounded heart weakened him with pain. With the evening breeze on his pale cheeks, he went out into the churchyard, the green back-ground of life, where the veils of all the beautiful souls which he had once put on were rent asunder. With a mournful sense of lingering he took his place in the open grave of the deceased bride, so inexpressibly loved, and looked upon the fading evening sun. On this dear hillock he looked on his own tormented body, and thought—"Thou also wouldest fall asunder, frail breast, and cease to inflict pain, if I did not sustain thee!"

Then he calmly reflected on the heavy life of man, and the palpitation of the wound in his heart showed him the pains with which men purchase their virtue and their death, and which he had joyfully spared the noble soul which had occupied his body. Deeply was he touched by human virtue, and he wept with infinite love for those men who, amid the yellings of their own necessities—amid sunken clouds—behind long mists on the road of life,—still do not look away from the high star of duty, but in the darkness extend their loving arms for any tormented bosom that meets them, and almost when nothing gleams except the hope of setting, like the sun, in the old world, to rise again in the new. Then did transport open his wound, and blood—the tear of the soul—flowed out of his heart upon the dear hillock; the perishing body, sweetly fading away, sank after the beloved one—tears of pleasure broke up the falling sun into a rose-red swimming sea—a distant echo-sound, as if the earth were passing far off through the ringing ether, played through the wet brilliancy.

Then a dark cloud, or a small night, shot past the angel, and was full of sleep. And now a heaven of beams was opened and flowed over him, and a thousand angels were flaming:—"Art thou again there, thou dream that playest around me?"

But the angel of the first hour stepped forth to him through the beams, and gave him the sign of the kiss, and said—"That was Death, their eternal brother and heavenly friend!"

And the youth and his beloved repeated it softly after him.

THE HISTORY OF AN HOUR.

A TALE OF CHRISTMAS EVE.

The Village of Chertsey—Eleven o'Clock.

The square and turretted tower of the holy village sanctuary still appeared to be uttering, in deep and solemn tones, the warning that another hour had passed away, when the moon, gliding through the clear sky, hung, as it were, as a lamp over the church, and seemed like a beacon of joy to the wandering pilgrim, and casting its pale and melancholy light over the neighbouring houses, whose roofs were glistening with a spotless snow; the trees, which added so much beauty to our lovely home, were lightly sprinkled, and cast a net-work shade upon the ground.

The village consisted of one long street, which towards the centre expanded, leaving an ample space for the church, the cemetery, and the village green. Though nothing appeared to portend a change in the weather, a practised eye would have observed the long line of black clouds peering over the summits of the downs, threatening a snow-storm. No sound was heard; the villagers appeared to have retired to rest—yet at the small tavern the notes of merriment occasionally disturbed the beautiful tranquillity. On one side of the green a narrow lane diverged, which led to the 'Squire's house, situated about a quarter of a mile from Chertsey.

The road was bounded on either side by the sturdy oak and the gigantic elm, and now and then the presence of a beech-tree was discovered by the glittering of the moon's beams on its polished bark. On the left the ground gently rose, disclosing a spreading lawn, adorned with clumps of trees. This was 'Squire Bradshaw's park, of a peculiar school, laid out with great taste, and situated in one of the most picturesque portions of England; yet it was not in the modern style; on the contrary, one was reminded of the open glades of an old forest, here and there a grotto, now and then a small fish-pond, connected with a neighbouring trout-stream, that flowed through the lower portion of 'Squire Bradshaw's domains.

The ancient house was situated in a dense mass of elm, whose towering height imparted a certain enchantment to the spot. Our heart vibrates as we view their gigantic proportions; our bosom swells at the thought that these are ours; they appear round our dwellings as the guardians, the lares, the protectors of our homes: to lose one of them is to lose a friend. With what anguish have we risen after a fearful storm—what sorrow have we felt to behold the ruin, the overthrow, a comparison silent to others, yet not silent to us.

In front of the house the trees dividing left an open space, the flower-garden of the 'Squire's daughter, now covered with glittering snow, rendered doubly brilliant by the moon's rays, appearing as pure and spotless as the bosom of its owner. Then arose the mansion, a square building, whose appearance was extremely plain, the windows small and old-fashioned. It possessed no remarkable features beyond that of looking comfortable. Near the northern end there was, however, an object which would have been considered unsightly by many—it was a huge faggot-pile; but we were used to it, and it gave the house a warm appearance.

While all without was at rest, a different scene was presented within. The 'Squire, according to the ancient custom of his family, gave a grand party on Christmas-eve—and this was Christmas-eve. In the northern wing the spacious dining-room was fitted up for a dance. But before entering on the doings at Chertsey Hall, we will take a brief glance at its occupants. The 'Squire claims the precedence—a tall, portly, jolly-looking, fine old English gentleman. Those who affirm that that race is gone never heard or saw anything of 'Squire Bradshaw. He was kind and hospitable, honest and charitable; but we will sum up in a few words: he had no enemies, the rich and poor were alike his friends. We will now enter the dining-room, some fifty feet in length. The dining-tables, carefully covered by baize and canvass, supported a couple of chairs for the musicians; while a few boards, ornamented with green boughs, were placed by the zealous housekeeper to screen the massive furniture from the effects of a blazing fire that cast a brilliant hue around, and even rendered cheerful the black oak pannels. The red curtains were fastened close to the ground, and imparted a comfortably warm aspect to the room. We have ever had a partiality for red curtains, it reminds us of our sunny boyhood, unchecked by a care: yes, those days of bliss, those bright spots on which the mind, inwardly contemplating, loves to dwell.

But we had forgotten—we have not yet introduced our friends to the company. The stirring country dance had concluded, and the ladies had taken their seats, while the gentlemen, as is usual in country *réunions*, quitting their partners on pretence that they might catch cold, congregated in groups near the windows. At this moment let us cast a brief glance around. Helping the musicians to a glass of wine—such is country fashion—stood Rachel, the 'Squire's daughter, slightly under the middle height, with a neat and pretty figure; and seldom have we seen so sweet a face: it was not beautiful, it was more than beautiful, with that cheerful laughing eye, that lovely dimple and mouth, that breathed a bright and modest welcome. One could love that countenance, that merry laugh, that gay and joyous look. That girl appeared happy, which in itself ever lends a bewitching charm—happy in a doting though discreet father, in a lovely house, and supremely happy in her own quiet, modest heart, as pure as when the breath of life was first breathed into her fragile frame. The other ladies were the wives and daughters of the professionals and farmers of the neighbouring towns and villages, who were assembled on this occasion. Among them was a doctor, very short and very slight, a conceited coxcomb, desperately in love (so he said) with Miss Bradshaw. As this fiery little Mr. Barker was laying down the law on some professional point in dispute, the door opened, and the 'Squire, with his usual contented and bland smile, entered the room. "Come, ladies and gentlemen," said he, "allow me to disturb your conversation, gentlemen, and remind you that these fair ladies require to be escorted;" then turning round he took the arm of a portly farmer's wife, and, followed by the rest of the company, entered the spacious supper-room. Everything that country hospitality could introduce was there. Mr. Barker was in high glee, having silenced an opponent, and escorted Miss Rachel.

CHAPTER II.—THE PORT OF LANSDOWNE.

"ALL right, sir," cried the boatswain; "she'll hold beautiful."

The frigate Belvidere with a slight tremulousness was stayed as she entered the port of Lansdowne by the tightening of the cable.

"Now, my dear fellow," said Captain Franklin, leaning over the bulwark, "be back by half-past twelve, or we shall lose the tide, and I must leave you behind."

"You may rely on me," answered Lieutenant Maitland; "I pledge my honour nothing shall detain me."

"Then good luck to you," said the Captain,—"push off, my men." And as he spoke eight powerful oars struck the water, and the gig glided rapidly over the waves.

Mr. Maitland was lieutenant on board the Belvidere, bound to China with despatches which she was to receive at Lansdowne. He had prevailed on the captain to allow him to ride over to Chertsey, to visit 'Squire Bradshaw for half an hour. As they approached the shore the scene was most impressive; the whole town appeared in a profound sleep. Maitland, impatient to reach the shore, had urged the sailors to new exertions, but notwithstanding, it was many minutes after eleven before he was mounted on a horse at the Eagle. There were two roads to Chertsey, one along the sea, three miles and a half, the other nearly five. As he knew the neighbourhood, he chose the shorter route, and quickly leaving the town galloped along the beach. He soon fell into a deep reverie, and little noticed that his horse had relaxed into a quiet trot which soon degenerated into a walk. Maitland was considering what would be his reception at Chertsey Hall;—by the 'Squire he knew he should be gladly received, but would that be the case with Rachel? He felt himself deeply in love with her, and he believed she returned it, but the self-conceit of young men is too apt to flatter their vanity. But being now on the eve of a distant journey he earnestly desired a definite answer. Whilst indulging in these thoughts he suddenly received a severe blow on the shoulder which knocked him off his horse,—a couple of men threw themselves upon him and held his arms; while another, presenting a pistol, told him he would blow his brains out if he did not keep quiet. Maitland looked up, and perceived he was surrounded by at least a dozen men,—resistance was useless, but he asked what was the reason of this outrage.

" Ask your coat," said one, who appeared their leader. " We intend to shoot you to teach others not to interfere in our honest calling."

" You're mistaken, my men; I am not a Custom House officer. Look at the uniform."

" Why, that's queer, Mr. Jones," said one; " he's not a prater."

" No, but he's some 'ficial," said their leader; " and we may as well secure him till the morning; we can then let him go."

In vain Maitland urged them to allow him to proceed; they seized and dragged him into a cave, then passing a cord round his arms threw him into a corner, first taking away his sword and pistols. The smugglers then left him under the guard of one of their companions, giving strict orders to shoot him should he attempt to escape.

This was a dreadful position for Maitland. Should he be delayed an hour, his prospects would be blighted; he feared that his motives might be misconstrued, and that it might be said that he suffered himself to be detained in order to spend some time at Chertsey Hall. With these ideas nothing appeared so terrible as that his conduct might be arraigned; and he knew that his Captain would be severely censured for suffering him to leave the ship. Recovering his position, he sat up and cast a glance around. The cave in which he had been placed was nearly thirty feet deep, and about ten feet in height. In the centre, by the side of a large stone, sat the guard, a huge, powerful man who kept a watchful eye upon the prisoner. The smuggler placed a pair of pistols before him on the broken rock, and said " Now, my hearty, if you don't want an ounce of lead through you, don't try to leave this little tidy spot."

Maitland rose on his feet—the man put his hand on a pistol.

" What," cried the Lieutenant, " do you fear me bound and unarmed? I want merely to warm my limbs."

To this the man made no objection, and Maitland commenced moving. For five minutes he continued his exercise, gradually approaching the man, who by this time had ceased to keep up the zealous watch he did at first. Maitland now resolved to loosen the cord, which was merely fastened with a slip knot, and approached the guard. Holding the cord in its position as well as he could, Maitland continued his walk.

" I think," said the guard, " that cord aint over tight;" at the same time he arose and moved towards the young man.

" Now or never," thought he, and as the smuggler came near him he let fall the cord and dashed on the guard, who, overcome by the force, slightly gave way.

Maitland, seizing the advantage, tripped him up, and he fell heavily on the ground. The Lieutenant sprung over him and had nearly reached the mouth of the cave, when the guard recovering himself discharged his pistol at him; the shot, however, missed, but the report alarmed the smugglers who were on the beach, and they hastened toward the spot. The snow had now commenced falling heavily, and Maitland, seeing that nothing but the greatest activity would save him, dashed along close under the rocks. The smugglers, however, soon perceived him, and discharged their pistols at him without effect, with the exception of one spent ball, which slightly injured his shoulder. Continuing at the same rapid pace he soon came to an opening in the rocks leading to the fields close bordering on Chertsey,—as he turned the corner he met a man carrying a heavy stick, and leading a powerful though muzzled mastiff.

"What's that firing?" cried the new comer. "Stop, sir, or I'll knock you down."

Maitland instantly perceiving that he was one of the most famous smugglers in the neighbourhood, stooped, and picking up a large stone, hurled it with great precision and felled the man. He had scarcely passed him when his pursuers turning the corner shouted, "There he is!" The prostrate smuggler, raising himself, called out, "I'm down, but send my Driver after him." The muzzle was in a few minutes loosed and the animal darted in pursuit.

Maitland, who had suspected that the dog would be sent after him, felt in his pockets for some weapon, and found his large ship knife; then, pulling off his jacket and wrapping it round his left arm, he continued his flight until he found the dog in close pursuit. The smugglers were now full a hundred yards off, and Maitland stopped to await the dog, who uttering a deep growl, sprang on him, but was received on his left arm, and the Lieutenant plunged his knife into his throat, and in a few seconds the animal lay dead at his feet.

CHAPTER III.—THE SUPPER TABLE—HALF-PAST ELEVEN.

"I HAVE a most important toast to propose to you," said the 'Squire, rising, "and I shall expect you all to drink it in a bumper. Now, no noncompliances, when I give it you will all be pleased to respond. Here's to our absent friends—we would that they were with us."

"Well, here's one of them at your pleasure," shouted a voice without.

The door opened, and Lieutenant Maitland entered. The blood forsook poor Rachel's cheek, but quickly returned with double force. Mr. Barker tried to look fierce and big, while the 'Squire quickly stepping forward, caught the young man in his arms, and cried—"Well, Harry,—uncommonly glad to see you." From Rachel he received a warm welcome, as such an old friend deserved; he felt satisfied. It is unnecessary to repeat all he said on this occasion; he told his adventures, and explained his promise to Captain Franklin, and concluded by saying—

"Now, 'Squire, I have one favour to ask; will you let me have one of your horses exactly at twelve?"

"That you shall, and I'll send two of my men with you to boot. Here, John, order three horses to be ready exactly at twelve, and you and William prepare for a ride."

"Very well, sir," said John, and left the room.

Maitland knew that he could fully rely upon being duly given notice of the time, as the servants always obeyed to the letter.

Rachel's heart sank within her as she heard Maitland's promise, but she merely remarked—

"I had hoped you had come to spend a few days with us."

"I cannot, indeed," answered he; "I leave for China this very night."

"For China!" answered she.

"Yes."

Rachel said no more, but Maitland saw by her look how deeply she felt the announcement.

In the meanwhile, Mr. Barker, who had been attentively watching the youthful pair, felt certain that Maitland could not ask Rachel to dance with him, as he would not have finished his supper before the first set commenced; so, quietly leaving the room, he summoned the musicians and told them, that the moment they should perceive him enter the supper-room they were to commence "Sir Roger de Coverley." In due time the music struck up, and Mr. Barker elegantly stepped forward to ask Miss Bradshaw for the favour of her hand in the ensuing dance.

"You're too late, sir," cried Maitland, tossing off a glass of wine; "Miss Bradshaw is my partner already."

"I'm sure it can't be so; are you engaged, Miss Bradshaw?" cried the irritated Mr. Barker, for all eyes were fixed on him.

"You heard what I said, sir," answered Maitland, in a loud voice,—"make way," and, taking Rachel's arm, he led her into the dancing-room.

The lively "Sir Roger de Coverley" commenced, and for a few minutes it was sustained with spirit; but by some untoward accident one of the chords broke and the musicians stopped. There having been no lady disengaged, Mr. Barker had taken up his position near the centre window, and from thence he watched and endeavoured to catch every word which his rival uttered.

But when the above-mentioned accident stopped the dance for a few minutes, Maitland offered his partner his arm, and walked about the room. It wanted now but ten minutes to twelve.

It would be impossible for us to endeavour to record all that was said; suffice it to mention that while the order of the dance was again arranging, Maitland whispered.

"Rachel, I wish one moment's private conversation, meet me under the window."

Rachel objected, but at last he prevailed upon her, and she left the room. The dance had now commenced, and whilst all were engaged Maitland opened the door and slipped quietly out; not, however, without being perceived by his rival, who, fired by jealousy, instantly guessed the cause, and presently hearing a slight crackling of dried sticks below the window, stepped behind the curtains.

After leaving the room Maitland opened the back door and was quickly beneath the window, where he found Rachel wrapped in a large cloak; the Lieutenant was soon beside her, and on stepping on a faggot caused that crackling noise which attracted the attention of Mr. Barker. Had the young couple but looked up, they would have been startled at beholding his two fiery eyes fixed upon them; but as they did not it was immaterial. Maitland explained his position to Rachel, told her how long he might be away, how despondent he should feel were she to reject him—in fact, urged his suit with all the ardour of a youthful and impetuous disposition, and finally concluded with an earnest appeal that she would consent to be his on his return from China.

To this, while her tears fell thickly, she replied that she loved him, but she could not consent to be his without applying to her father, whom she had promised never to accept any one without first consulting him.

Had the lovers been less engaged they would have perceived a figure, closely enveloped in a cloak, glide round the corner of the house, treading on the soft snow to prevent his approach being heard, and at last place himself in a position whence he could catch every syllable that fell.

"Indeed," continued Rachel, "had I not promised, I would never accept any one without first consulting my father. Why should I practise the slightest deceit with him whose sole endeavour is to please me?"

"You are quite right, Rachel," returned Maitland; "nothing but the suddenness of my departure would have tempted me to have asked you to do anything without consulting your father, whom I look up to as the best of friends. I will not attempt to urge you further, Rachel, for it would indeed be wrong."

"Bravo! my children, those are proper sentiments," cried old Bradshaw, throwing aside his cloak and imprinting a kiss on the burning cheek of his daughter. "Spoken like two honest hearts that were meant for each other. But nevertheless you should have chosen a more comfortable place for a rendezvous—and not so public either," continued he, glancing at the window where Mr. Barker still continued watching. Perceiving, however, that Mr. Bradshaw had not knocked the young Lieutenant down, but on the contrary, that the 'Squire appeared pleased, he withdrew his head the moment that he was perceived.

What was said afterwards I am not at liberty to relate. I can only add that when the three re-entered the room, a happy smile played upon each of their countenances. At that moment John entered the room. "Twelve o'clock, sir, the horses are ready."

A hurried farewell was quickly given. The 'Squire and Rachel saw him to the door—a hearty shake of the hand from the father, and a tender embrace from the daughter, occupied but a minute, then springing upon his horse, Maitland dashed away. The last words he heard from his Rachel were "God bless you, Harry!"

ODE TO NATURE.

By CHARLES T. MIDDLETON, Author of "Hours of Recreation."

Goddess of the vaulted skies,
Studded with a thousand eyes,
Come and spread thy mantle o'er me,
While I worship and adore thee.
Goddess of the earth beneath,
Circled with a flow'ry wreath,
Come and spread thy mantle o'er me,
While I worship and adore thee.

Thou art in the realms above,
Compass'd in Eternal love;
Thou art in the realms of night,
Seated on the throne of light;
Beautiful, where'er thou be,
Thou art in eternity.

Thou art in the starry train,
Smiling on the azure plain;
In the heavy cloud that brings
Lightning on its flashing wings;
Wonderful, whate'er thy form,
Thou art in the thunder storm.

Thou art with the lark at morn,
At the early peep of dawn,
Soaring to the gates of light,
Far beyond the dazzled sight:
Thou art with the nightingale
In the shadow of the vale,
When in middle night is heard
The melody of that sweet bird;

In the mournful cuckoo's note,
As its solemn accents float
On the silent ear of day,
Through the woodland far away;
Thou art in the moonbeam's light,
Filling Heaven with delight;
Beautiful where'er thou be,
How I love and worship thee!

Thou art on the grassy mead,
Listening to the shepherd's reed;
Smiling in the purling stream,
Sparkling in the sunny gleam;
In the midst of shady bowers,
Garlanded with scented flowers;
In the rainbow's many hues,
In the gentle morning dews;
In the sunshine and the shade,
In the valley and the glade;
In the lonely copse, or wood,
In delightful solitude;
In the many wreaths that gem
Summer's golden diadem;
In the snowy mantle spread
Over winter's hoary head;
Beautiful where'er thou be,
How I love and worship thee!

Thou art wond'rous, thou art wise,
Nothing on thy bosom dies;
All the workings of thy hand
Spreading over sea and land,
Soaring to the tented skies,
'Midst a thousand galaxies;
Tell that thou art wond'rons still
Guided by Eternal will!
Wheresoe'er thy foot hath trod,
Far along the tufted sod,
Over mountain, over main,
Skimming o'er the barren plain,
Resting in the sylvan grove,
Seated on the lap of love;
Glassy lake, and waterfall,
Thou art lovely in them all.
But when we thy works survey,
Praising, worshipping alway,
Glowing thought will ever spring,
Rising as on eagle wing;
If such wonders compass thee,
How wonderful the Lord must be!

CECIL MAY;

A TALE OF THE VILLAGE.

(FOUNDED ON FACT.)

BY FANNY E. LACY.

> "A bird of the air shall carry the voice, and that which hath wings shall tell the matter."—*Ecclesiastes.*

IT was during a brief sojourn, a few summers ago, in one of those sweet rural localities that, cultivated by honest labour, and blessed by the smile of approving Heaven, are the ornament and pride of "merrie England," I became acquainted with a pleasing and very curious incident, the happy result of which, as awakening some of those redeeming touches that occasionally lighten over the shaded portraiture of human nature, must rescue the poor blotted picture from the "one fell swoop" of misanthropic condemnation. I had set forth alone; and in the delighted anticipation of a long morning ramble amid the sylvan haunts of my temporary *locale*, as contemplating the divine model afforded the pencil of art, in the poetry of nature everywhere around me, when my kindling enthusiasm was suddenly damped, and my ardour considerably cooled, by one of those sweet caprices of a summer day—a brisk shower of rain. The very unromantic distress of being without an umbrella, failed not to render me about as common-place in my proceedings as it does most people, I believe, in such a predicament: I began to be very feelingly aware, that I was on the point of becoming an object in the fair landscape far more conspicuous than picturesque; and certainly by no means illustrative of the beautiful or sublime. "Such," exclaimeth the philosopher, "are the events displaying the littleness of man!" but if they are humiliating to the "lords of creation" (especially those without umbrellas), how infinitely more so must they prove to the "*ladies*" thereof, if arrayed in all the flutter of muslin drapery, and summer shoes of, alas! frail Denmark satin, or faithless prunella! In my own unhappy case, though "birds sang 'gratulation," flowers exhaled sweeter incense, and the merry sunbeams themselves peeped in a sort of sly *slanting* direction, through their soft crystal veil; I had now no better prospect than a cold in my head, a red nose, and a train of *et cetera* that have certainly nothing whatever to do with the "poetry of life."

"Will you please to walk in, ma'am, till the shower's over?" said a pleasant rustic voice just behind me.

Quickly and joyfully I turned, to find myself close by a little way-side denizen, which a turn in the hedge had prevented me from perceiving before, from the simple latched door of which a decent-looking country woman repeated her hospitable invitation, which I failed not to joyfully accept. I had been but a few minutes established in one of the high-backed wooden chairs, when I was somewhat surprised at the appearance, in that "woodland wild," of an elegant coronetted equipage, that as well as the expanded umbrellas of the liveried attendants would permit observation, was such as in the gay world of fashion, would be at once denominated a very faultless "turn out." Some road impediment obliging the driver to slacken his pace, afforded me a full view of the interior of the carriage; the occupants of which appeared to be ladies of corresponding grade: but the object that interested my attention, to the exclusion of the others, was a very lovely little girl, apparently not more than eleven years of age, whose young blooming face, as it glanced smiling through the rain-sprinkled window-glass, very much reminded me of the merry sun-beam I have so recently mentioned; or a little opening rose-bud, in the like picturesque circumstances; or—any other charming simile a poetic imagination may suggest, for she was wonderfully pretty: but, truth to say, I am somehow quite out of fancy articles, just at present: besides, I am anxious for the story of which she is the heroine; hoping that the reader participates my feeling.

As the carriage continued to slowly wend its rugged way along, I observed, after the first respectful recognition from my cottage-hostess, a series of nods and smiles, and other familiar tokens, that so far from offending the young aristocrat, were reciprocated with similar regard, and very evident pleasure. The driver at length resuming his speed, the carriage was soon out of sight.

"Is'nt she pretty, madam?" said the delighted cottager, appealing to me.

"Undoubtedly!" I replied.

"It's Miss Cecil May; and that's her grandmamma's (Lady Augusta Highfield's) carriage," added she, anticipating my inquiry. Then, looking rather archly, she continued—"and I dare say, ma'am, you're wondering enough to see me making so familiar like with such a grand young lady."

"Not so much," I returned; "for, upon consideration, you may have been nurse in the family; her foster-mother, perhaps?"

"No, no," she replied, laughing, "nothing of the sort. But shall I tell you her history, ma'am? It's very simple, and yet it's curious—ay, and pleasant; at least I call it so; because it shows that people are not always so bad as they appear, or at any rate, that they prove their repentance by confessing their fault, and making all the amends in their power. That dear little girl, she is in her proper place now; and where she ought to have been years ago; for will you believe it, ma'am? but only this time twelvemonth, I was giving that very young lady, great and grand as she is now—bless her!—little bits of charity needle-work to do; ay, and sometimes a penny or twopence may be, for running to the next village for me; and I but a poor woman myself,—what do you think of that now?"

"I think," replied I, "that I should very much like to hear her history; as you just now offered to tell it."

"Ah well, and so I will," returned my hostess. "All the village has known it long ago, and the end of it the little darling told me herself, which made me so glad, and everybody else indeed, in these parts. Now, ma'am, you must'nt be offended if I tell it just in my own plain way, without any of those fine hard words that gentlefolks use, because of course I don't understand such, and I dare say, ma'am, you'll understand me just as well without them."

I nodded my reply, and she commenced as follows:—

"It's about little Cecil May I am going to tell you, ma'am, but I must first talk about her parents, and before they were married; for that was the beginning of her ill luck—and her good luck, too, as it proved a long time after.

"Young Edwin May was the son of a farmer well enough to do, as was supposed; but somehow at last fortune took a turn with him, and, poor fellow! it was a turn all the wrong way; and it was just after my Lady Augusta Highfield had sent her young and only daughter to stay there awhile, for change of air, farm-house living, and such like; for she was thought to be consumptive; and all the great doctors said that her going to live at Farmer May's would be the best thing in the world for Miss Cecil; not her that you saw just now, ma'am, but her mamma, Lady Augusta's *own* daughter. Now, when my lady placed her at Farmer May's, she never once gave a thought about young Edwin being there, and that, though he could'nt be called a gentleman, he still was a vastly good-looking young fellow, with quite sufficient education to talk with a young girl, who had never seen anything of the world, or been much in company with those of her own station. And then Edwin was, on his part, so taken with such a beautiful young lady, so different from the village lasses, that he felt downright in love with her; which was very wrong you know, ma'am, but I suppose he could'nt help it, poor young man! And then he was always bringing her fruit and flowers, and when she was near meeting with a sad accident from riding a spirity horse, he risked his life to save her; and then, as you may guess, they made no secret of their attachment, which caused my lady to be very angry indeed, and take her young daughter away; at which nobody could well be surprised. And then to be sure there was a fine piece of work! Both the young folks cried and sobbed, and raved and vowed, and were terribly obstinate I've been told; but lawk, ma'am, all true lovers are so! Ah! I remember in my young days, when my master and I——however, that's nothing to do with my story. Well, ma'am; and so do all that my lady could to separate them, they remained true-hearted; and at last Edwin persuaded Miss not to care about fortune, but to run away; which was certainly very wrong of him; and then Miss *did* run away, and that of course was very wrong of *her;* to be sure they ran away to be lawfully married, and only that Miss Cecil was disobedient to her parent, there were those who did'nt think her so much to blame. But as for my lady, when she found it out—oh, my stars! she was worse than ever! she vowed before the poor young bride she'd never forgive her nor help her, though she was starving; and said a great deal more than I wish to repeat, or remember. It was just about that time that the farming concern all went to rack and ruin; and the old man died with grief and age together, I reckon; so that poor Edwin had but a melancholy home for his young wife; she too, poor thing! so cast down at being spurned like, by her own mother. Still they both did their best to keep up each other's spirits, because you know it was of no use their doing otherwise; and Edwin proved himself as courageous as he was true-hearted: to be sure you'll say, it was his bounden duty, situated as he was, to make the best he could of his ill-luck. And do you know, ma'am, though in his father's life-time, when affairs were flourishing, and he of course rather looked up to on the farm, that young man went out cheerfully as only a common labourer at last!—for he said nothing was disgraceful that was honest, though he never would let his young lady-wife do a single thing all the time; and I've been told that sometimes he would talk so grand and beautiful, all about love and honour, and honest industry, with his hand upon his heart, and looking so true and earnest like, that the whole village was on his side, and all against my lady, for being so hard-hearted to the poor young folks. There was'nt a young man that did'nt speak of Edwin May as a fine noble fellow! a reg'lar good un! an out-and-outer! and such like expressions; while all the young lasses vowed and declared (only amongst themselves, you know) that they did'nt care how soon they got married, so as they might be sure of such a prize as Edwin May.

"Well, and so matters went on tolerable enough, I believe, with the young couple, and for some time, too; little Cecil was born (she that you saw pass by a little while ago), and I can assure you, as she grew in years, she got to be quite handy, and quite a comfort to them both; but, ah! madam, now I'm coming to the sad part of my story!—for when little Cecil was about nine years old, her father met with a very severe accident: whether 'twas in reaping, or felling a tree, I never rightly understood; but, poor fellow, it caused his death soon after he was brought home, and there's no need to describe the feelings of the widow and the orphan.

"With all poor Edwin's industry and care, there was little enough left after the burying expenses, and what not; and it was thought by many, that, under the circumstances, Mrs. May would have applied to her mother, or some of her great relations; but it happened that just at that very time her ladyship was travelling about, amusing herself, somewhere in foreign parts; so that whether it would have been of any use, why, nobody can well say; besides, the poor young folks left the neighbourhood of the great family they had so much offended, soon after their marriage, and were content to settle humbly in this village, where they could'nt give offence to anybody. However, poor Mrs. May (and she was still a very young woman) was never known to complain, or make any *talk* like, about her situation; indeed, it was scarce she was ever seen; for little Cecil answered all inquiries, and I believe our worthy parson and the doctor called once or twice; but the village folks, however they might feel, were bashful, knowing how she was related; and the gentry one and all said they pitied her very much, but that the lady's position was awkward, and that they felt delicate, and something about *hetikwet*, (a Latin word, I reckon), and a great deal I don't understand, and don't much think I ever shall.

"Well, ma'am, and so, after paying everybody their own, and with little enough left, the widow and her little girl moved quite private and quiet, with their bits of furniture, nobody knew where at first; and then a few thought of a poor little place a great way out of the village, the rent being next to nothing, as one might say, and because it was so out of the way. The poor lady was never seen abroad after that; for little Cecil used to come to the village for such things as they might require, always so pale and thin, and like a little woman for her look of care, poor child! So then, when Cecil was seen backwards and forwards in the village, people guessed how it was, and that her poor mother was living quiet somewhere within a country walk, but didn't wish to be troubled; and some of them would now and then give the little girl a bit of sewing to do; or any trifling job, just for the sake of rewarding her with a few pence, which they knew would be taken home to the mother.

"One day little Cecil appeared dressed neater than usual, and smiling as she carried a light basket on her arm, which, with a nice curtsey, she offered to people to look into; and, do you know, ma'am, it was filled with such pretty caps, and beautifully-worked collars, you can't think! They all immediately guessed whose was the work, and all the tradesmen's wives and daughters were so anxious to buy, and so ready to help the widow and the orphan; besides, they very much admired worked collars! So little Cecil returned home that day, her young heart almost bursting with joy; because she had brought an empty basket, and a purse full of money. And I do assure you, madam, this good luck went on much longer than could well have been expected; yet I'm afraid that though caps and collars wear out soon enough, Heaven knows! they are apt to last much longer than feelings that are caused by the whims of the moment, and often possesses people just from novelty; I don't mean to say anything against my neighbours in this respect, I'm sure; because I really believe that the general feeling was that of helping the widow of poor Edwin May, and that her having been a lady born, didn't at the *first* weigh with any of them: but, dear me, ma'am, even the tradesmen's wives and daughters can't be always buying finery; and it was just about this time, that another sad change came about for little Cecil May. For some weeks before, she had appeared to be in some sad trouble, and looking paler and thinner than ever, had nothing to sell, and with tears springing to her eyes, appeared to be always in such a hurry to return home to her mother. Of course, madam, you pretty well guess the cause of all this; for sorrows and privation, continued anxiety about the future for her child, and, indeed, I may say, how they were either of them to live at all, had brought back all the alarming symptoms of years ago, which a severe cold she had taken appeared now very likely to put an end to altogether; and soon brought her into the last stage of a decline, though she didn't suspect death so near as it proved to be; and as for Cecil, poor little dear, it wasn't to be expected she should know much about the state of her ailing mother. Poor child! she only cried because she was so often poorly, she said; and I had the remaining part of the story from her own lips, how she used to sit up night after night, tending her sick mother, who became weaker and weaker till she couldn't walk without support.

"It was only last June that she died—just a year ago, madam, and Cecil just ten years old. The night was gloriously beautiful—one of those still summer nights, with the full moon shining so bright upon everything, and so warm, that people hardly know how to shut their windows. Mrs. May sat by hers, wrapped up in her arm-chair with her young daughter at her side; and though very weak, and her voice scarce above a whisper, she seemed in such charming spirits, and talked so cheerful and pleasant, that little Cecil clapped her hands for joy, and said, 'Oh! mother, how much better you are to-night; you'll be quite well by to-morrow.' Ah! and so she was, madam; as you'll find presently. However, she said at last that she felt tired, and Cecil helped her to bed, quite happy to think that her mother was so much better; after which she returned to the window, which she didn't like to shut, it being such a lovely night, and so warm, as I said just now. She had been for some minutes looking out at everything so quiet and beautiful in the moonlight, when presently she heard a strange sort of muttering, and a *rattling* sound from the bed; thinking her mother was calling her, or perhaps talking in her sleep, Cecil ran to look at her; but you can pretty well guess what it was. * * * * * *

"It seems that the poor child bore the unsuspected shock much better than might have been expected. She had seen her father die, so she knew what had just happened, and also knew what to do. That child, ma'am, laid out the corpse as orderly as either you or I could have done; and she all alone, too! and her own mother,—only think of it! And then when she had finished, she told me that she cried—yes, she *did* cry, she said, for she could not help it if it had been ever so. Poor child, of course not. So she knelt by the bed-side with her head buried in her two little hands, and sobbed for a long while, in a way that neither of us would like to have heard, I reckon. The first burst of natural feeling over, she got up and went again to the open window. The night was still so calm and so lovely, as Cecil stood gazing out with her poor head aching, and every now and then giving one of those little short convulsive sobs, and shuddering sighs, that after violent crying are such a relief I think. The stillness of the night, and the soft warm air, soothed her very much, she said; and then as she looked back at her dead mother, she thought that she wouldn't go to bed that night, but would sit up watching by the corpse, and employ herself in tying up little nosegays to adorn it, and so do honour to her mother's memory. This was easy enough to do, for the cottage window was low, and plenty of daisies and other little wild flowers grew upon the turf beneath, so that she could reach out her hand, and gather as many as she chose. And then, after laying them softly in little wreaths and bunches about the dead body, and the cold white face, she felt pleased, and thought how pretty it all looked; for though her tears often fell upon her work, the employment amused her; and you know, ma'am, she was but a child. After a while, she returned to the window, to look out at the calm, lovely night. It was a pretty place where that lone cottage stood; and the moon shone so clear in the deep blue sky—while the crowds of stars were so large and bright, they seemed almost falling to the earth. Cecil gazed at them through her tears as they winked and twinkled, and strange fires, and little sweeping flashes shot along the sky, owing to the heat of the weather. And all was so still—so silent, on that beautiful summer night! It seemed, she said, that as she stood there all alone—it seemed as though she *heard* the deep silence! Bless the child, 'twas such a strange thing to say; but somehow I've often thought of it since. It seemed, she said, as if from the earth—from above—from everywhere around she could hear God's blessed life *growing—growing—never ceasing!* and that the feeling though awful, was very soothing—very sweet—and, madam, excuse my boldness, but I do think that if wiser than little Cecil May, more frequently listened to that deep, holy silence, instead of breaking it by talk puzzling to themselves and everybody that hears them, it would be far better for high and low, the scholar and the ignorant, in regard to subjects that the spirit of God can alone explain, and has promised to do so in his own good time. However, this beautiful silence was occasionally broken by sounds that were no detriment to its peace; and Cecil listened pensively to a nightingale, whose song seemed just fit for moonlight; and whose sweet "*Jug-jug-jug*," seemed to invite to the deepest and greenest shade close at hand, but not easy to find, and then from time to time, the bells of the village church would chime the quarters; to be heard at so great a distance, only on such a still summer night as that; and served to remind Cecil of saying her prayers, whether she went to bed or not. So she knelt down by the bed of her dead mother, and prayed in her own simple way, that Providence would mercifully raise up some friend for a poor little girl that had lost both father and mother—that something might turn up to enable her to gain her living, however humble, by honest industry; and that she might always be so guided as to remain virtuous all the days of her life, in whatever state to which she might be called.

"It was something in this way, Cecil told me, that she prayed; when it so happened, that just then one of those light passing breezes, that sometimes stir the leaves on a summer night, gently shook a little spray of honey-suckle growing round the outside of the window, so that the shadow in the moonlight, passing over the face of the corpse, flickered a moment on the lips, and gave them the appearance of smiling—at least the poor child thought so; for she started up quite in rapture. 'Mother! mother!' she cried, 'have I, then, been mistaken?—and have you only been asleep all this time? Oh, wake, dear mother, wake, and tell me.' But the breeze soon passed away; the spray of honey-suckle was again still, and the lips of the corpse white and immoveable as before.

"Poor little Cecil! she soon found she had been mistaken, and then she began to think if her mother's spirit should be permitted to visit her, whether she would be frightened. 'Not much,' said the little girl to herself; 'oh, no, not much: for I remember she used often to tell me that there was nothing to fear from good spirits; and that it was the weakness of our own nature that made us tremble. No, no, dear mother, I shouldn't be frightened.'

"Just as she had whispered these last words, she was much surprised, and notwithstanding all she had been saying to herself, very much startled, at just then hearing a small kind of voice outside the window pronounce her name. She turned quickly, and listened with attention; her little heart beating very fast all the time. 'Cecil!' repeated the voice; and presently it added, 'Dear Cecil! my pretty Cecil! I love Cecil.' And the child, though she didn't see anything, thought that to be sure it must be her mother's spirit, though the voice was not like hers; but then she thought that perhaps death might have caused the alteration. While she continued pondering in this manner, and wondering what it could be, she was rather more startled at hearing a soft tapping, and immediately after, a light sort of *whirring* sound, as if something came in at the window; a soft shadow in the moonlight seemed to flit by her above her head: and then she heard the same little *whirring* sound moving round the ceiling of the room. Cecil felt her cheeks become very warm all at once; and hardly dared to look up, though her curiosity was almost as great as her fear: but when she did, she discovered it to be a bird—only a little bird—that was fluttering about the room: but it was a sort of bird she had never seen before; and certainly its sudden entrance, together with the sound of her own name, puzzled as much as it had alarmed her. Most children of her age would have been terrified nearly out of their little wits, under such awful circumstances; as it was, Cecil remained shrinking and trembling, in the great arm-chair by the window; and when she had the courage to look up again, she saw that the bird had settled—only think of her feelings, madam—it had settled upon the brow of the corpse!

"When Cecil saw this, all her former fancies returned: she thought that perhaps it was the spirit of her dear dead mother, come to comfort her poor lone child, in a manner the least likely to frighten her; and felt, she told me, as if she couldn't have disturbed the bird for worlds: neither would she dare approach it; for with her notion, there was now as much awe mixed with her surprise, as she heard it repeat—'Cecil! dear Cecil! I love Cecil!' its little brown wings fluttering with joy. Cecil often assures me, that she never closed her eyes once all that night: but I must say that I think that very unlikely; and you know, madam, it's so natural to have such a notion; and how apt people are to be nodding and dozing—ay, and take a good long nap, too, and fancy themselves all the time wide awake."

I knew not if this little dash of harmless satire, on the part of my cottage hostess, was intentional; but it elicited a smile on my own, which, when she perceived, caused her to smile also, and to shake her head with a great deal of arch meaning.

"Pray go on with your story," said I, at length; "I am sure something came of this visit of the bird."

"That there did, madam," she replied, "which is the curious part of it, and makes it even now the talk of the village. Well, and so, asleep or awake, the blessed morning dawned at last for the poor child; and much did she rejoice to see it; as she felt the calm freshness of the air, and smelt the blossoms with the dew all shining upon them, and heard the little short twitter of the waking nestlings—the visitor bird seemed to hear them also, for it immediately quitted its extraordinary station, to fly into Cecil's bosom. I think she told me that she couldn't help something of a little scream at this; half surprise, half fear, I reckon; for it really *was* a bird—a real live bird, after all; and not a spirit, as she had believed: and as the daylight got stronger and stronger, she began to think that she ought to prepare for going to the village, that she might tell what had happened, and try to perhaps pick up a few shillings. Lord help her! shillings appeared so vast a sum to her, who had often been so thankful for the merest trifle of pence: but she knew that her mother must be buried, and that she must, therefore, try to get something by work, and selling the poor scanty furniture. Cecil kept thinking all this over, while making herself as clean and tidy as circumstances would allow. She was sadly tired, not having been in bed all night; and now began to be hungry also: luckily, she found a few old dry crusts of bread, which she shared with her feathered friend; and after a draught of cold water, and bathing her face with the same, she felt rather refreshed. Smoothing her hair, Cecil then tied on her little straw bonnet, that was very old, and very shabby: her frock, too, was faded and patched in a great many places; but she put a nice clean white apron over it, and then she put on as clean a tippet, and after kissing the cold lips of what had been her mother, she left the room softly, and almost blinded by her tears: and I'm sure, from all she told me, that she locked up the poor lone place with as much carefulness as though she had been quite a little old woman. As for the bird, it seemed so tame, that she guessed it to be somebody's pet, that had strayed; and thinking how glad the owner would be to have it again, she determined on taking it with her to the village, there to make inquiry. It happened very lucky that there was a little old bit of a bird-cage, that had been for some time tossing about the house, and that she remembered her father making to amuse her, when she was quite a baby; and the bird hopped into it so natural and orderly, she was sure of its being a favourite somewhere: yet it was by no means a showy-looking bird; at all events it was one that she didn't know the name of.

"We all know how pleasant and reviving is the early morning air; particularly in summer, before the sun has gained power: and when it is not crime that makes our sorrow, it is impossible not to feel pleasure from the free gifts of Almighty goodness; Cecil, therefore, notwithstanding her late affliction, and the cares weighing upon her young heart, tripped nimbly on, with the bird in the cage, hid under her apron, for fear of its being frightened. The way was long; but she had already reached some houses in the village, that she knew, when she heard a voice that she also knew, and was very glad to hear, it being one that had often spoken kindly to her. And this, madam, was no other than old Mark Jawley, the village crier. Cecil dropped him a curtsey as she passed; but the good-natured man stopped her, and shook her by the hand.

"'You don't seem so well to-day, my dear; how's that, eh?' says Mark, looking anxiously in her face, for he had a large family at home, many of them daughters: 'though it looks well to see you off to work betimes so, like a good little girl as you are. But what makes you so pale and sad, my dear—anything amiss at home?'

"You may be sure little Cecil's tears flowed again.

"'Oh, Mr. Jawley,' she burst forth all at once, in the very fulness of her heart; 'oh, sir, mother's dead.'

"'Goodness forbid! my dear,' cries old Mark Jawley; 'I declare you've quite taken me aback. Do you know what you say, child?'

"'Oh yes, indeed, sir, it's quite true,' sobs little Cecil; she died last night.'

"'Lord be good unto me!' Mark burst out again. 'And what—what did they all do, my dear?'

"'There was nobody with her but me, Mr. Jawley,' says Cecil, brushing away her tears.

"'Only *you*, child!' says the old man. 'Well, but —— my heart alive! you should have called the folks in to——'

"'Mother never liked to have anybody about her, sir; and our place is such a way off: besides, she didn't know she was going to die—no more did I, sir,' the child added, with a fresh burst of tears.

"'Poor little thing! God bless you! poor little thing!' says Mark Jawley. 'Well, there now—don't—don't cry, my dear, if you can help it.'

"And the tears gathered so big and heavy in his own good-natured eyes, as he spoke, Cecil told me; while he patted her cheek, and added—

"'What have you wrapped in your apron so curiously?'

"She could see plain enough the kind-hearted man was trying to divert her thoughts.

"'Oh, Mr. Jawley,' answered Cecil, smiling faintly through her tears, 'such a very strange thing happened last night about a bird, sir.'

"'Hey? what? a bird, my dear?' inquired Mark, as if he was very much interested all of a sudden.

"'Yes,' continued Cecil, 'a bird that flew in at the window, and frightened me a little at first; it flew all round the room, sir, and then it settled upon—upon—poor mother.'

"The voice began to tremble just then; and Mark interrupted her by saying, in a quick way,—

"'Yes, yes—there, never mind about that, my dear; but tell me—is it a starling?'

"'No, sir,' said the little girl, simply, 'it's a bird!'

"'Well, my dear,' says Mark, almost ready to laugh, 'and a starling is a bird, and will talk as well as a parrot.'

"'Oh, Mr. Jawley, and this bird talks,' answered Cecil, 'and what is very odd, it keeps on saying my name.'

"'Well, really now, that *is* very odd, as you observe,' said the old crier. 'Why, do you know, Cecil, that one of the gentry here, lost a favourite starling only yesterday evening, and I have received orders to cry it to-day. Bless my heart, child! bless my heart! let me look at the bird this moment; I shouldn't wonder if——hold up the cage, my dear. Stay, I must put on my spectacles. Why, ay, it *is* a starling, sure enough: but I must refer to the description.'

"So then Mark pulled out a paper, all in such a bustle, and began to mutter, um—um—'very tame'—um, 'glossy about the throat, right wing lately clipped'—um—um—I give you joy, my little maid! I give you joy! for you'll get the reward offered, and just in time, poor child. Yes, yes, all right; there's no need to cry it now, for it's the same; and the lady will be so pleased she'll——'

"'Do you think she'll give me a shilling, Mr. Jawley?' says Cecil, all anxiety.

"'A shilling!' answers the crier, quite scornful; 'why, you little goose-cap! the lady's very rich, they say, and prizes her bird so, she offers twenty pounds to the finder.'

"Cecil had near let fall the cage when she heard this; for you may suppose how vast the sum of twenty pounds must have appeared, to a child brought up in such poverty as she had been.

"'Come along, little lass, come along,' says the good-natured crier; and then he stopped, and looked serious at her. 'I hope, Cecil May, that you see how Providence has watched over you in this affair.'

"'Yes, indeed, Mr. Jawley,' answered Cecil innocently, 'for I said my prayers very particularly last night, knowing how bad off I was.'

"'And you see now how soon your prayer has been answered,' said Mark. 'I shouldn't wonder, my dear, if this little matter raised you up a friend for life: so come along, I dare say we shall find some of the servants up, for all it's so early.'

"So the little girl threw her apron over the cage again, moved on nimbly by the side of her old friend, and in due time they arrived before the gates of a large grand-looking house, that Cecil had never seen before; she was, indeed, thoroughly amazed at the grandeur before her; and much vexed and ashamed on account of her patched frock, and old shabby bonnet, till she looked at honest Mark Jawley, who seemed, in his fustian coat, and grey worsted stockings, as easy and unconcerned as a gentleman in his flowered dressing-gown, reading the Sunday news in church-time: indeed, for that matter, Mark felt quite full of courage, on account of befriending the little destitute orphan; and certainly, ma'am, when anybody's heart is what they call 'in the right place,' it's sure to make them feel most unaccountably bold and happy under any circumstances; for though Mark knew he was only a poor village crier, he knew he was doing his duty in every sense, and that at any rate his news would make him welcome. Of course very few were stirring, at that early hour, at the great house, so that the gate was opened by the gardener's boy; and presently Cecil followed her friend into a room, where they found the housekeeper, Mrs. Gingerly, just going to breakfast. Mrs. Gingerly had on such a beautiful silk gown, and such a high cap, with so many puffings, and bows and ends, and I don't know what beside, that little Cecil thought to be sure she must be the lady herself. However, never mind, such mistakes often happen, I believe.

"'Walk in, Mr. Jawley,' said she (for the old crier is a most respectable man in his line); 'I hope you bring us good news about the bird; I can assure you my lady's in a fine way about her loss. You—you can—a—*sit down*, Mr. Jawley, if you please.'

"Mrs. Gingerly said this with a wonderfully condescending air; indeed, so much so, that all the puffings, and bows, and ends in her cap, tossed and trembled, and waved about, till it looked higher than ever. As for Cecil, she was so astonished and so awed, that she stood back quite abashed, and as though she was trying to hide herself in her apron, as well as the bird-cage, which was still covered, and out of sight."

"'Well, Mr. Jawley,' continued Mrs. Gingerly, 'you've not had much time, to be sure; but as I said just now, have you brought us any good news?'

"'Why, p'rhaps I have, mum!' answered the old crier, smiling, and looking slyly at Cecil—'however, here's a little woman can tell you something more about it, I believe.'

"'Oh, indeed! What—one of yours, Mr. Jawley?'

"'Well—no, mum: though I shouldn't care if she was, bless her! not but I've plenty of that article at home—God help me! yet I say again I shouldn't care if she was.'

"You smile, ma'am; and it does seem rather droll, when one considers the particular circumstances of the case just then—but for my part, I think—yes I *do* think that Mark Jawley was, and always is, what the gentlefolks call a most disinterested character. Well—so at last the cage with the lost starling was put upon the table; and great was the joy at its appearance, I assure you.

"'Oh la!' says Mrs. Gingerly, 'how pleased my lady will be! she's not up yet, and hasn't even rung her bell; but as I dare say she will want to see this little girl, perhaps you had better both stay, and I'll make you some breakfast.'

" 'Thank you kindly, mum,' said Mark.

" As for poor little Cecil, such a long time had gone by since she had taken her bit of dry crust at home, that to her this was indeed a happy hearing.

" 'Only look here,' says Mrs. Gingerly to the scullery-maid, who brought in the breakfast; 'only look here, Patty Grimes; if here isn't *little Cecil come home again.*'

" The cheeks of the poor child were like scarlet all at once, at hearing this, as you may suppose; and equally surprised was she that they none looked particularly at her—however, matters were soon explained by Mrs. Gingerly adding, 'How very odd to give such a name to a bird; what could be my lady's reason, I wonder? What's the matter, my dear?'

" '*Her* name is Cecil,' observed Mark. 'Did you never hear about her?'

" 'How should I?' answered Mrs. Gingerly. 'I have been here only a few days.'

" 'Indeed, mum?' said the crier. 'Then you don't know the story about her father, Edwin May, who married the daughter of a great stylish lady: not here—he came to these parts afterwards, that he mightn't offend the family further, and distress his wife's feelings, who married against their consent. Poor fellow! he met with a sad accident this time twelvemonth, that ended in his death. And then Mark Jawley added in a much lower voice, and thinking Cecil didn't hear him, 'And now the poor child had just lost her mother too.'

" 'Dear me! you don't say so,' says Mrs. Gingerly.

" 'Only last night, mum—alone with the dead body all the whole night.'

" 'Oh la! how very shocking! Really I quite feel for her,' says Mrs. Gingerly,—not very much put out, though.

" 'And—*so do I*, mum, says the old crier!' As he said this, it appears that Mark Jawley rather forgot himself, and was ungenteel in his ways, for he not only spoke very loud, and blew his nose hard, but he slammed his great brown fist upon the table in a way that made all the beautiful china cups and saucers jump and clatter; so that Mrs. Gingerly looked at him as if she wasn't pleased, and was rather sorry she had asked such a vulgar fellow to breakfast with her.

" And now, if you please, ma'am, I'll just tell you what I think. Mrs. Gingerly is not a particularly unkind woman; but the truth is, she has met with too much good luck in life, to feel so much for others as if she had known sorrow herself. She has always lived in good places, and has saved a little bit of money, as it is said, without any particular troubles. Now, old Mark Jawley has seen a great deal of trouble in his time, and had a great many crosses and losses—and that makes all the difference, you know, ma'am. To be sure it's a very sad thing, that we should, generally speaking, so require vexations of our own to remind us of what we owe one another; but so it often proves, and I do think, ma'am, that we are sometimes much the better for them. Well, ma'am, and now the morning began to be getting on, as one may say; and every time the door opened, Cecil could see what she thought very smart gentlemen indeed; dressed quite airy, in pretty light blue and light pink striped jackets; with nice white aprons frisking to and fro, all in a bustle; and presently says Mrs. Gingerly, 'La! if here isn't Mr. Oldways, and I never waited breakfast for him. I declare the bird's being found put everything else out of my head. He's coming for the salvers and the silver egg-stand for the drawing-room.' As she spoke, in walked a grave portly old gentleman, with a very red face, and a very white head, dressed all in black, with beautifully fine shirt frills, and large buckles in his shoes; and he walked about so stately and grand, and pulled out such a large gold watch, with such a broad red ribbon, and so many seals dangling to it that Cecil thought him by much the finest gentleman she had ever seen; and this was Mr. Oldways, the butler. When he saw her, he started, and turned to look at her again, very hard, several times, so that at last the poor child was almost ready to cry!—thinking that, to be sure, such a fine gentleman was noticing what a shabby little girl she was. Presently he took Mark Jawley to the window, and there they stood awhile talking together very earnestly; but in such low voices that Cecil couldn't hear a word, and, indeed, just then, Mrs. Gingerly took it into her head to begin talking to her, and asking so many questions that she couldn't possibly have attended to anything else. Poor little Cecil! she often calls herself ungrateful, because she didn't somehow feel so pleasant as when her old friend Mark Jawley spoke to her, though Mrs. Gingerly was very condescending, to be sure; she asked her how old she was, and if she could make her own frocks, and so forth. Yet Cecil has often told me that she felt at the time—(though it might be very silly saying so)—she felt as though she had much rather that fine lady would have cried over her than smiled so quietly; and even when she put a large lump of *white* sugar in her cup, she had rather have heard her say, like Mark Jawley, 'Poor little thing! God bless her!' However, at least Mr. Oldways shook Mark by the hand, and after another long stare at Cecil, left the room in a great hurry. And then the old crier came forward, rubbing his hands, and laughing to himself in such a very odd way that neither Mrs. Gingerly or Cecil could tell what to make of him. Say what they would, they could neither get a straight answer from him, and Cecil became more puzzled than ever.

"Matters were in this state when all of a sudden in bounced a fine young lady, finer even than Mrs. Gingerly; and this proved to be the lady's maid, who came all in a hurry for a smelling-bottle. Her ladyship, she said, had just fainted away in the drawing-room, and Mr. Oldways who was waiting at breakfast, had said that the little girl who had brought home the bird was to go up stairs immediately.

"Now, when Mark Jawley heard this, it seems that he behaved himself worse than ever. He clapped his hands together, and whistled so loud, told Cecil not to be frightened, and then, all in a sudden burst of joy, rapped out something that sounded like 'by goles!' or 'by gosh!' and when he saw Mrs. Gingerly looking at him, he said he really begged pardon; but that perhaps he had better go and wait in the hall till he should be wanted. So then Cecil followed the lady's maid up stairs, and when they came to the drawing-room door they found it partly open, and heard Mr. Oldways, who was inside, call to them to wait a few minutes till her ladyship was something better; and then, of course, the little girl couldn't well help hearing what they said in the room, as a feeble voice said—

"'Oldways, you have been long enough in my service to be treated as a friend, and I know that I may rely on you.'

"'An' please you, my lady, the likeness struck me immediately,' said Mr. Oldways, 'and from the answers to the inquiries I made, I soon found that I was not mistaken.'

"'Oh! where is she then?' said the feeble voice; 'I must see her—I must see her this instant.'

"'There now, my lady,' answered Mr. Oldways, 'don't flurry yourself so. Please smell to this, madam, and take another drink of water, do, my lady.'

"However, you must by this time, have guessed who the lady was, ma'am, and, perhaps, the feelings of the poor little orphan, when she suddenly found herself in the arms of an affectionate relative, with a home and every comfort of life.

"Lady Augusta had been informed of all that had so lately happened, by her faithful butler; and now explained to her young granddaughter the whole story, and how much she had suffered, after her first feeling of anger at the imprudent marriage of her dearly-loved child had become softened; 'twas then she found that she had left the village with her husband, and her proud family did their utmost to prevent her finding them. She had, she said, long ago seen her error in deserting her poor Cecil, notwithstanding her great relations all came round her, talking about the disgrace brought upon them all, by a runaway match so unequal in birth and station, and so forth. And then her ladyship described how she had pined and fretted for a long time; and at last fell so dangerously ill that all the physicians advised her going abroad, which she did, and had only just then returned; but not being able to bear the thought of her old home, she had purchased the one where she now was, little thinking it was in the neighbourhood of the village to which Edwin May and her poor lost daughter had gone so long before. Meanwhile, a friend, with the view of diverting her melancholy, made her a present of a speaking starling, which, from hearing her so often lamenting to herself when she was alone, about her 'dear Cecil,' her 'pretty Cecil,' and the like, had at last caught up her words, to greatly endear the innocent bird, and which caused her, in a fit of sorrowful recollections, to name it Cecil;—none about her guessed why she did so, except her trusty butler, Oldways, who had lived so long in her service, and remembered the mother of Cecil May when she was just such another little girl. And then her ladyship condescended to kindly shake the hand of the worthy old man behind her chair; who appeared much gratified by such distinction, and the more so, as being merited by the long-proved attachment of honest service.

"'She is indeed as you say, Oldways, the very image of her dear mother at her age,' continued Lady Augusta; 'but I must have that old coarse frock off immediately.'

"'Pinever, she added,' turning to the lady's maid, 'there's a little silk frock in yonder cabinet; here's the key, open it immediately, dress Miss Cecil May in that frock, and other ornaments belonging to her poor dear mamma, and then I shall think my own little Cecil is come back to me indeed.'

"So the lady's maid, all astonishment at what she had just heard, did as she was ordered; and the equally-astonished little girl certainly looked all the better for the fine clothes; though we all know they could'nt make her better in reality; and might have made her worse, as is sometimes the case. However, it wasn't Cecil May's, as you'll presently find !"

"'Dear grandmamma,' said she, shaking back her long fair curls, 'thet wenty pounds reward—

"'You shall have it, my love, for your pocket money,' answered Lady Augusta.

"'All to myself, grandmamma?' asked Cecil.

"'To be sure, darling,' said her ladyship, 'and buy any pretty things you may fancy; that is—do what you like with it.'

"'Then, said the little girl,' clapping her hands for joy, 'I'll give it to the *real* finder of the bird, for after all, as I had never seen a starling before, of course, I shouldn't have known what to have done about it, if it hadn't have been for kind Mr. Jawley.'

"'And who is Mr. Jawley, my love?' her ladyship inquired.

"'He is one of my kindest, best of friends, grandmamma,' answered Cecil! and I'm sure though he's only the village crier, he has often given me a penny when——'

"'Hush, hush, my dear,' said Lady Augusta, 'you must try to forget—'

"'Not his kindness, dear grandmamma, was the little girl's reply; 'I shouldn't like to wear my beautiful new frock if it made me forget the kindness shown me in my old one.'

"I rather think that Lady Augusta was for a minute a little confused at this; and that something of her old feeling was clinging about her, as it were; however, she wouldn't give way to it; and turning a fond smile upon Cecil, she said:—

"'We may take a lesson even from a child if we choose. Would you like to see this kind friend of yours, then, Cecil?'

"'Oh! yes, yes, grandmamma,' answered Cecil, joyfully, 'very much indeed. How pleased he will be when he knows all about it!'

"However, Mark *did* know all about it; as you must have already perceived, madam. And so then, the old crier was desired to walk up; a little confused, it seemed, when he stepped upon the rich soft carpet with his great country shoes. He had no sooner set his foot within Lady Augusta's elegant drawing-room, than he found himself unable to utter a word; not from bashfulness though, or even feeling towards Cecil May, but from the child nearly stifling him with her repeated hugs of joy, and welcome, and all sorts of pleasant reasons that prevented her speaking also. And I think, ma'am, it must have been quite a curious sight, and what you gentlefolks call a subject for a painter, that pretty little creature in her silk and lace, with her soft creamy cheeks, and long fair curls, clinging round the neck of a brown-faced old man in a coloured handkerchief and coarse checked shirt, who shaved but once a week! Besides, old Mark Jawley's no beauty, I can tell you, at the best of times.

"'Oh! my dear Mr. Jawley!' cries Cecil, 'grandmamma has just given me the twenty pounds to do what I like with; but you can see plain enough that I don't want twenty pounds now; and I'm sure that you do—that is, (and the little sensible thing began to colour up) in your business I mean, Mr. Jawley; and you know very well it was you found out all about the starling; because I had never seen one before in my life; so it's honestly and justly yours, Mr. Jawley?'

"The poor old man's face was all mottled over with agitation; and when he could take his eyes off the little girl, he bowed low to her ladyship, and seemed as though he didn't know which way to look at all.

"'My heart alive!' he at last blurted out, 'only to hear her! and only to *look* at her! so pretty and genteel! and dressed as she ought to be. But I humbly hope your ladyship will pardon my boldness for taking notice of Miss now.'

"'Oh! don't—don't Mr. Jawley, please,' cries out Cecil, 'pray don't call me *Miss*: for if it wasn't for dear grandmamma I'd change this fine frock for my patched one, and my old shabby bonnet that I wore when you loved me; so call me Cecil, Mr. Jawley; call me Cecil May as you used to do, or I shall think that you love me no longer.'

"Mark could scarce stand this, as he often declares.

"'My dear little girl!' he at last said: 'little Cecil May, then, if you wish it, God bless thee, my pretty one, and keep thee for many years to come. You're going to live now as is your right, my dear; and all my prayer is, that you may never forget what I said to you this very morning, about the ways of Providence. Never forget that, Cecil May, whatever befals you, never forget that; and poor old Mark Jawley can wish you no greater blessing all the days of your life!'

"And now, madam, you may pretty well guess how happily was the ending for all parties; not forgetting even the pretty starling, who, in his own handsome cage again, says 'Cecil, pretty Cecil,' to often remind both old and young how the simplest means can work out the most important ends. Her ladyship, I'm told, made a handsome addition to the twenty pounds presented by the grateful Cecil to her old friend, Mark Jawley. Mr. Oldways lost no time in arranging about the remains of the poor lady at the cottage, with every consideration due to the feelings of her repentant parent; and Miss Cecil May now rides about with her governess, as you saw her a while ago, for all the village to rejoice in her happy change of fortune, just at the time so much needed; and when you remember that, curious as it is, the circumstance is a real fact,* and an addition to the many wonderful proofs of Divine protection, I'm sure, madam, you'll kindly pardon my homely way of telling it; particularly when you call to mind that it isn't always fine words that signify, but their meaning in the lesson they serve to convey."

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* The remarkable coincidence of facts of which the writer has availed herself is briefly as follows:—A poor widow, left in extreme destitution, on a night-watch by the remains of her deceased husband, was lamenting the utter hopelessness of her situation, yet with that pious trust ever the solace of the right-minded, when suddenly a little bird flew in at the open window, and settled upon the head of the corpse. There it remained till day-break, when it flew into her bosom. It proved to be a strayed favourite, for which a handsome reward had been offered; thus relieving the widow's immediate distress, and raising her up an opulent friend for the rest of her days. With this remarkable and pleasing anecdote the writer has been favoured by a talented friend, who has been much on the Continent, where it is well authenticated.

It seemed to me quite impossible not to heartily concur with the above reasoning, however, as my cottage-hostess had observed, simple its medium: and as the sun was by this time once more "glorious in his strength," and a light refreshing breeze had very expeditiously swept the pathway, I determined upon again pursuing my ramble. Accompanying my thanks, therefore, for the hospitality so timely rendered, with more solid tokens of acknowledgment, I turned from the cottage-door, with, I confess, my heart cheered, and spirits all the lighter, for the tale to which I had just listened: for surely it is always pleasant to hear of merited reward, just restitution, and the acknowledgment of error, by repentance and amendment. "Yes," I mentally ejaculated, "surely the rain is over and gone, and the flowers appear on the earth, when hearts thus unfold to the wakening light from heaven." It was in this pleasing frame that I paused to contemplate that redeeming loveliness of all earthly storms, the glorious heaven-tinted arch—type *declared* of His immutable covenant, who hath "set his bow in the clouds, as a sign for perpetual generations," that "war shall cease to all the ends of the earth," and "the voice of the turtle be heard in our land."

ODE TO JUNE.

Month of the lovely Rose!
Whose lips of perfume, and of Summer joys,
Speak with an universal tongue;
Kind antidote to Winter and its woes,
That with a sunny charm that never cloys,
And with a lustrous beam on all things flung,
Sends forth sweet Nature in a guise so gay,
As if the earth held general holiday,—
How the pulse quickens,
And the heart beats high;
How sickness *sickens*
Into ruddy health,
As the unclouded sky
Unfurls its canopy of brightest blue,
Spread o'er the treasury of thy commonwealth.
Birds, Beasts, and Man
Feel the strong impulse of the glowing scene;
Each living atom of Creation's plan,
Beheld by philosophic eye serene,
Seems maddened to the view.
In every sphere, position, place, and station,
Joy holds dominion o'er a smiling nation.
Portal of Summer! for thou truly art
The door that leads to Flora's flowery shrine—
Some might be tempted much to pass thee by
Unthank'd, and all unsung; but I
Must not thus slight thy golden month divine.
In haste I've flung this simple rosary,
Wove from the gushing homage of my heart:
For health, for happiness, for mind in tune,
Still will I sing thy praises—lovely, lovely June.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES
OF
THE KINGS OF ENGLAND.

EDWARD I., ATHELSTAN, EDMUND I., EDRED, EDWY, EDGAR, EDWARD II., ETHELRED II., EDMUND II.

The history of the monarch is the history of the age in which he lives. Some sovereigns exert an influence, far and wide, not only over their own country, but over the dominions of foreign potentates; others are content to follow in the tracks of their predecessors, caring little about their subjects' wants, apathetic upon all matters affecting the public weal, satisfying every lawless inclination and vice, and leaving the kingdom to be governed by the sycophant courtiers who pander to their vicious tastes. Such were the kings from whom the ranks of despots and tyrants have been recruited, who have retarded, instead of advanced, their country's welfare, and who have ever formed the stumbling-blocks to the progress of civilisation. Such, too, were some of the monarchs whose names are placed at the head of this article.

Edward I., Alfred's eldest son, ascended the throne in the year 901. His right to the crown was disputed by Ethelwald, the son of Ethelred I., but his claim was soon extinguished by his defeat and death, and that of several of his adherents, in an attack near Bury. This victory enabled the king to conclude an advantageous peace with the disaffected East Anglian Danes, who, in common with the Northumbrians, had proved themselves a very troublesome people. But success never forsook his military exertions. He reduced them to submission, obliged the Scottish king to acknowledge his supremacy, and, in conjunction with his heroic sister Ethelfled, devoted his energies to fortifying his dominions. Truly, the mantle of Alfred descended upon the person of this masculine-minded lady. For more than ten years she ruled the kingdom of Mercia with surprising wisdom; was ever foremost in quelling the Danish insurrections in her territory; and, by her sound advice and comprehensive intellect, she not only aided Edward, but proved herself worthy of her illustrious ancestry. After her death, in 992, the Northumbrian Danes assailed her late dominions. The king's troops, however, commanded by his sons, Athelstan, Edmund, and Edred, encountered them, and though they obtained no decided advantage, yet Mercia was freed from the presence of the invaders. A very important victory was shortly after gained over the Danes, who had penetrated into Wales, with the hope of conquering that country. A battle ensued in Sherwood Forest, the insurgents were vanquished, and the heads of the two leaders fixed upon the gates of Chester!

At this period the pontifical power was materially felt in England. The absence of bishops over the West Saxons provoked the displeasure of Pope Formosus, who pronounced a malediction upon the king and his subjects. A council was immediately convened. Plegmund, Archbishop of Canterbury, was despatched upon a pilgrimage to Rome, to bestow gifts upon his holiness (which of course appeased his anger), and on his return seven additional bishops were appointed to preside over the principal cities in Wessex. Would that ecclesiastical affairs had occupied less of the public attention. The spirit of Christianity is complete toleration to all religious sects and classes, but it seems to have been the policy of the pope and his subordinates to expel every species of religion, except that of which they were the time-honoured representatives.

Edward died at Faringdon, in the twenty-fourth year of his reign, leaving his dominions in tranquillity and prosperity. Winchester Cathedral contains his remains. Though the son of the renowned Alfred, he did not inherit his father's manifold intellectual excellencies. He was careful in the education of his children, of whom there were five sons and nine daughters. One of his sons devoted himself to literature, and in that respect resembled his grandfather; but, excepting Athelstan, their education did not exercise so beneficial an influence over them as we might reasonably have anticipated. His administration was wise, vigorous, and on the whole successful; he fortified the principal towns, introduced improvements in the law, promoted the matrimonial alliance of the Continental sovereigns with the English royal family—one of his daughters having become the consort of Charles, the French monarch—and consolidated his power by the favourable results of his numerous military enterprises. Though he held direct sway over a larger extent of territory than his predecessor, he appears to have kept his people in subjection more from the force of his arms than from the esteem with which they regarded him.

Athelstan, his eldest son, having been elected king, was crowned by the Archbishop of Canterbury in the market-place of Kingston-upon-Thames, A.D. 925. He was born in the year 895, and, from his engaging manners, as well as considerable mental endowments, he became a great favourite with his grandfather Alfred, who, according to William of Malmesbury, "devoutly prayed that his government might be prosperous," and "gave him a scarlet cloak, a belt studded with diamonds, and a Saxon sword with a golden scabbard." In this courtly manner was the young prince dedicated to a military life. He did not disappoint the favourable hopes that were entertained of his future administration, for shortly after his accession he rendered Northumberland still more tributary to Wessex than had previously been the case; he demolished the Danish fortress erected at York, and distributed the spoils obtained by his conquests among his troops, thus weakening the Danish, but strengthening the English power. From the Welsh, who again attempted to throw off their allegiance, he exacted a yearly tribute of twenty pounds of gold, three hundred pounds of silver, and five thousand oxen, besides limiting the boundary of their country to the river Wye, and that of the West Britons to the river Tamar. This last measure was necessary to repress the insurgent spirit of the Cornish men, some of whom, as well as those inhabiting the contiguous counties, having settled in Exeter, and shown themselves rather a formidable people, he compelled to evacuate that city; after which, he surrounded it with fortifications, and, from its favourable position as a place for commerce, it soon rose into importance, and became a wealthy trading town.

There was, however, in Athelstan's administration, a dark blot, which neither the extent of his munificence, nor the glory of his reign, will ever obliterate. We refer to his treatment of his eldest brother, Edwin. Though the latter repeatedly professed his fidelity and adherence, the king believed he sought to dethrone him; to avert which, he expelled him from the country, by placing him, and his presumed accomplice, in a boat, without rudder or oars, and committing them to the fury of the ocean. Edwin threw himself into the sea; but his attendant rescued his corpse, and by some means landed it near Dover. This escape, deemed by Athelstan a judgment of Providence for his inhuman deed, excited in the heart of the unnatural brother great remorse; and induced him to undergo a penance of seven years, in the hope of expiating a crime of such magnitude. The old chronicler, William of Malmesbury, throws considerable doubt over the truth of this circumstance, on account of the affection which Athelstan evinced towards his other brothers, and the care which he exercised over their education; but we see no reason to coincide in this opinion, especially as there are numerous instances on record, in which the ties of relationship have been disregarded and the most sacred promises broken, in order to obtain the object that ambition, or self-interest, may have prompted those concerned to possess. In the present case, Athelstan feared that his regal position might have been endangered by Edwin's alleged hostility, and, therefore, scrupled not to resort to any expedient which would rid him of his foe, although that foe was his brother.

We next find the English monarch quelling the storm which gathered in the dominions of Constantine, the Scotch king. He had formed the design, in conjunction with a tributary prince, of invading Athelstan's territories; but the latter soon restored peace, and, as an earnest of his intentions to submit to the conqueror's authority, Constantine sent his son with numerous presents to the West-Saxon Court. During the interregnum of tranquillity that now followed, Athelstan aided his nephew, Louis IV. (son of Charles the Simple), in establishing him on the French throne. In the meanwhile, however, the Scotch king, with several of the neighbouring chiefs, and a large body of Danish pirates, entered into a coalition to descend upon the northern part of England; and, after four years of active preparation, they commenced the campaign by sailing up the Humber in six hundred and fifteen ships, computed to contain thirty thousand troops. A battle ensued at Brunsbury, where Athelstan, surrounded by a brave and large army, overthrew the enemy: the engagement continued from sunrise to sunset—a great number of the assailants perished, including five kings, twelve earls, and warriors of minor rank. Constantine escaped, but his eldest son was killed. The fame of this victory has been celebrated in poetry by the Saxon bards: they have commemorated the exploit in enthusiastic language, and handed it down to posterity as a matter worthy of exciting the "spirit of song."

Athelstan having now calmed all opposition, held the sceptre in the utmost security. Not only was his sovereignty over England readily acknowledged; but the important position which the island assumed by the supremacy of his arms, led the European monarchs to regard him with more than ordinary admiration. Harold, King of Norway, whose son, Haco, was educated at the Saxon court, presented him with a ship, having a golden prow, sails of costly manufacture, and surrounded with gilded shields. Harold's ambassadors were entertained at York, in a style of magnificence, that proved the wealth which the country possessed.

This singularly-fortunate prince died on the 22nd of October, A. D. 940, at the age of forty-six; and after an admirable reign of fifteen years. The brilliant character of his administration, both with respect to civil and military affairs, will challenge comparison with that of many of his most able predecessors. He promoted learning, commerce, and agriculture, regarded with special attention the rights of the poor, modified the legislative enactments, and gave large donations to the church, for which the monkish historians have not failed to depict his life in glowing colours. Much of the splendour associated with his name arose from the connections which his sisters, with his wish, formed with the Continental sovereigns; one of them having married Otho the Great, Emperor of Germany, who governed with vigour and success for thirty-seven years, while some of the rest were allied to princes of less renown. Athelstan's body was taken from Gloucester (where he died), and interred at Malmesbury. We cannot more appropriately conclude this sketch than by quoting a few lines from an Anglo-Saxon poet, written on the occasion of his coronation, and to the truth of which the hero's life bore ample testimony:—

"Of royal race, a noble stem
Has chased our darkness like a gem:
Great Athelstan, his country's pride,
Whose virtue never turns aside;
Sent by his father to the schools—
Patient he bore their rigid rules;
Next clothed in youth's attractive charms,
Studied the harsher lore of arms,
Which soon confessed his knowledge keen,
As after in the sovereign seen;
And called to guide the regal helm,
Like Edward, wisely ruled the realm." *

Edmund the First, surnamed the Elder, succeeded to the throne, which his brother Athelstan had occupied with so much glory to himself and benefit to

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* William of Malmesbury's chronicle.

the country at large, at the age of nineteen years, having been born in 922. Though young, he had given proofs of his military knowledge at the battle of Brunsbury; and it was not long before his skill in arms was still further tested in a battle at Tamworth against the Northumbrian and Mercian Danes, who had united their forces under the command of Anlaf. The English suffered a defeat, but shortly afterwards the Danish leader died, and thus relieved Edmund from an opponent whose bravery and influence with his countrymen rendered him somewhat of a rival to the Saxon crown. With Anlaf's removal the northmen, like a vessel without a rudder, knew not what course to pursue other than submitting to the king's authority. They adopted this alternative, and Edmund having subdued Cumberland, over which a hostile independent chieftain had reigned, assigned it to Malcolm, king of Scotland, on condition of his performing military service. The period of tranquillity, however, that now ensued the monarch did not long enjoy. He was stabbed by Leofa, a returned criminal, at the feast of St. Augustine, after a reign of about six years. He was buried with great pomp at Glastonbury, in the church which his gifts had made so rich, and his privileges so powerful. The ecclesiastical writers have not neglected to extol him, for the munificence and protection that he bestowed on, and extended to, their religion. His short administration was not distinguished by any circumstances worthy of particular comment. The youthful warrior and sovereign closed his career ere he perceived the wants of his people.

His brother Edred was called by the General Assembly to fill the vacant throne; Edmund's sons being then (946) in infancy. Fresh disturbances broke out in the North, but the king, possessing the martial spirit of his ancestors, reduced the insurgent Northumbrians and Scots to submission, imprisoned Wulstan, Archbishop of York, on account of his having instigated the Danish revolt, and obliged Malcolm to observe the treaty concluded with his predecessor. We may justly ascribe much of Edred's vigorous government to his Chancellor Turketul, and to Dunstan, the ambitious abbot of Glastonbury. The former, whose functions corresponded somewhat to those of the present Home Secretary's, fought bravely at the battle of Brunsbury, retained his appointments during the three preceding reigns, but relinquished, with Edred's consent, the turmoils of war and the state for the peaceful retirement of Croyland Abbey. This ancient building, which had sustained, and was doomed to sustain, so much injury from the Danes, he restored to its pristine magnificence, and there, amidst the shelter and repose that the monastery afforded him, he closed his life in the year 975. In Dunstan we perceive a character cast in a different mould. He was the crafty designing ecclesiastic, the ambitious statesman, and the all-powerful prelate. Born in 925, his career of sixty-three years formed a prominent era in English history. The advancement of his sect was the secret of his actions: to this end he devoted his undoubted abilities; for this object he sacrificed character and the love of his fellow creatures. But notwithstanding the high sacerdotal offices which he filled, the extent of his influence and the ardour of his religious zeal, the hypocritical motives of his conduct were fathomed, and the veil that shrouded his many failings was unceremoniously torn down by a discerning public. To use the words of Sir Walter Scott, he finished his days "unwept, unhonoured, and unsung."

Edred, after holding the reins of government nine years, died at Frome in 955, and was buried at Winchester. In him the monks lost a patron who had uniformly acceded to their requests; we believe not so much from conviction, as from the immense sway which Dunstan exerted over a mind enfeebled by a weak constitution.

The vacant crown now reverted to Edwy, the son of Edmund I.; but owing to his youth (being only sixteen years of age), the government devolved principally upon other persons, of whom Dunstan was the leader both in civil and ecclesiastical affairs. His disgraceful procedure on the occasion of Edwy's coronation is, no doubt, fresh in our readers' recollection. Not contented with invading the privacy of his royal master, he instigated his pitiful supporters to persecute his innocent and beautiful queen, Elgiva, to perpetrate the most barbarous cruelties, from the sufferings induced by which, death soon happily relieved her. And this, too, was enacted under the guise of piety, the mask of religion, and the blind belief that they were following the precepts of their sacred creed! But Edwy, in spite of his youth, could not brook Dunstan's rude insolence, in dragging him from the companionship of his beloved Elgiva, to the noisy hall in which the prelate and his friends were banqueting after their sovereign's coronation. He requested an account of the treasure that Edred had left in charge at Glastonbury Abbey, a question which Dunstan evaded answering by leaving the country. One would have thought that with his flight order would have been restored; but his influence extended so far, that the clergy, deeming the king to have been the cause of his removal, excited hostility towards Edwy and his advisers; Mercia and Northumberland rose to arms, and elected as their ruler his brother Edgar, a prince only fourteen years old. On the adoption of this measure Dunstan returned from exile, placed himself at the head of young Edgar, and procured his elevation to the highest ecclesiastical and secular stations. Of that revolution, Edwy was in no trifling degree the cause: he had so persecuted the monks by sequestrating their property, that they naturally thought their extinction was inevitable, and therefore endeavoured to raise to the throne a member of the royal family who would promote their interests. But Edwy's reign soon terminated. The complication of difficulties which thus surrounded his path proved too formidable for his youthful capacities. From their effects he died, after wearing the imperial diadem four years. His remains rest in Westminster Abbey. In viewing his brief administration we must use great leniency. Unaccustomed to the cares and turmoil of a throne, surrounded by a powerful clergy whose influence pervaded all classes, and over whom presided an aspiring designing prelate, we do not feel surprised that so young a king should have failed in maintaining tranquillity and prosperity. Before, too, he had obtained that share of wisdom which would have enabled him to retrieve his early errors, he fell a sacrifice to the ills that his enemies had in some measure produced. Seeing, then, that his defects were not those of cruelty, oppression, or licentiousness, let us not load his name with opprobrium; but rather drop the mantle of charity over one whose good qualities and mental capacities were obscured and perverted by his bigoted counsellors.

Edgar, who was born in the year 942, succeeded to the vacant throne A.D. 959. The events of this reign have distinguished it far and wide, not less for its vigour and glory than for the assistance afforded to Dunstan in his sweeping monastic changes. Edgar owed his elevation to the clergy, and of them he was ever a most liberal and devoted partisan. His early years were passed among the Mèrcian Danes, into the philosophy of whose customs he thus became initiated; and on assuming the regal functions, he showed that his intercourse with the Northmen had rendered him not only conversant with their various peculiarities of character, but considerate of the different distinctions existing in his other subjects. The favourable nature of Dunstan's prediction at the time of his birth was fully verified in his after life: his prophecy, which he represented to have received from angelic lips, being to this effect:—"Peace to England so long as this child shall reign, and our Dunstan survives!" Edgar's military deeds were very successful. He marched into Wales to punish the king for neglecting to pay the tribute imposed since Athelstan's reign; reduced to subjection the Northumbrian Danes, as well as the refractory Scotch and Irish, of whose capital, Dublin, at that time a resort of the Danes, he obtained possession. He stationed fleets on the coasts, maintained the tranquillity of the northern parts of England by retaining troops in those districts, made a journey twice a year throughout his dominions to inquire into and correct abuses; held annual reviews of the naval forces, so that the posture of defence which the island presented effectually averted foreign invasion and internal rebellion. Indeed, so extensive was his power, that eight princes acknowledged his supremacy; and, more than this, to prove that they were in every respect his vassals, they rowed him on the river Dee, an occurrence which the country never before witnessed. No monarch had previously greater reason to be designated King of England than Edgar. The policy of his administration (excepting his extreme partiality to the monks), was deserving of no little praise. He encouraged the settlement of foreigners whose presence would be likely to advance civilisation, fostered the growth of commerce, and in order to destroy the large number of wolves that infested Wales, he changed the tribute payable by that kingdom into an annual contribution of three hundred wolves' heads, a measure which soon extirpated that animal. The coinage having become much depreciated, he restored it to the former value by a new issue. The public security, owing to the rigour of the penal laws, was very great. The wants of the poor received his care; so that, altogether, the country attained to a high state of prosperity.

In religious matters Edgar was the tool of Dunstan. That rare Christian (!) endeavoured to supplant the existing system of monachism, which allowed the priests a justifiable degree of licence, by the strict Benedictine order; and the king, knowing that his secure retention of the crown depended upon seconding the prelate's wishes, became involved in the religious revolution which now shattered the old ecclesiastical *régime*. The secular clergy were deprived of their benefices, the austere principles of Dunstan established, forty-seven additional monasteries erected, and ancient charters forged, in order to swell the immunities and privileges of the religious institutions. The promotion of such a system on the part of Edgar of course excited the warm admiration of the fanatic Dunstan and his followers, who, under the guise of superior sanctity, expelled the former clergy, the nature of whose creed, though by no means free from the vices inseparable to a dark age, partook more of the spirit of Christianity than the severe and rigorous character of the Benedictine rule. But notwithstanding the king's support of the Archbishop of Canterbury's measures in abolishing all social enjoyments among religious orders, there have been few sovereigns whose licentiousness and open immorality deserve more unqualified censure. We shall not enter into a description of his numerous amours: the details are recorded in the historic page in regular and disgraceful succession. Against the commission of these outrages on humanity, neither Dunstan nor the other exponents of his principles ever raised a protest; they were too well contented with enjoying the fruits of Edgar's munificence to dream of opposing the lusts of their royal patron. If such were the results which flowed from an observance of the ecclesiastical doctrines of the middle ages, what a Herculean task the intrepid and noble Reformers spent their lives in accomplishing. Posterity owes an inextinguishable debt of gratitude to those men, who so thoroughly swept away the religious rubbish of centuries!

Edgar died A.D. 975, at the age of thirty-three, and after a reign of sixteen years. He left two sons, Edward and Ethelred, both of whom succeeded to the throne, and one daughter, who entered a convent. In glancing at his government, we feel bound to bestow upon it a high panegyric. He ruled peacefully and successfully for a considerable period, and extended his sway over the whole island. His administration procured respect both at home and abroad. We do not coincide with the opinion of the old chroniclers. They have exalted his character to a degree totally incompatible with his life; they have not even stigmatised his licentiousness, but were so blind to his faults that his most glaring improprieties have been passed over in silence. Though it may appear a paradox, Edgar was at once the glory and the disgrace of his country.

Edward II., surnamed the Martyr, the son of the late king, was consecrated by Dunstan in the year 975. Like his predecessor, the regal diadem was placed upon his brow at a very early age, and to this circumstance we attribute, in some measure, the misfortunes of his reign. The peace of his dominions was disturbed by the struggle for supremacy between the secular clergy and the Benedictine monks, and by the ambitious designs of his step-mother, Elfrida, who, notwithstanding his uniformly kind and generous treatment towards her, wished her infant son Ethelred to occupy the throne, in order that she might then a as regent. It was not long ere her cruel and treacherous attempt to remove Edward met with success. After having been engaged in the chase, he stopped at Corfe Castle (her residence at that time) to quench his thirst, and while doing so an attendant, acting upon her instructions, stabbed the youthful prince. He immediately put spurs to his horse, so as to rejoin his companions; but sensibility having soon fled, he fell from the saddle. His lifeless body was found by his friends, interred at Wareham, and subsequently removed to Shaftesbury. The tragical end which thus terminated the career of Edward II. was the reason of his being called the Martyr. Never was such a designation more justly applied, never was a deed more unmerited or barbarous.

Ethelred II., the son of Edgar, a prince of nine years of age, was crowned by Dunstan, at Kingston-on-Thames, A.D. 978. The memorable events of this reign will ever render it one of peculiar importance. They were predicted by that prelate; his prophecy became interwoven into the public mind, and, before the king's death, received ample verification. To Dunstan the people listened with as much devotedness as did the followers of Mahomet; to him they looked for aid and counsel, so that after his demise, in the year 988, the intellect that had ruled with such energy for so long a period sank into merited oblivion, and the fabric of religion that his zeal and ability had raised fell from its once commanding eminence.

Ethelred's coronation was a scene in which Dunstan exhibited a spirit of aversion to the boyish monarch unworthy of so influential a person. His sense of loyalty should have prevented such a denunciation as the following; so subversive of peace, so pregnant with evil:—"Even as by the death of thy brother thou didst aspire to the kingdom, hear the decree of Heaven. The sin of thy wicked mother and of her accomplices shall rest upon thy head; and such disasters shall fall upon the English as they have never yet suffered from the days when they first came into the isle of Britain even until the present time." Before long these gloomy prognostications were confirmed by fact. The Danes under the command of Sweyn (son of the Danish monarch), landed at Southampton, and desolated the coast; in 982 repeated their visit, plundered the country from the Mersey to the Thames; in 991 descended upon East Anglia, but left on condition of receiving a subsidy of ten thousand pounds. This impolitic measure effectually ensured their return. In 993 they entered the Humber, and ravaged the northern part of England; the following year they landed in Wessex, marched to London, were defeated by the valiant citizens, exacted a farther sum of sixteen thousand pounds; next carried their inroads into the western counties, destroyed the beautiful abbey of Tavistock, killing alike the innocent and the guilty, respecting neither beauty nor infancy, neither sanctity nor old age. But we have not arrived at the close of the mournful recital. They again ravaged Hampshire and the adjoining counties, received another payment of twenty-four thousand pounds to suspend hostilities, repeated their attacks in the year 1003, till at last Ethelred and his subjects, having become thoroughly dispirited, concluded a treaty of peace, by surrendering sixteen counties, and paying forty-eight thousand pounds, in addition to almost as large a sum passed into the Danish coffers shortly before. This occurred in 1010. Three years afterwards, bereft of friends, troops, and influence, the Danes having broken faith, re-commenced their ravages, and the people having acknowledged the supremacy of Sweyn and his son Canute, Ethelred fled with his consort and children to his brother-in-law, Richard of Normandy. A few months after his arrival Sweyn died, and, though Canute was immediately elected king by his countrymen, the ex-monarch responded so quickly to his people's wish that he should again place himself at their head, that the Danish general, surprised at his return, and the ardour with which the English supported their hereditary sovereign regarded the recently-acquired dominions of his father as irrecoverably lost, and sailed for Denmark. In 1015, however, Canute, at the suggestion of one of his subjects, invaded the island with a fleet of two hundred vessels, equipped in the most complete manner, and conveying soldiers inspired with bravery and devotion to their leader. On landing, the Danes formerly in Ethelred's service forsook their colours, and thus increased the ranks of the enemy.

During this time, the king had been suffering from illness at Corsham, from whence he removed to London, where he closed his disastrous reign on the 12th of March, 1016, at the age of forty-six.* He was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral. His queen, Emma, with her two sons, returned to Normandy, her native land. In the meanwhile the brave Edmund Ironside was proclaimed his father's successor. He at once collected his forces, and routed the Danes at Penn, in Dorsetshire; encountered them near Chipping Norton, where, after a day of desperate fighting, darkness and fatigue terminated the engagement; repulsed Canute at London—and would have vanquished him at the memorable battle of Assingdon but for the treachery of Edric, who, at Canute's command, joined the English forces, for the purpose of betraying them. Though defeated, and the flower of his army slain, Edmund's remaining soldiers rallied round him with the intention of again meeting the enemy. Here, however, the king's humanity saved the country from rivers of bloodshed: he challenged Canute to a single combat; the proposal was accepted; but the Dane, finding his opponent the most valiant, suggested, by way of terminating the contest, that England should be divided—the northern half to revert to him, the southern to Edmund. The respective armies, as well as the brave Ironside, consented to the measure; and hope, ever buoyant, led the people to believe that peace would be the result of this coalition. But the death of Edmund (some say by the hand of an assassin), on the 30th of November, 1017, placed the English sceptre in the power of Canute. Glastonbury Abbey received the remains of this able warrior.

Of Ethelred II. we entertain a very unfavourable opinion. Few circumstances exist to counterbalance the impolicy and weakness of his unhappy reign. His exertions to repel the Danes seldom succeeded—his measures were feeble—neither adapted to meet the difficulties he wished to remove, nor, when suited to the end (which was occasionally the case), were they energetically carried out. What measure could be more barbarous and unwise than to massacre all the Danes in his dominions? To this cruel expedient we ascribe the augmented power of that nation in Britain: it filled them with bitter animosity against the English, and revenge, as much as the acquisition of new territory, henceforth became their object. Then, again, his successive purchases of peace by large sums of money, amounting in the aggregate to 134,000*l*., his flight from the field of danger, when his regal position, and that love of country which should exist in every man's breast, might have dictated a different course; his mean retaliation on Alfric's son, while he was perfectly innocent of participating in his father's treachery, are acts which admit of no justification or palliation. Through them he lost the support and popularity of his people, and acquired the very suitable cognomen of Ethelred the Unready. Edmund, the last of that once-heroic Germanic race of kings, did much to extricate his countrymen from Danish domination, but perished, after earning a fame pure and unsullied, and ere an occasion offered for testing those qualities which, we are sure, would have distinguished him as eminently in the discharge of civil duties as on the battle-field.

Thus terminated, for a time, the Anglo-Saxon dynasty. Its downfal we can trace to several causes: the incompetency of many of the later sovereigns—the religious struggles which so long disturbed the peace of the nation—and the determined character of the Danes. Had the people adopted and acted upon the motto, "Union is strength," the enemy might have been driven from the island; but, placing little confidence in their king, and disorganised by ecclesiastical disputes, they allowed their country to be overrun by a horde of brave but barbarous Northmen, whose mission was emphatically conquest, plunder, and destruction!

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* The Saxon chronicle states the 23rd of April.

THE VISION OF THE THAMES.

A LEGEND OF CREMORNE.

By E. L. BLANCHARD.

Chapter I.—The Whitsun Festival.

When the sun rose on the 10th of June, 1601, the first of his beams that fell upon a holiday group on the banks of the Thames must have yielded a reward for solar punctuality in an ample illustration of the pleasures of early rising. It was the dawn of the festival of Whit-Monday, and, busily occupied in the preparation of garlands for the coming festivity, a joyous party of laughing blue-eyed maidens were gathered round the Abbot's-green that abutted on the river near to the spot where the old bridge of Battersea is now situated. Flowers were scattered profusely around them, for they had begun with the earliest gleam of dawn to collect their materials; and as fresh floral contributions poured in from the new comers, there was a hearty welcome to their assistants, and a murmur of delight at the variegated colours of their offerings that mingled pleasantly with the rush of rivulet and trill of lark that made sweet music in the morning sunshine. Honeysuckle and wild roses were woven by taper fingers into many a leafy chaplet that was enriched besides with the rarer flowers of the parterre; and the air, heavy with the exhaled fragrance, became an atmosphere of perfume that was as potent an anœsthetic agent in the absorption of every symptom of care as the modern chloroform, and far preferable to breathe. And then, whilst the merry sounds of laughter rose at intervals from the cheerful throng, the sun rose higher into the cloudless sky, and apparently entering into the spirit of the scene, cast a bright reflection of himself into the sparkling river, and sent a sunny smile in every ripple that glanced along the sedgy margin, whilst his rays, gleaming among the flowers, lit up their glowing leaves, glistening with the dew, into a blaze of coloured brilliancy, and ran like molten gold through the glossy tresses of the damsels who were successfully trying to set them both off to the best advantage. Birds carolled joyously from the neighbouring boughs—bees and dragon-flies went booming past on a merry mission of enjoyment—and from the long thin blades of grass there came a buzzing chorus of conviviality that showed the smaller flies of the insect tribe were blithely participating in the general hilarity, and fully aware of the seasonable sports that were to distinguish the coming day. It was just that kind of landscape which a poet or a painter would have been delighted to embody and perpetuate; and the forms and features of the girls, quaintly attired in the old English costume of the period, and grouped with an eye to the picturesque, would have doubtless been the very focus of attraction at the next Royal Academy. Behind the lofty grove of elms and poplars that sheltered this assemblage of cheerful hearts and industrious hands rose the sombre towers of Urlscot Hall, the gloomy mansion of the Lord De Veriglumme, a nobleman descended in a direct line from the honourable family of the Bluedevilles, who came over to this country with William the Conqueror in the November after the invasion. After the dissolution of the monasteries by Henry VIII., the grandfather of the present De Veriglumme had been presented with the ruins of the monastic edifice that then occupied its site, and he, having something of a taste for architecture, had converted them into the mansion afterwards known as Urlscot Hall, which had retained all the solemnity of the original structure, without—if the gossips of the neighbourhood said sooth—any of the sanctity attached to the edifice it had superseded. The noble lord who was the owner of these possessions at the period to which our veracious chronicle refers, bore, in fact, a character that, notwithstanding alleged calumnies, was manifestly too bad to be taken away by anybody. The precise crimes, indeed, of which he had been guilty no one distinctly knew, but his reserved and repulsive demeanour, his avowed antipathy to all innocent recreations, and, above all, his oppressive ordinance that no sport or pastime should take place within the range of his domains, had conspired to render him particularly unpopular with the residents in the district, who were naturally prone to the exercise of such diversions as were then in vogue. Never had the radiance of a smile been seen upon the features of a Veriglumme within the memory of the most elderly inhabitant; and a laugh heard within the precincts of the estate would have created an excitement far beyond an announcement of the most astounding novelty. In person his appearance was characteristic of his morose habits, and his short, thickset figure, beetling eyebrows, and stern, vinagred features were so far from creating a prepossession in his favour, that those who saw him joined wishfully in the opinion of the Prince of Denmark, and fervently hoped that they ne'er should " look upon his like again."

But, as if to exemplify the profound axiom that extremes meet, there also dwelt within these walls of the Veriglummes a young relative of the noble lord, who was the very antithesis of him we have described. Mistress Mabel—or the Ladye Mabel, as she was styled in the neighbourhood, from a current belief that she was the rightful heir to the estate, and only excluded from its possession by the machinations of her misanthropic uncle—was just then in her twentieth year, and in the full possession of the most bewitching charms that ever made up the aggregate of female loveliness. A round expressive face, lit up by two dark eyes flashing with intelligence, and a mouth associated with that roguish dimple so indicative of a disposition for pleasantry, gave evidence of a temperament far removed from that which characterised the head of the family. Often had she stolen away from the mansion to mingle in the joyous pastimes of the country people, who regarded her with a feeling in which both reverence and affection were blended, and on *one* amongst them she had bestowed such an unequivocal preference in the song and dance that had nearly turned the head of the chosen swain for joy and the heads of the rest for jealousy. But as the opportunities for such furtive enjoyment were rare, the report that destined the hand of the involuntary recluse to some powerful noble at court, was pretty generally believed, and strengthened by the proceedings of De Veriglumme himself, who set now a stricter watch than ever over the actions of his supposed niece. Such were the principal inmates of the melancholy mansion that now flung its massive shadow athwart the daisied grass, and formed a contrast as marked as the light and shade which were thus typified and produced by its reflection.

The last wreath had been woven, the ribands—with colours as variegated as the blossoms they united—had been twined round the last garland; and as the sonorous chimes of old Chelsea Church proclaimed the transit of the eighth hour, the preparations were pronounced complete, and the merry party rose to proceed to the scene of their festivities, a broad arena of green sward sloping down to the river, and forming the southern boundary of the Veriglumme estate. Though this was contrary to the expressed mandate of the noble owner, it was not deemed probable that he would interfere with the holding of a festival so time-honoured as that of Whitsuntide, and which had been celebrated on that spot for more than a century before; so light of heart and fleet of foot went the holiday-makers in that direction, and a few minutes sufficed to bring them to the spot where the expectant swains and villagers of the neighbourhood had already assembled to await the floral devices symbolical of the arrival of " Jolly June." A joyous shout of congratulation heralded their approach.

" Huzza !" cried Will Eyenden, better known under his *soubriquet* of " Will of the Willows," which had been bestowed upon him from his temporary employment as basket-maker among the osier-beds of Chiswick; "huzza! my merry camaradoes. Here's a choice collection of Nature's fairest gifts—women and flowers! and, by my troth, ye shall hardly tell the carnations from their cheeks, the roses from their lips, or the lily from the brow that so rivals it in whiteness. What says my friend of the ferry—my gallant water-duck, Hal Bowyer?"

"In truth, Master Will," cried the party addressed—a young waterman, who was ever the first to attend the ferry and the last to forget the fair—as the damsels were now mingling with the party, "I know not which to admire most—the beauty of the one or the unrivalled charms of the other; they have both my adoration and admiration."

"Well said!" chimed in a third, robed in a more motley garb than his companions, for what says the poet?—

"Woman's love is like a flower,
Born for dark or sunny skies—
Nursed, it brightens every hour:
Blighted by neglect, it dies."

"There spoke the rhymes, not the reason, of our Lambeth Laureate—eh, my pet of Parnassus," exclaimed the basket-maker.

"And why not the reason?" muttered the bard, detected in the quotation of one of his own stanzas.

"Marry, because, to my poor thinking, the love of woman resembles more one of our own fine oak trees—the English oak— that stands rooted to the spot where it grew, at once a shade and a shelter, and the last to shed its leaves when shaken by the winter's storm."

"Treason against our master of the revels! Have at him with a quip in return, Digby, or i'faith we'll depose thee forthwith," laughed the young ferryman, bringing the jest-loving bard into the front of the group and with mock solemnity laying his hand on the wand which was the symbol of his dignity.

"Nay," returned the personage who filled the office to which allusion had been made, "I am content to leave mine honest friend Will-o'the-Willows, to be judged by his own handicraft, for his argument is like one of his own baskets, which derives its only value from what is put into it by another hand than his own."

A loud burst of laughter rewarded the sally of the speaker, and would have doubtless elicited a retort in revenge, but at that moment was seen approaching the gaunt figure of Mumchantz, the steward of his lordship; and, as the nature of his mission was easily divined, a rigid silence was preserved until he came close upon the startled assemblage. They were not suffered to remain long in doubt as to the nature of his communication.

"Out, ye mumming knaves and varlets," he began; "must the unholy sound of music ever profane the ears of those who dwell within these precincts? Have ye no respect for our authority—no obedience for our orders—no memory for the ordinance that since his lordship hath here taken up his abode, hath been well known to forbid all sports and pastimes on this hallowed territory? Away all of ye, I say."

"But, good Mumchantz—"

"Not a word—not a syllable. Would ye have me so great a sharer in the sin as to behold a dance upon these lands without protesting against such iniquities with my hands upraised in horror. Nay, tell not me of your old customs and privileges, they savour only of Papistry, and such like webs to snare souls. Away, and take heed if ye must thus celebrate the rites of the evil one that ye do it beyond earshot of the good Lord Veriglumme, or fear the punishment that he hath in store for such offenders."

"Does the fair Lady Mabel sanction this abolition of our oldest custom?" inquired the basket-maker, repressing with a gesture the rising indignation of his companions.

"What is that to thee, vile twister of peeled wands?" returned the steward.

"The hearts of the young are ever too prone to leap at the sound of a lute or the jangle of a virginal. She is safe within the eastern turret, far away from the influence of such pipings, wherein she hath, I confess, shown of late more interest than befitted her station."

"Enough!" ejaculated Evenden, as the sinister form of the morose functionary was seen slowly to move away back to the mansion. "We will have our merriment yet—ay, and our morrice, too, upon the green, ere the sun shall shine upon the morrow; but there is much to be done between this and then. It will be useless to thwart the churlish lord on his own ground; so away with ye, lads and lasses, back to the Abbot's-green, and have what sport ye will till sundown. Hal Bowyer and I have business afoot, after despatching which we will meet ye at the old rendezvous; so fare-ye-well for the nonce—and mark, to-morrow sees our rights restored."

The speaker drew the waterman on one side as he finished his address, and, having whispered a few words of deep import in his ear, the two separated themselves from the rest, and, passing onward to the ferry, entered a boat, and were soon on their way across the river in the direction of Mortlake.

CHAPTER II.—THE MAGICIAN.

THE ripples glanced along the surface of the tranquil stream as the sculls dipped quickly into the water, and sent a sparkling shower of feathery spray into the air, and in a period only long enough for Evenden to mature his plans, and allow the interchange of some brief conversation thereanent, the boat arrived at its destination. Leaving his companion in charge of the wherry, Evenden sprang to the bank, and pursued, by a circuitous path well-known to his practised footsteps, the road that led to a retired spot situated at the back of the village. Pausing before a house that, though still in good repair, bore evidence of having been erected at least some hundred years before, he was about to give the usual summons for admission, when a stalwart Hollander, retaining the costume of his country, threw open the massive door, and anticipated his demand.

"I am expected, it seems, Mynheer Van Booren," said Evenden, smiling, as he received the courteous salutation of the mysterious personage who thus officiated. A prolonged "*Yah!*" followed by some pantomimical signs, intimated he was right in his conjecture, and, threading the windings of a long and gloomy lobby, he was thus ushered into the presence of one whose name was at that time held in mingled fear and veneration throughout England, being no less than the redoubtable Dr. DEE, of necromantic memory.

Around was scattered, in picturesque confusion, the usual furniture of a laboratory, wherein retorts and alembics, curiously-fabricated glasses, and implements of chemical application, were blended with marvellous machines of complicated construction. Though now borne down by age, and revealing features in which the effects of profound study, and possibly the evidences of care and disappointment, were distinctly visible, there was nothing repulsive about the appearance of the venerable alchymist, and, surrounded by these attributes of his vocation, he might have readily been mistaken for either a polytechnic lecturer, or an eminent professor of the art of legerdemain about to give his marvellous entertainment, after the fashion of the Doblers, Herrmanns, and Houdins of the present day. Attired almost to the feet in a long robe, embroidered with such mystic devices as the electric telegraphs are presumed to have perpetuated in their signals, his figure appeared tall and majestic, and, waving his visitor to the possession of a seat, he entered at once upon the business which had brought them together.

"And so the churlish lord of Urlscot hath again stepped in between our peasantry and their harmless merriment," exclaimed the learned doctor, still keeping his eyes intent on the smoky exhalation that was slowly rising from a crucible at his side. "Swiftly shall he learn that the gentle stream, pent up by force in narrower channels, may destroy that in its fury which it would have fertilised unrestrained. But the aid you come to seek shall be given, and there is that to follow which, a punishment to him, shall be a rich reward for thee. As the shadow of the eastern turret is cast by the moonlight on the withered trunk of the fairy oak, be within the boundary of its congenial gloom, and thou wilt win a prize to-night which shall make the die worth casting for. You know the spot?"

"At the end of the Abbot's-mead, within an arrow's flight from the apartment of the Ladye Mabel?"

"Right! Leave the remainder of the task to me, and fear not. The crimson fume that begins to flicker in the crucible warns me that the task I had in hand is near completion. Join the companion of thy journey, and rest content with the information I have given thee."

Familiar with the habits of the astrologer, to whom he had from time to time rendered some essential services, Will Evenden paused not to inquire further, but, content with the terse communication and brief interview he had obtained, returned to the waterside, and imparting to Bowyer the result of his mission, so far, at least, as affected the perpetuity of the Whitsun festivals, the swift strokes of the sculls soon brought them back to the place of their original embarkation.

CHAPTER III.—THE MYSTERIES OF THE FUTURE.

A FEW hours after the events just narrated the noble representative of the De Veriglummes was seated in the library of the old hall, endeavouring, from the few legal volumes it contained, to strengthen the power he had assumed by the authority of the law, when the arrival of Mumchantz cut asunder the thread of his investigations, and gave his meditations a turn which, perhaps, deserved another.

"Did I not, caitiff, tell thee I would have no interruption in my studies?" growled his lordship, angrily, showing his old ferocity of disposition, though he began to turn over a new leaf at the same time.

"You are wanted below, my lord," was the explanation.

"Psha, my time is not yet up!" answered the patrician, though evident misgiving crossed his mind that the almanack and his own affairs wanted both looking into.

"It is not the—the gentleman your lordship expects," stammered the steward, looking cautiously around, "though, perhaps, somewhat akin to him. The visitor is an astrologer, and his name is———"

"Fiddle-de———"

"Dee!" added the official, unconsciously completing the sentence.

"Hum!" meditated the nobleman: "He is an empiric—a shallow impostor; but, for the sake of public opinion, Mumchantz, you had better take care and show him up."

"And the papers, my lord, connected with the estate?"

"I will look them over in the morning."

The careful functionary, thus admonished, gave up business and retired, leaving the nobleman to his book and the passage clear for the astrologer, who entered into conversation and the room simultaneously.

"At last, proud baron, we meet within the halls of Urlscot," said the astrologer, as he drew up his stately form before the wavering eyes of his old associate; "thrice have I before warned ye of your coming doom. In Germany, in Austria, and in Holland, have I whispered in thine ear the words of wisdom, but in vain. Still do I find ye the same as of yore, wrapped in the shadow of a dark spirit, and a destroyer of that happiness which thou can'st not enjoy thyself."

"Why, then, again, this unnecessary attempt to pour thy wise counsel into an unwilling ear?"

"We always stuff a goose with what is sage," pursued the incorrigible doctor; "even so would I show thee, even against thine inclination, how truly have I before spoken, and how fruitless thine exertions shall be for the future. Behold this magic talisman; it contains within itself the visions of that which hath been and the seeds of that which shall be. Of the past your own conscience is a sufficient reflex; it is only with that which shall be hereafter seen, on the very spot where your own sombre mansion is the blot on the fair district around, that we have now to deal. Behold! I know you cannot choose but gaze."

Placing on the table a small mirror, the surface of which presented the appearance of a polished stone, and of a jet black hue, the astrologer kindled a flame before it which suddenly shot forth clouds of dense, rolling smoke, that, creeping up the sides of the apartment, utterly excluded the lingering rays of twilight and enveloped the nobleman and his mystic monitor in its gloomy folds. Presently the sonorous voice of Dee was heard through the darkness, calling attention to the coming change; and the heavy fumes rose like a curtain, disclosing in the mirror—which had now become expanded to the full dimensions of the room,—a scene of singular beauty and animation.

In the midst of a spacious arena, where the smoothly-shaven lawn was tastily contrasted with beds of fragrant flowers, and fanciful structures appropriated to various purposes of refreshment and amusement rose through the opening in the dark green foliage, there was assembled a concourse of well-dressed people, who were evidently bent upon the pursuit of enjoyment, which, from the smiling and contented features around, seemed to have been, in most instances, fully obtained. Umbrageous groves, sylvan avenues, cool and sparkling fountains, graceful statues, and parterres filled with the choicest plants, and intersected by broad gravelled pathways, exhibited on every side the signs of a superior taste and careful cultivation. From an elevated orchestra, of picturesque construction, there came at intervals upon the warm evening air the swelling melody of instruments which played, with a matchless taste, airs unfamiliar to the ears of the listening lord; but evidently, from their exquisite harmony, the composition of masters in their art. All seemed happy, the aspect of the place was one of enchantment, and the promenaders, as they passed from one attractive novelty to another, wore such a joyous demeanour that the cares and anxieties of life seemed under the magical influence of the place to have either been never felt, or for the time forgotten.

"Exquisite! What delicious music!" exclaimed De Veriglumme, enraptured with the picture presented to his entranced gaze, and feeling emotions hitherto a stranger to his heart. "Who is the wealthy nobleman happy enough to possess so magnificent a property, and by what potent talisman do these people claim the right to participate in its varied beauties?"

"Nay," cried Dee, with something of enthusiasm in his tone; "the people themselves may be said to be the owners of the ground, and the lawful possessors of all the delights that it affords, for simple is the agent that places these privileges at their command. A small circular piece of silver, impressed with the features of royalty, is deposited by those who desire entrance at the outer gate, and free ingress is given."

"Wonderful!" ejaculated the patrician; "and where will be the spot of earth on which this fairy-land will be created?"

"On the limits of thine own estate," rejoined the astrologer; "there, where the effort was made to repress the amusements of thy humbler brethren, will be developed that which shall hereafter be allied to those associations that divert the minds and refine the tastes of the multitude. The wheels of time must revolve through nearly two centuries and a half ere these mighty changes can come to pass. You, and those who have thought like you, that the heart of man should reflect only the shadow, not the sunshine, that falls around it, will only then learn that the more the happiness of a people is regarded, and the better class of recreations sanctioned and encouraged, the less will be the vices and excesses in which they will indulge. But look again—you behold it now under the aspect of night."

The abashed nobleman once more bent his eyes upon the magic mirror, and saw the trees festooned with lamps of variegated hues, glittering like the jewelled radiance of the garden of Aladdin; song and laughter resounded through the leafy arcades, and the voice of an invisible poet was heard from his green retreat, invoking the presence of visitors after some such flowing fashion as the following:—

> "Come, my loving beaux and belles, sighing swains and charming maids,
> Come and see how magic spells are flung around the verdant glades;
> Come, and shady groves admire, decked with summer's fairest flowers,
> Hung with wreaths of coloured fire, lighting up life's happiest hours;
> Come; for none need be acquainted how Cremorne excels of old
> All that artist ever painted—all that poet ever told."

And then a lively quadrille drowned the remainder of the improvisation and engaged the attention of the spectators, who thronged round the platform and shared the mazy movements of the dance that followed, whilst a succession of attractions in other parts of the grounds supplied every tongue with a theme to dwell upon with delight. Sparkling coruscations of fireworks at last flashing through the air showed the entertainments were brought to a close, and the murmurous sound of voices retreating through the illuminated avenue finally subsided into a stilly calm. Another instant, and all was darkness.

"Excellent—admirable—encore!" vociferated the nobleman; "I am converted, Doctor; the Whitsun festivals can be held as of yore, and I intend myself to share in their sports for the future."

But there was no response to his appeal, and the dawn of morning slowly lighting up the room, De Veriglumme looked around and found the learned Dee and the mirror of the mystic had disappeared.

CHAPTER IV.—THE DENOUEMENT.

PUNCTUAL to the time and place suggested by the astrologer, Will Evenden had repaired to the fairy oak, whilst De Veriglumme was engaged in beholding the revelations of the seer. Scarcely had the shadow of the tree moved an inch from the line indicated, ere the Ladye Mabel, similarly apprised by the adroitness of Dr. Dee, came also to the same rendezvous. A few words—for love supplies a stenographic power of correspondence—sufficed to explain the cause that had brought them together, and express the happiness they felt in the interview. A fleet horse, provided for the occasion doubtless by the foresight of Van Booren, bore the fugitives to town, and the grey light of a London dawn saw them safely housed in the aristocratic region of Whitehall. And here—for the mystery begins to peep out prematurely in spite of us—the gallant Will Evenden turned out to be no basket-maker at all, but the young Viscount Cremorne, the sole representative of an illustrious Irish family, who had assumed that guise for the love of the "fayre Mabel," and won her affection first in a lowly garb, pursuant to the practice of those adventurous noblemen whose exploits have been chronicled in verse and prose from time immemorial. How the Lord de Veriglumme vanished—no one knew whither, and cared not wherefore; how Mabel was found to be the inheritor of the estate—how the Whitsun festival was held with greater splendour and merriment than ever—and how the learned Doctor Dee, dying shortly after, bequeathed them the "cannel stone" which had wrought such wonders, and which afterwards found its way into the possession of Horace Walpole, and was sold with other wondrous rarities at his villa, by George Robins; all these things and many more, corroborative of the truth of our narrative, could we detail at length to confirm what has been above set down. But are not the whole events given in the local histories—or if they are not they ought to be—and need we trespass upon the department of topography? No; there is in the neighbourhood itself ample proof still existing of the veracity of our chronicle. Urlscot is still perpetuated in the corruption of "Earl's Court," a domain adjacent; the Abbot's-mead is still a fine tract of pasture ground sloping down to the banks of the river, and the noble estate, formerly belonging to the Viscountess Cremorne, was sold, in accordance with a family tradition that when the period predicted by Dee had expired it should be rendered up for the purposes of public amusement. That the true source of the origin of these gardens has not been before made known is no argument against the accuracy of our version—some facts, like celery, flourish best in the dark—but, unwilling to put a restraint upon any man's belief, we here give the reader our full consent to credit as much of the story as he please. *

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* We cannot withhold the tribute of a marginal reference to the great liberality and judicious taste which has characterised the proprietorship of Mr. J. Ellis, who has made Cremorne Gardens, as a place of first-class entertainment, one of the greatest boons to the amusement-seeker that has ever been afforded. It is too much the fashion to carp at these resorts, but any attraction that can wile away the Londoner, jaded with the fatigues of business, from the heated Metropolis, and transport him to a fresher atmosphere and livelier scene, is not to be slighted by those who study either the health or happiness of the community. We believe the season now about commencing is to be distinguished by a remarkable combination of novelties, among which some "tournaments on the Thames" are prominent features. We trust a commensurate success will attend the enterprising lessee, who, among the other excellent arrangements introduced, has made this property remarkable as well for the beauty of its embellishments and the variety of its attractions as for the propriety with which it is conducted, and the excellent hour at which the entertainments terminate.

MEMORY.

A SONNET.

When the long waves of Time's unmeasur'd sea
Have borne thee near the confines of the grave,
Whose shore its ever rolling waters lave,
What can increase or soothe the agony
Of thy departing hour, unless there be
A light of mem'ry in thy mind, which bears
Down the dim vista of departed years
The soul which then is struggling to be free?
Slowly the phantoms rise that fled so fast;
But as they rise they gather strength, and mould
The shadows of the long-forgotten past
Into the shapes they wore in times of old;
A light of joy into the mind they cast,
And warm the bosom, if before 'twas cold.

HEVER,

A TALE THREE HUNDRED YEARS OLD.

By ALFRED BUNN.

'Tis May once more—her garb of green
Hath Nature mantled o'er the scene—
The trees, surviving winter's blast,
Beam in their wonted bloom at last,
Waveless—for not the softest sigh
That ever breath'd along the sky,
At dawn of day, or at its close,
Is heard to waken their repose—
There is a fragrance in the air
As if the flowers were floating there;
While far and near its minstrels throng,
To break the stillness with their song!
The nightingale's first notes instil
Its partner's answer, sweeter still,
The quav'ring blackbird, warbling thrush,
Into melodious numbers rush—
And only to the listening heaven
Is such enchanting music given.

Adown the crowded woods of *Kent*,
With embrasure and battlement,
Whilom of many a fray the scene,
And still denoting what hath been,
In silent grandeur to the skies
The old grey walls of *Hever* rise;
The moat which, fed by *Eden's* stream,
Then lav'd its base, now calm doth seem,
As if (in grief for those whose sway
Ruled o'er it in a brighter day,
And left a charm thereon impress'd,)
Its tide had wept itself to rest;
The entrance, flank'd by towers which frown
In all their Gothic sternness down,
In rust the teeth'd portcullis hung,
The arch wherefrom the drawbridge swung,
The broad barr'd windows, round which Time
Hath, ivyfooted, dared to climb,
Are features that, e'en now, declare
How mighty *Hever's* glories were!

The Legend.

In fifteen hundred forty-seven,
The year ——, Jan. 28, the day,
Just as the clock had struck eleven,
The vassals had knelt down to pray;

So quiet, too, was all the household,
'Twas doubtful if it did a mouse hold—
At all events, you may infer,
If there, that you could hear it stir—
Just at this "witching time of night,"
When ghosts in walking take delight,
That is, when they prepare
To take the air,
A gust of wind, as loud as thunder,
Enough to shake the place asunder,
Swept o'er turret, blew in casement,
And threw the inmates in amazement—
So keen the blast, that, as it blew,
It almost cut *one* into *two*,
Then, in the fury of its swinges,
Knock'd all the gates from off their hinges ;
And, worse than all, that old "October"
(Which had such talismanic power,
You drank 'til drunk, then drank 'til sober,)
Turn'd, cask by cask, completely sour !
The table of this ancient hall,
Where crown'd head had held festival,
Roll'd, topsy-turvy, on the floor,
While through the centre folding-door,
Roused by, or party to, the din,
A headless spectre glided in,
(What seem'd to create a still greater alarm,
Was, the head of the spirit was under its arm,)
And unto all who round her shiver'd,
This true and faithful tale delivered :

NOTA BENE.

(The reader may doubt, as did many beholders,
Of "*speaking*," unless you've a head on your shoulders;
But pray bear in mind, ere you venture to scoff,
That King Charles walked,
And talked
A full hour after *his* head was cut off !)

ANNE BULLEN LOQUITUR.

From my crowded bed,
In the Church of *St. Peter*, (*a*) most carefully kept,
Where for more than ten years I most soundly have slept,
Surrounded by persons of different stations,
Some intimate friends, and some nearest relations
(All serv'd the same trick), I come to impart
Some news that will probably make you all start—
The King is dead ! ! !
Whate'er it be elsewhere, yet certainly here
That monarch must ever be look'd on as dear ;
And if not to others, to me, once his wife,
So dear, that his love for me cost me—my life !

You'll hear more about it, no doubt, in the morning,
And therefore I come here to give you this warning,

To disbelieve all that you hear, or you see,
Unless you should happen to hear it from me.
My parentage, birth, education, and fate,
I will, in my own off-hand manner, relate.
I very well know that with many the vogue is
To utter *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*,
But now with his villanies gone the old rogue is,
I can't see why any respect should be shown 'em.
My motive, and surely a friendly one *is* it,
In paying this seeming unsuitable visit,
Is merely to tell
The mishaps that befel,
And will ever befal, a young lady who listens
To words at the hearing of which her eye glistens,
To words with the greatest dexterity put in—
And who climbs a great height without any sure footing!

Great-grandfather Geoffrey was London's Lord Mayor,
And, what in such magistrates surely is rare,
His virtues were great as his wealth, and the whole
Of the priesthood did celebrate mass for his soul.
Sir Thomas, my father,
Had somewhat an aristocratical vision,
And therefore had rather
Less wealth than ambition!
He sent me to France,
Where they taught me to dance,
To play on the virginal, also the lute,
To work tapestry, stitching,—and singing to boot;
And if you should doubt me, drive over to *Hampton* (*b*),
The walls of which palace my talent is stamp'd on.
When home I returned,
My father, who burned,
In love for his child, to heap glory upon her,
Got Wolsey to make me the Queen's Maid of Honour!

At one of those larks
The Cardinal gave to the King, and some sparks
Who hover'd about him with ceaseless grammercy,
I met my first lover, poor Algernon Percy. (*c*)
You may judge my surprise
When Wolsey our courtship presumed to capsize;
So Algernon worried, and bullied, and all but
Arraign'd, he was forc'd into marrying Talbot. (*d*)
Yet, what change will the wheel
Of Fortune, each turn, reveal!
For Percy it was who, though loath to the work,
Soon after arrested old Wolsey at *York!* (*e*)

I had no idea
Why Wolsey could see a
Sole point of objection
In such a connection,
Till suddenly one day
(I think 'twas a Monday),
There walk'd in a servant,
Respectful, but fervent

In manner, to all
Who were seated, as now, in this very same hall,
To say that the King had made father a call! (*f*)
This mark of attention,
Which some future history
Will doubtlessly mention,
Clear'd up the whole mystery!!

The Royal deceiver
Then visited *Hever*,
Both early and late,
When, from matters of state
Concerning religion, or wars, or taxation,
He sought relaxation.
His approach we well knew,
For His Majesty blew,
When he reached yonder hill, (*g*)
A summons so shrill,
From horn, with an accent so magical in it,
That the Warder the drawbridge let down in a minute.

With Norris and Weston,
Who both put their best on,
From *Eltham*, or *Greenwich*, he came, be it known,
Having put Percy's nose out, to poke in his own!

I admit, though but little it matter'd,
That my pride, not my heart, was exceedingly flattered.
He first made an offer, which, though it was regal,
I point blank refused, from its being illegal.
He then wrote me letters, they stole from a closet,
Where all precious things I was wont to deposit,
And carried to *Rome*, and seal'd up in the Vatican (*h*)—
And as to the swearing the truth of it, that I can.

Then the Marchioness made me *before* his divorce,
And *after* it, Queen, as a matter of course!
Though kindness itself unto *me*, I must say,
(As no doubt you have heard so before from Bellay),
Yet when I reflect upon virtuous Catherine,
His manner was anything, surely, but flattering.
We'd a child—such a beauty as rarely was seen—
Who, *should* Edward die, will, I hope, be your Queen;
Then, after bestowing this pledge on the nation,
We all set to work on the grand REFORMATION.
The moment that Harry had made me his wife
My father retired from all public life,
A step by which, 'tis said,
Sir Thomas sav'd his head!

Well, Wolsey was gone, so to Cromwell I went,
On a change of religion decidedly bent,
Because it was stated by good Mr. Luther
The land was in danger, and all did, in truth, err
Who countenanced Catholics, or their adjuncts;—
So we knock'd up all convents, and knock'd down all monks!
Though pious my purpose, intentions though hearty,
I stirr'd up in *England* the devil's own party.

Elizabeth Barton did all that she could,
And Fisher, of *Rochester*, more than he should,
To thwart the succession; and what they least dreaded
Did happen at last, for they both were beheaded.
This tickled the King, and, to heighten his joy,
He fancied me likely to give him a boy!

Thus matters proceeded,
And little I heeded
Reports *pro* and *con.* they brought daily to me,
'Till, sign of my dooming,
I entered a room in,
And caught Jenny Seymour upon the King's knee! (*i*)
You'll fancy I swoon'd, but believe no such thing,
For at once, right and left, I pitch'd into the King;
And cursing the hour we ever were married,
I took to my bed, and the next day miscarried.

I scarcely feel equal
To tell you the sequel;
But—partly lest I should intrude on his fun,
And,—partly on finding the loss of a son—
And then an impression
His mind very fresh on,
That if it had liv'd it was clearly not his'n,
He had me arrested, and taken to prison!

They said I was blameful
With Smeton, and Brereton, and this one, and t'other,
And, which was most shameful,
With poor Georgy Rochford, my dear, only brother;
And what gave a certain significance *to* it,
His wife, Lady Rochford, declared that she knew it.
(But here retribution most justly was shown,
For she who caused *my* fall soon witness'd her own.)

If it were not well known, yet the rest
May be easily guess'd.
The parties they said had the Monarch cornuted,
Were sentenc'd, and, what is still worse, executed:
(Like poor Lady Salisbury, for he pursued her
With all the revenge and the rage of a Tudor). (*j*)

My turn now came next,
And they all were perplex'd
To know how they best could bear out the King's malice;
At length they agreed,
That, to do well the deed,
They'd send for the famous old headsman of Calais! (*k*)

The nineteenth of May
Was the actual day
I laid down my head!!!
He lifted his axe, but my look was so beautiful,
It stagger'd, and made him completely undutiful;
As he very well knew that I never had harm'd him,
I gave him a wink, which one moment disarm'd him,
He lifted again, and the next I was dead!

It so prey'd upon father to think that his daughter
The victim should be of such regular slaughter,
That he made up his mind two years after to die,
And his body in *Hever's* old chancel doth lie! (*l*)

INFERENCE.

The object in coming here, which I profess,
Is simply this fact on your minds to impress—
That if in contentment my hopes had no higher,
Than other young ladies', presumed to aspire,
And I'd studied my mind, and not studied my face,
My head had now, *certès*, been in its right place!
The Crown 'twas, that puzzled both father and me,
For all kinds of sorrow took speedily root in it,
And while *we* were blind, yet all others could see,
That when *I* put my head, my papa "put his foot in it!"

NOTES.

It will be a great satisfaction to our historical readers to find that the various doubts which have been attached to the alleged authorities of Burnet, Collier, Heyling, Herbert, Stowe, Holingshed, Du Bellay, Strype, Wiatt, *cum multis aliis*, are entirely removed by Anne Bullen's own confession herein recited. It is pretty clear she must have known more about her own history than any of her survivors, and we are therefore most happy in being able to throw a light on this highly interesting subject.

(*a*) See Burnet, Part 3, Book 3. Burnet, it seems, was quite right.

(*b*) See Wiatt's "Life of Queen Anne Bolen."

(*c*) Cavendish states the fact, which Anne here announces.

(*d*) Cavendish gives the dialogue between Wolsey and Percy, but as Anne herself says nothing thereon, we are inclined to think it fudge.

(*e*) Hume's England. Hen. VIII., p. 104.

(*f*) Miss Benger, not always the best authority, however, says the same, and very nearly in Mistress Anne's own words. See her "Life of Anne Boleyn," vol. I., p. 239.

(*g*) According to tradition, which, it seems, for once has told the truth. We must believe Anne's own words, at all events.

(*h*) Published in the "Harleian Miscellany;" and, though the Lady Anne does not say as much, we believe they were stolen by one of her servants.

(*i*) Miss Benger's right again. See vol. II., p. 466.

(*j*) See Lord Herbert's "Hist. of Henry VIII." vol II., p. 227.

(*k*) "Burnet's Hist." part I., book III.

(*l*) The following is a copy of the epitaph on Sir Thomas Bullen, in *Hever* Church:—
HERE*LIETH*S^{R}*THOMAS*BVLLEN*KNIGHT*OF*THE*ORDER*OF*THE*GARTER*ERLE*OF*WILSCHER*AND*ERLE*OF*ORMOND*WICHE*DECEASED*THE*12*DAI*OF*MARCH*IN*THE*IERE*OF*OUR*LORDE*1538.

It is exceedingly creditable to Anne Bullen to have related the principal events of her life in so unaffected a manner, and equally so to her historians to have rarely exceeded the truth.

PAUL PEVENSEY;

OR, THE MAN FROM BELOW.*

CHAPTER XXXIX.—A DISCOVERY.

I WISH I possessed the power of describing a party, there is so much novelty in it. But that sort of talent has not fallen to my share. I can't imagine how people do it. A house, lights, crowded rooms, open doors, crowded staircases—servants bawling out the name of Mr. and Mrs. So-and-so—rows of ladies lining one side of the apartment, or perhaps both sides. Knots of gentlemen scattered here and there, each more eager than the other to make himself heard—innumerable discussions going on about nothing at all. Two or three ladies pleasantly circumstanced with the persons they like by their sides; the others exclaiming inwardly "how tiresome it is," and entreating Time to do his best to bring forward the hour of release. I have seen a great deal made of materials like these, but the art of turning them to account is rare, and I relinquish all claim to it.

When the eventful Wednesday evening came, the upper end of Severn-street was in commotion, and Paul and Fanny dashed up to Mr. Stanley's door in the neatest cab Worcester could supply. The servant who met them with solemn provincial politeness on the landing-place, pronounced with precise accuracy, "Mr. De Valensey and Miss Wilkinson." All eyes were involuntarily turned upon them as they entered. The reader knows already that Fanny was a light, charming sylph-like person, with the sweetest face in the world, and eyes that appeared to shed a halo around her like sunshine. It was pleasant to look on her—pleasanter still to hear her speak. You appeared to be on better terms with yourself when she was near. Her voice was like the voice of spring, and awakened delightful happy emotions in all who heard it. Paul, again, on his part, was one of the handsomest men you ever saw; though the look of fierceness which he was popularly supposed to have derived from his foster mother the tigress, rather interfered, as I have said, with the effect of his physiognomy, making people occasionally feel a little uneasy in his company.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanley came forward to receive them as they entered. Paul's eyes met those of his mother, and as they did so he felt a strange fluttering of the heart, and his cheek grew many shades paler, though no one noticed it save that mother herself. Mr. Stanley entered into conversation with Fanny, and Paul soon found himself seated by his mother's side talking to her of his profession, to which she had purposely directed the conversation. With a weakness not uncommon with persons who have risen from a low and equivocal situation, Paul was averse from disclosing to strangers the history of his early life. The least attempt to penetrate his mystery, for such it was to the world in general, awakened all the pride of his nature, and rendered him haughty and reserved. He considered himself as good as anybody, whoever might have been his father, or whether he had any father or not, and his pride accordingly equalled that of a German count. Circumstances led him to look upon descent, family, pedigree, and all that like a philosopher. He traced his origin, like most of his neighbours, to Adam and Eve, and cared not to go beyond them. It is true, that with the history of the intermediate steps he was little acquainted. He never puzzled himself, and might not, if he had, been much the wiser to discover whether his ancestors, when they took their departure from Mount Ararat, followed the northern or the southern shore of the Black Sea—whether they were shepherds or thieves, kings or pirates. Somehow the stream of vitality had reached him, and that was enough. He considered men and women as men and women, and nothing else, and in combating the pride of others was himself as proud as Lucifer.

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* Concluded from page 310.

Mrs. Stanley soon made this discovery, and found in it perhaps an additional inducement to believe him to be her son, for she remembered what ideas had floated through her own brain when she was a collier wench, begrimed with smut and dirt, and buried many hundred fathoms beneath the surface of the earth.

"Mr. De Valensey," said she, "I have lived so little in this country that I have enjoyed few opportunities of knowing gentlemen of your profession, I am therefore very ignorant of the interior of stage life. But I think it must be both pleasant and instructive."

"That depends much," answered Paul, "on the sort of persons among whom one's lot is cast."

"No doubt," replied Mrs. Stanley;" however, in a large company there must always be some agreeable persons."

"I should think so," said Paul; "but on that point I am unable to speak, as I have never quitted the one in which I now am since I was a boy."

Kate's suspicions were strengthened—she know not why—by these words, and she continued, with more earnestness than art, to endeavour to make him communicative. Paul, on his part, felt himself at home—his reserve melted away; he experienced a strange pleasure in hearing the voice of his companion, it seemed to awaken long-forgotten melodies in his soul. He looked in Mrs. Stanley's face, and memory began to gather together and knit up her unravelled meshes.

"You must," resumed Mrs. Stanley, with as much self-possession as she could command,—"you must see a great deal of the country. Have you ever been in the north?"

"Oh, yes," replied Paul, "I have been much in the north; indeed, I was born there."

"I come myself from that part of the country," observed Mrs. Stanley, "but never remember to have heard the name of De Valensey there."

"Perhaps not," answered Paul, with a sudden accession of coldness, "ours is an obscure family."

He then relapsed into silence; and Mrs. Stanley rising to receive some one who had just arrived, their conversation here terminated: presently after she drew her husband aside, and said,—

"Laurence, it must be he, I feel almost sure of it; yet there is a strange reserve and hauteur in his manner which checked my emotions; I feel quite ill, and must go back to him, though, if there should be any mistake, he will think me a very strange person. What would you advise me to do, Laurence?"

"It is hard to say, my dear."

"Did you converse of him with Miss Wilkinson?"

"I did."

"And was there nothing in what she said from which you could draw an inference?"

"No; without the slightest appearance of reserve, she still kept me from approaching any topic that could possibly lead to a discovery."

"Laurence, my heart throbs as if it would burst; why am I a slave to custom? May I not take it for granted that De Valensey is a '*nomme de guerre*,' and ask him who he is at once?"

"No, love, you can't do that."

"Then what am I to do, Laurence? I feel exceedingly wretched; I seem on the very point of gaining or losing a son. Go to him, you are more expert than I."

"No, love," answered Stanley, "I am not more expert, but I am cooler; do you, therefore, speak to Miss Wilkinson, while I undertake De Valensey."

Shortly afterwards Mr. Stanley found himself by the merest accident engaged in conversing with the young actor. He seemed to have no particular end in view, and talked of music and the drama, of celebrated singers and celebrated performers, of foreign opera-houses, of Paris, Milan, Naples, and dropped accidentally the name of Calcutta.

"Ah!" exclaimed Paul, with much interest, "so you have been in India?"

"Yes; have you?" inquired Mr. Stanley.

"No, but my—that is, some acquaintances of mine went there many years years ago, and I have not since heard of them."

"What names?" said Mr. Stanley.

"Oh, they were too obscure for you ever to have met with them."

"I don't know that," answered Stanley, "we are very democratic in India."

Paul was annoyed with himself, and hardly knew what to reply, and fortunately for him Fanny came up, and said—

"Do you know, Valensey, Mrs. Stanley is acquainted with all our part of the country; she has even been to Ulraven, where we acted, you will remember, some years ago, and where you witnessed, you know, some very strange scenes."

"What scenes?" inquired Mr. Stanley.

Paul replied by describing the strike of the colliers; he spoke as of a thing of which he had heard from eye witnesses. He related the adventures of the boy; what dangers he ran; how he mixed up with the colliers; how he took down the body from the gibbet; how he performed the funeral service on the ocean; how he escaped from the colliers.

While he was proceeding Mrs. Stanley herself joined them, and at length interrupted him by inquiring, with a vehemence seldom found in fashionable life—

"What was the name of that boy?"

"Paul Pevensey," answered the actor.

Had a thunderbolt struck Mrs. Stanley, she scarcely could have felt a severer stroke; some words died indistinctly on her lips; she fainted, and fell into her husband's arms. In a moment the whole room was in a state of excitement, everybody inquiring what was the matter.

"Nothing particular," answered Stanley; "she will be better presently; and raising her gently, he carried her into a small room adjoining, whither Fanny requested to be allowed to accompany him.

"You may come also," said Mr. Stanley to Paul; "I have something to say to you."

As may be supposed, the greatest possible curiosity prevailed in the party, everybody wondering what could have happened. When they were in the next room, Mr. Stanley laid his wife on a sofa, and requesting Paul to close the door after them, he began to fan his wife's face, and presently after got a little water, and sprinkled it on her temples, Fanny gently assisting, while Paul stood awkwardly by, not knowing exactly what to say or do. Presently Mrs. Stanley came to herself, and looking earnestly and wistfully in the actor's face, "Tell me," she said, "tell me honestly, is not your own name Paul?"—and almost before the confession could escape from his lips, started to her feet, and throwing her arms about his neck, exclaimed, "It is—it is he—it is my son!" For a while she could utter no other words, but pressed the young man to her bosom, sobbing as if her heart would break. Yet those sobs were not of sorrow, but of joy; and Paul, almost equally moved, murmured in a low voice, "My mother!" Years of happiness appeared to be melted into that single instant. Paul, in his mother's arms, felt once more a child, and his tears fell as fast and freely as when he used to speak of his mother to Mrs. Wilkinson. A thick veil seemed to have dropped from her face, which time had dimmed, not changed. The force of emotion gave her back all the beauty of her youth;

she was radiant with loveliness, as when in days of yore she took him on her lap and kissed him, and talked of his father, who was absent in distant lands. After the first burst of tenderness was over Kate reseated herself on the sofa, and Paul dropping on his knees before her, said, "Have I your blessing, mother?"

"Yes, my dear Paul," answered she, the tears streaming from her eyes, "and there is your father, ask his blessing also, my son."

Paul rose, and Stanley embracing him affectionately, said with a low voice—

"You have my blessing, Paul, but have I your forgiveness, for you have much to forgive my son, more, perhaps, than you yet know?"

"No matter," cried Paul, "I forgive it all, and am so happy, that if I had an enemy in the world I could forgive him also now; however, I don't hate a soul under heaven, and I do verily believe there is no one who hates me.

Chapter XL.—Conclusion.

Fanny all this while looked and felt like a person in a dream; Paul's joy overflowed into her breast. His emotions and feelings were hers. A thousand and a thousand times had she heard of Kate Pevensey, and of the immeasurable delight Paul must feel when he found her again. But in this case anticipation had not equalled the reality; a part of the heavenly sphere seemed to have descended round Paul, and to have snatched him out of the dominion of time and chance. He appeared to be possessed by a seraph's extacy—his voice was subdued to that of childhood. He whispered partly to himself again and again, the word mother, as he had lisped it on the edge of the cradle.

"God," he said to her, at length, "is very good. I have been wild, fierce, and reckless, mother; I have suffered poverty and distress; I have known what it is to want a mouthful of bread, and should long ago have been in my grave, but for the parents of this dear friend here," taking Fanny's hand and placing it in that of his mother. "They took me in when I was houseless and friendless, and excepting when I was parted from them by accident, have watched over me ever since."

"And who are they, and what are they?" inquired Mr. Stanley.

"Strolling players," answered Paul.

Stanley uttered an exclamation of surprise. "It is astonishing," cried he.

"No," cried Paul, "not in the least. God made strolling players as well as the rest of the world, and put a heart into them, and goodness into that heart. And they are good, as good as any people that ever trod this earth."

"Oh, don't say so, Paul," exclaimed Fanny. "We don't pique ourselves on being good for much. We read Shakespeare, and amuse the public, and that's all the good we do."

"Except saving people's lives," said Paul, "and being friends to the friendless."

"My dear Paul," said his mother; "take me to those dear friends of yours, or send for them here. I long to express my gratitude to them for kindness and generosity which I can never repay."

"Let me fetch them," cried Paul, "there is nothing they would like so much as to see me happy, and this night they may have their heart's content."

"Do, Paul," cried both father and mother in a breath.

"Yes, do, dear Paul," cried Fanny, "and I will go with you; our cab is at the door, and we shall be back immediately."

"No, no, stay with me, love," cried Mrs. Stanley, "I have much to say to you; and do you, Laurence, go into the drawing-room, and tell our guests what has happened. Say we have recovered our son, and I am sick with joy. They will, I am sure, excuse my not appearing again to-night."

Stanley did as she wished, and when Kate found herself alone with Fanny she began at once to talk with her as freely as if they had known each other for years.

"Do you know, Miss Wilkinson," said she, "I have two daughters—dear little creatures—who are now fast asleep in bed. They will be so happy when they find they have got a brother, and such a brother! Oh, I never can be sufficiently obliged to your mother for the care and tenderness she has bestowed on my son. I should wish to repay to you, Miss Wilkinson—"

"Call me Fanny," said the actress.

"Well then, to you, Fanny," said Mrs. Stanley, "whom I shall always love like my own daughter."

Fanny blushed. "I am sure," answered she, "I love him dearly; indeed, we all love him. He is like one of ourselves."

"Yet I think," observed Mrs. Stanley, archly, "that you love him more than the rest."

"No," answered Fanny, "not more than my mother does; she is not fonder of me than she is of him."

"But there is a slight difference in your love, is there not, Fanny?"

"Well, there may be," answered the actress; "for she loves him as a son, and I love him as a husband."

"What, are you married, then?"

"No, but we are—that is, we were to have been married. We have long been bound to each other."

"Why do you say 'were to have been,' Fanny? Do you think Paul will change his mind now, because he has found his mother?"

"Oh, no; I can never think ill of Paul. But there may be reasons—"

"Oh, none, my dear Fanny. His love of you, and care of you, will do something towards repaying the unlimited debt of gratitude we owe your parents; and you are so sweet, so gentle, so loving, Fanny—I can see it in your face—that happiness and duty will in this case go together. I shall give him to you with all my heart; though, under the circumstances, I should scarcely think he was my son if he required my consent."

Presently Mr. and Mrs. Wilkinson arrived, and a thousand explanations and details followed, which consumed the better part of the night. When Stanley and his wife were left alone, she described to him the relation in which Paul stood to Fanny. He was a man of liberal and enlarged ideas, and was besides fully sensible of the deep debt of gratitude he owed the Wilkinsons for their affectionate care of his son. Yet Fanny was but an actress; and in his mind there were a thousand objections to Paul's union with her, some of which he detailed to his wife.

"I will talk with him," said he; "I will place the matter before him in its true light. I will show him how imprudent it would be to form such a connection, now that he has discovered himself to be a man of fortune and family."

"My dear Laurence," cried Kate, "how was it that you did not reason after this sage fashion when you saw and loved me, and when, after ten years of deliberation, you returned from the other side of the globe to marry me?"

"Ah, Kate! our case is an exceptional one. No man ever loved a woman as I have loved you. Besides, look at Miss Wilkinson; she is very pretty, very fascinating, no doubt, but, Kate, she is nothing like you. If he could have found a woman like his mother I would have forgiven him if she had been a beggar."

"Laurence, I am surprised to hear this nonsense. You don't see Fanny Wilkinson with his eyes. Besides, I assure you she is a charming person, full of grace and ingenuous innocence, and with a mind as noble as I have ever met with in woman. Take my word for it, he could not find a better wife. She is full of romance, of wild and irregular sweetness, and as frank and candid as a child. She opened her heart to me without hesitation, and I really love her already for Paul's sake."

"Well, Kate, we will talk with him to-morrow. You are under the influence of excitement now; but when you have coolly reflected on the matter, I am sure you will be of my opinion."

"Don't be too sure, love," answered she; "I am not much used to change."

No more was said that night, but next morning, when Paul came, as they wished, the subject was renewed. First, however, little Kate and Laurentia were introduced to their brother Paul, who was charmed with the dear little creatures. Mr. Stanley, in his impatience to enter on the important discussion, wished that morning, contrary to custom, to send them to breakfast in the nursery; but little Kate planted herself with so determined an air on one knee, and Laurentia on the other, that there was no resisting them.

"What have we done, 'pa," said the little dears, "that we should be sent to the nursery? I am sure you won't send us there; you smile, I see you won't, now that's a good 'pa."

In this way his resolution was overcome. Then, turning to Paul, who sat close by his mother, looking at her as if he should never see her enough, he said, "You see what it is to have children, Paul—they make you do what they wish."

"That's exactly as it should be," answered Paul, "when what they wish is right."

Mrs. Stanley and her husband exchanged glances, and both smiled.

After breakfast Jane took off the little girls, to dress them for a walk, when Mr. Stanley, without much preface, entered upon the subject he had most at heart.

"I find Paul," said he, "that you are somewhat attached to Miss Wilkinson."

"I am her affianced husband," answered Paul.

"Indeed! that was rash; you are both so young, and your prospects (when you made the engagement, I mean) must have been so gloomy."

"Oh, not in the least gloomy," replied Paul; "we were both in the best possible health and spirits, very fond of each other, very successful in our profession, and with the probability before us of rising every year in public estimation."

"Now, however, Paul, you are the heir to a considerable fortune, which it depends———

"On you to give me or not," observed Paul. "Now don't think me disobedient; you love me, I know, both of you, therefore you can't take away your love from me; as to fortune, if it were that of a prince I don't value it a rush. I will tell you an anecdote. Not long ago a gentleman of large estate called on Mr. Wilkinson, and offered to settle a thousand a year on his daughter, if he would give her to him. Fanny, however, had to be consulted, and she said she would not give me up for any man, even though he should offer to settle fifty thousand on her. After that could I be behind-hand in generosity?—could I do less than she did? I beg you earnestly to believe that I reckon offending you, my father and my mother, next to offending God; and therefore it is not a slight matter that could make me risk giving you offence; but to save my life, if I had a thousand lives, I would not desert Fanny Wilkinson, even though I should be condemned to be a stroller, or worse, all my days. This I say in all affectionate submission. Fortune and station without her would be worthless to me; do not, therefore, my dear father—for I see by my mother's looks that her heart goes with me—do not let the day which I have always looked forward to as the brightest of my life prove the beginning of my trials and sorrow."

Mr. Stanley was silent, not because he remained unconvinced, but because his heart was full: he felt prouder of his son than he could express. Kate, leaning her head on Paul's shoulder, said—

"I will answer for your father, you have his consent and mine; nay, not only so, you have our most earnest blessing. Go, bring Fanny here, let her know this; we are ready to receive her as our daughter."

"But shall I not hear this from your own lips, father?" inquired Paul, gently.

"Yes, my boy," replied Stanley; "I repeat your mother's words, you have my consent and my blessing, and I confess frankly that I am proud of you; at the same time greatly surprised that in a life so unsettled as yours, you could have acquired such sentiments and principles."

"I owe them entirely to the Wilkinsons," answered Paul. "Once and once only did Fanny's father conceive the idea of doing what was not right—I allude to the time when he wanted to separate us for a thousand a year; but his error was only of a moment's duration, and he has abundantly made up for it by kindness and affection, such as few men show even to their own children."

Having delivered himself of this short speech, Paul proceeded with double satisfaction to the inn, where his friends were impatiently awaiting him. He related briefly what had taken place, without dwelling on the part he had himself performed, but also without disguising it.

Wilkinson then took him by the hand, and said—

"Paul, I have read the Bible in my time, and I remember what is there said of the Egyptian Potiphar's house, after the patriarch Joseph came into it; how that the Lord prospered it for the patriarch's sake. Something like it has happened to me. Ever since you came to us we have gone on prospering: yet I once had the design, Paul, to serve you a scurvy trick; I was very foolish, and I may say very wicked, but my eyes have long been opened, and I once more ask your forgiveness."

Paul squeezed his hand, and replied—

"Don't say such a thing, father; we are all of us liable to make such mistakes now and then. It is for you to forgive me for all my faults, and all the trouble I have been to you; but you have done it long ago, I know, and my mother here never was angry with me; so it's now only for us to be as happy as we can. Come along, they are waiting for us. Put your bonnet on, Fanny; don't you see your mother has her's on already? Let us be off; I'm impatient to see you all together."

It is scarcely necessary to assist the reader's imagination in winding up the thread of what followed. In the course of a few days Paul was married to Fanny, who, with strong and sincere reluctance, was persuaded to quit the stage. She loved the profession of an actress, and hoped to accomplish great things by diligent study and earnest application; and though she was perfectly happy in private life as the wife of Paul, and the mother of a family, it may be questioned whether her happiness would not have been of a higher order, had fortune enabled her to develop those ideas of art with which Nature had imbued her young mind. With her relinquishment of the drama, Wilkinson lost all relish for a manager's life. He had saved money, so as with justice to be considered opulent; he therefore handed over his company to Mr. Link, who, with Redmond and Miss Winwood, still delights the northern and midland counties. Mr. Stanley had purchased an estate in Northumberland; and Wilkinson, with his well-earned capital, followed his example on a smaller scale, and settled near his friends. They all come up to London about once in three years; and it is generally remarked of them that they look as happy and contented as fortune and deep affection can make them. Fanny still grows more and more beautiful; and if the same thing cannot be said of Kate Pevensey, I may affirm with truth that she is always spoken of as a noble woman, as fortunate in her husband and her daughters as in being the mother of "THE MAN FROM BELOW!"

AN OW'ER-TRUE TALE OF THE LAKES.

FROM "LAKE LAYS AND LYRICS"—UNPUBLISHED.

BY ARCHER GURNEY.

A SAD, a piteous tale I tell;
  But simple truth its theme shall be—
A gentle maid loved passing well
  A youth of haply less degree.
Sweet Alice! oh, how fair wert thou
  In maiden spring's first bounteous glory!
Well might that lover lowly bow,
  For kings had sighed to kneel before thee.

Alas! to faith, to love untrue,
  Thou saw'st a wealthier wooer bend:
O, if 'tis strange 'tis piteous too!
  How could'st—how could'st thou thus descend?
Thou, who all loveliness and grace
  From coldest age won'st kindly glances,—
Thou, with that purest form and face—
  All, all, our wonderment enhances!

Yet know, lest ye misheed the lay
  As false or vain, this maid so fair
Had learnt, since childhood's earliest day,
  To deem the rich alone the rare:
Nor lessons only,—life-long use
  Of wealth and comfort so had schooled her,
She sought for worldly-wise excuse,
  And boasted, "Love might ne'er befool her!"

Yet with a secret woe she went
  To that low altar, where her vows,—
But breath'd, alas! not truly meant,—
  For ever chained her to her spouse:
A cold, proud man, who waxed in years,
  And for her outward beauties sought her,
To triumph 'mongst his wealthy peers
  In such sweet wife,—but should-be daughter!

And now, when little time had pass'd,
  Came sad, desponding, dire regret;
Backward for aye her eyes were cast
  On him she never might forget.
Thus seemed she buried in her prime;
  Her lips had sealed her own sad sentence;
Henceforth for her must hope be crime,
  And, but despair's remorse, repentance.

He then, the early loved and lost,
  Took heart, and wooed another bride.
Now was her faint soul tempest-toss'd,
  'Till moored on stagnant seas of pride.
No joy she hoped, no danger feared;
  Her twain sweet babes might never wake her:
The future as the past appeared,
  Nor dared she pray even God to take her.

Thus slumbered she, a silent chord
  On some lone lyre, 'till chance most strange
Befel her. He, her wedded lord,
  Knew fortune's loss and direful change.
And forced were they those halls to leave
  Where thus her weary soul had slumber'd.—
O, hapless Alice! pine and grieve;
  Thy hours of ease and wealth are numbered.

That wealth, for which thou did'st betray
  His love who loved thee more than life;
That wealth for which thou vowd'st for aye
  To be of one thou loved'st not wife;
That wealth, at whose unhallowed shrine
  Thy very self was immolated;
That wealth no longer shall be thine:
  Go, share his want whom thou hast hated!

'Tis so! In poverty's abode
  Dwells she, the whilome proud and choice:
And sinks she 'neath misfortune's load,
  And breaks in care her crystal voice?
No, no,—and Heaven for this be bless'd,
  One holy source of joy revealing!—
A *mother's* fears her soul possess'd,
  And she awoke—to life, to feeling.

Nay, even a stranger wonder still!
  By duty urged, her consort's fate
She strove to lighten; 'gainst her will,
  At first she strove, in all but hate:
Yet hate 'gainst daily intercourse
  Of kindly acts can scarce sustain it;
Endurance hath a giant force,
  Though ardent souls may chance disdain it.

Thus, at the last, what first she viewed
  As some dull task by duty set,
She learnt, with duty's force endued,
  To prize above a coronet.
And, oh, the joy, when feelings kind
  (Ripened as some bright full-blown blossom)
Burst into love—a love refined,
  Which thrilled and filled her gentlest bosom.

That love was sacred. He, too, felt
  A new-born flame as pure. Thenceforth,
'Midst all their cares, in peace they dwelt;
  And dwell in the far rugged north.—
A moral seek ye from my lyre?
  That, maids, I leave your tongues to falter:
This only know,—no fate so dire
  That sweet endurance may not alter!

No soul is haply all-forlorn,
  No doom is past redemption here;
On rocks most stern may flowers be born,
  And hearts of iron melts a tear.—
Yet woo I none, for chance like this,
  The ties of heartfelt love to sever;
The soul's true impulse prompts to bliss;
  Who scorns, may rue her scorn for ever!

THE TWO ITALIAN OPERAS.

Whatsoever may have been the hopes, desires, or expectations of the Montagues and Capulets of the rival lyric establishments, there can be no present doubt that the tendency of the movement has been to infuse new blood and to give an increased impetus to the progress of lyrical art in this country.

We come to our task unshackled by interest, uninfluenced by prejudice. We have no *prestige*, aristocratic or plebeian—no preference for this or that quarter of the town—no dining acquaintance with either Jenny Lind or Julia Grisi,—we know nothing of Amina, the Swiss maiden, nor Semiramide, the Assyrian queen; we have no predilection for the Haymarket or the Garden Market. What care we whether the genius which God has given to the gifted ones has first shed its glories in southern or northern climes?—in Italy or Norwegia—in Milan or at Stockholm—or whether its possessors be olive-tinted or fair-skinned? Let but the genius exist, and we are its fervent worshippers, no matter in what human temple it be enshrined. We heed not the puny spites, the unworthy jealousies, the rabid malice, the poisoned paragraphs, the baseless assertions, the unfounded reports, the bitter attacks, the rival factions, and all the dark evils that flow, and will still continue to flow, from the theatrical Pandora's box. Hope still remains behind. These are but the scum of the cauldron, rising to the surface to leave all beneath clear, wholesome, and nutritious. The fœtid manure produces the fragrant rose—the purest sugar is refined with blood—out of evil cometh good; and thus, from the hot collision of "The Rival Operas," must eventually emanate one great and ruling lyrical theatre, devoted to the performance and to the promulgation of the colossal works of the really mighty masters. Here will be assembled the great illustrators of the dramatic and lyric art-Rivalries will cease; new works will be produced; the poet and the musician will fraternise with heart and soul: the pencil of the artist, and the brush of the painter, and the chisel of the sculptor, will all minister to the perfect realisation of the true and the beautiful. The present is the transition state: the storm will pass away—the howling of the winds will be stilled—the gloom, and the mutterings of the thunder, will be lost in the distance—and all will be sunny, blithe, and balmy.

We are not so Utopian as even to hope for perfectibility in our mundane state, but we have an abiding faith in the progress of the intellectual arts, and are fain to believe that existing disturbances will inevitably hasten rather than retard its onward course. Already do we see the supremacy of the various nations of Europe centralised in the metropolis of England. Hither do the artists of every country flock, to seek a haven and a resting-place, as the dove to the ark, for shelter from the turbulence of the "great waters," each bearing the olive-branch, the symbol of peace and harmony. Let each and all, then, strive with might and main to give support to the bright edifice from which shall emanate those stores of mind that shall dispense happiness and joy to all, while the artists shall garner up for themselves those grateful feelings which are the natural fruit of their high mission. Until be cast aside the ignoble egotisms, and the petty jealousies, and the mammon-gluttony which now sink them unaccountable fathoms beneath the merely hand-labourer, their great gifts will be as contemned, and their influence be as the tinkling of brass, and the noise of the cymbals. But a more ennobling spirit will come forth, and the old leaven will depart, and the rights and powers of the lyrical arts will be acknowledged in the elevation of soul and the humanising influence they dispense.

No great work can be worthily interpreted without a fusion of all the eminent talent—no order nor cohesion while the elements are in discordance, until the perfection of the *work*, and not the personal vanities of the *workers*, be the sole aim and end.

Although the rivalry of the Two Houses has not existed two seasons, some good has already resulted to the public. The collision has given to us Jenny Lind, Alboni, Tadolini, and Viardot Garcia; Coletti, Belletti, and Gardoni. The mounting of the operas has been more carefully considered, especially as to correctness of costume and scenic appliances. The chorus has been strengthened and systematically trained, and a completeness realised hitherto unparalleled on the English operatic stage.

That the more illustrious works have not been produced has not surprised us; and though we give the directions entire credit for sincerity of intention, yet the present race of Italian singers has been born, bred, and nurtured on merely melodic works, and therefore a sudden addiction to operas, whose excellence depends upon their dramatic and musical truth—their severities of style—and the almost total abstinence of catching and popular arias, cavatinas, cantilenos, and arias di bravura, was scarcely within the limits of belief. Besides, the interest of these works being more general than individual, the reigning *prima donne*, or the *primo tenori*, are disinclined to devote themselves to the study of works which induce greater labour and less present honour than those for which they have been measured by their musical tailors. A new course of study, directed upon totally opposite principles, would be absolutely required; the ornate style—to the perfection of which they have devoted their throats for many a long year—would be as the dead leaves of the once odorous flower. The fashionable flights of vocalism would have to be exchanged for lofty declamation, and the small coquetries and the *ad captandum* appeals, for the developments of passion and dramatic truthfulness. Hence the besetting difficulties of changing or even ameliorating the present stock operas.

We feel that two great theatres devoted to Italian operas cannot last, if the present policy be adhered to. A ruinous rivalry must be the infallible result. The forestallings, and the unworthy diplomacy, and the heart-burnings, and the enormous and reckless expenditure, must be exchanged for a more honourable system, or in lieu of having two Italian Opera Houses, there will be none.

The objects of Her Majesty's Theatre and The Royal Italian Opera should differ *toto cælum*: the prestige of fashion will cling to the Haymarket, and therefore the operas of Verdi and composers in the mode are its natural and proper repertoire—it should also exclusively retain its pets of the ballet, and all the "fairies with winged feet;"—but Covent Garden, with its noble stage and mechanical means for elaborate spectacle, should strenuously devote itself to the great classical operas, which should be produced in the completest manner, with every artistic means which could be brought to bear in perfecting these monumental works. The large sums wasted on an indifferent troop of dancing people would be more profitably and honourably invested. Then would the public flock in thousands to listen to Beethoven, and Spohr, and Glück, and Sacchini, and Cherubini, and Mozart, and Weber, and Meyerbeer, when illustrated with befitting pomp and circumstance and reverence. Every such performance would be a grand musical solemnity, and each artist would become a ministering priest of the temple.

Never was there at any former period in England so brilliant an array of artists as is now assembled, nor at any former period was there so great lethargy on the part of the managements. No new work has been presented at either Opera, nor even an attempt made to revive any of the past lyrical glories. The old and worn-out repertoires have been sung and resung, *usque ad nauseum*, and the ruling thought has been to elevate the illustrators at the expense of the creators. We are free to admit that Mr. Lumley engaged Verdi to write the *Masnadieri*, and so far, so good—the failure of the work rested not with him; but the *Robert le Diable*, the greatest opera of Meyerbeer, was given with an utter disregard of its proportions and with a wretchedness of ensemble; and yet, despite all its shortcomings, *Robert* is to us full of golden reminiscences, for in this opera Jenny Lind made her advent before our public. And therefore, however soul-subduing the Amina, however redolent with joyous thoughts the Marie, still doth the saint-like Alice cling to us as a happy memory. It was the good spirit embodied in a human form, and each note she breathed seemed touched with heavenly grace. Indeed, Jenny Lind was the entire opera, for Alice was ever in our mind—when bodily absent, the voice still lingered in the ear, like a faint vision of harmony, and the pale intelligent brow and the eloquent features were still present to the eye. Alice is Jenny Lind's loftiest effort—it is so thoroughly self-dependent—so poetically felt, and so gently rendered. The painted canvass and the foot-lights, and the glare and the glitter of the stage frippery, all fade from before us, and we behold but the Madonna-like Alice pursuing her pious pilgrimage.

As far as the present season has progressed, there has been no marked triumph, individually or collectively. Success can in no possible case be safely depended on. The public—that many-headed monster—is so variable in its appetites that what it loves to-day it loathes to-morrow. It has been so long fed and pampered that its stomach has become either diseased, or has lost its healthy action. Thus Alboni, who had worthily achieved a marked triumph, failed to sustain the excitement on her return. To the fame she had won in England was added the stamp of the Parisian musical critics; and yet, forsooth, because she did not compass miracles in Tancredi, the music of which was never contemplated for the register of her voice, an unjust reaction succeeded. And so Alboni, who was to have been the very key-stone of the operatic arch, was pronounced, for the nonce, as unworthy of her hastily-gathered reputation. The *Donna del Lago*, however, fortunately followed, and in the character of Malcolm Græme, Alboni asserted her just claim to be considered as the greatest living contr'alto. Then came the *Cenerentola*, with its charming fireside romance and its dazzling "Non piu mesta," and the public, blushing for its wavering judgment and its capricious fancy, like a lover who had frowned and pouted, embraced her fervently, and strove to bury the memory of its injustice. But the damaging report had gone forth that the Alboni of the past season was not the Alboni of the present season, and so, instead of the gifted songstress being the load-star to attract mines of gold to the treasury, she became a merely charming artiste, who never fails to delight by the beauty of her voice and the marvels of her execution, but who assuredly does not command the million. The fates were adverse,—and who may command the fates? In Alboni the dramatic *estro* is entirely wanting; the singing is "the be-all and the end-all;" theatrical feeling there is none, nor poetical appreciation, nor variety, nor reflection of the passing phases of the scene. All is voluptuous ease, and Sybaritish repose. The faintest sigh of passion would disturb the calm, the warmest western breeze ruffle the surface. She is the incarnated Genius of the Castle of Indolence.

The *Donna del Lago* may be cited as the opera that has approached nearer to the promised *ensemble* than any by which it was preceded. The cast included Grisi, Alboni, Tamburini, and Mario; of Marini we make little account. Though a similar distribution had appeared in the *Lucrezia Borgia*, and other works, yet in no one was the large means of the theatre so ably made to aid the lyrical portion. The scenery was appropriate, the costumes of the various clans critically correct, the meeting of the bards picturesque, and everything that might impart a *vraisemblance* to the scene of the drama was liberally and tastefully employed. The character of Roderic Dhu, acted by Tamburini, having been written for a tenor voice, the effect of the concerted music was of necessity seriously damaged, and the just balance of sound destroyed. The *Donna del Lago* was produced last season at Paris, with the title of *Robert Bruce*. Under this cognomen it had undergone a *rifaccimento* by the original composer, the great enchanter, Rossini. It was given forth as an edition corrected, augmented, and improved. It became the most important affair of musical Europe. Intense were the commentaries, and universal the conversation. The public mind of the Continent was not then absorbed in politics; then the discharge of musketry and the firing of cannon drowned not all other music. The last effort of the greatest living composer proved vain, although that effort was but to adapt and improve an opera which had in other days rejoiced in a great reputation and popularity. In this new attempt of exchanging old lamps for new ones, Rossini had the collaboration of the celebrated composer Neidermayer, and the new libretto was the joint labour of the renowned Monsieur Scribe and his junior, Gustavus Vaes. The excitement in Paris was lashed into a perfect fury—the most fabulous sums were demanded and received for places. The result was singular as was the failure unexpected. It proved the wisdom of Rossini in retiring from the scene of his past triumphs.

Donizetti's tragic opera of *La Favorita* has been added to the repertory, though no singing, however beautiful—no acting, were it ever so perfect—no scenery, however distinguished its pictorial merit—can ever secure for this work even a partial popularity. The story is hideous, and the music, where it is original, lugubrious and noisy, and is only agreeable where it has been borrowed. The direction has, we think, very unwisely lavished an enormous sum upon its production; but the vocal *ensemble* is weak where it might have been strong, and with the exception of the last act, which takes place in the monastery—superbly acted and sung by Grisi and Mario—was heavy and gloomy. To Corradi Setti, a recent importation, was confided the part of the King, and to Marini that of the Prior. It would seem that in the first instance Ronconi, one of the greatest living artists, had been selected as the representative of royalty, but the character was, from some unexplained policy, finally given to Corradi Setti. Olympus to a mole-hill! Although a moiety of the season be not yet expired, fifteen operas have already been produced. This fact bespeaks unceasing activity, though we do not so readily agree in the merits of the selection. We wait anxiously the appearance of *Guillaume Tell*, *The Huguenots*, *Robert the Devil*, *Fidelio*, and the *Iphigenia*.

At Her Majesty's Theatre, with the exception of Verdi's wretched *Attila*, there has been no novelty. The old repertory has afforded means for the introduction of the new talents, Cruvelli and Belletti, both admirable artists, and invaluable to the management. But then Jenny Lind has been restored to us, reinvigorated in health, and, if such a thing were within the limits of belief, improved in voice. The perennial Amina, and the heart-cheering Marie, the Daughter of the Regiment, carols her inspiring lays with the freshness of a bird. Shall we repeat the raptured eulogiums, the honeyed words of praise, the extacies which have been poured forth at her feet; or enter into a cold and critical analysis of her portraitures? The labour, though a true labour of love, would fail to reflect her powers. Each character she has delineated has its special individuality, and is distinguished by such minute and unseizable traits of truthfulness and beauty, that we might as well attempt to describe the fragrance of flowers, or define the prismatic rays of light. With Jenny Lind, we are denied the critic's stronghold, that of instituting comparisons or drawing parallels with other artists. We admit the tragic sublimity and gorgeous vocalisation of Grisi, the marvellous fancy and exuberant ornateness of Persiani, the rich and ripe and voluptuous organ of Alboni, the dramatic energy and the scientific accomplishments of Viardot Garcia, but these admitted celebrities do not and cannot interfere with the supremacy of Jenny Lind. She is a creature distinct, apart—untainted with the stage conventionality, formed upon no preceding model—she is herself alone, seeking her inspirations from the deep recesses of the human heart, and elaborating them for the dramatic purpose, by reflecting upon the truthful workings of nature. Her vocalising, marvellous though it be—her musical science, her great knowledge of the stage mechanism, are all made subsidiary to the great result—the perfect embodiment of the particular heroine which for the time being she becomes, without in the slightest degree destroying its ideality or its poetical beauty.

The last great triumph of the Lind has been her impersonation of Lucy Ashton. In this she has "moulted no feather" of her fame; it is marked by the same truthfulness of conception, the same originality of embodiment, the same vocal splendour as distinguished her former efforts. The enthusiasm of the public, on Thursday evening, seemed, if possible, to have increased in intensity. We hear that Desdemona, and Annette, in *La Gazza Ladra*, are in preparation.

THE ROYAL COLOSSEUM.

In no city in the world can such sights be seen as are here concentrated. The multiplicity and the variety, combined with the rare excellence, is astonishing. Statuary and painting in all their phases are here presented, and the eye wanders around almost bewildered with the rich collections placed for its delectation. There is nothing little or mean to detract from the nobleness of the proportions, and each object is so artistically placed as to assist the general design. There is something, too, very soothing in its quietude—there is no talking automaton to destroy our pleasure by spouting a monotonous description of the various objects. This perfect freedom from all official annoyance is most commendable, and might be adopted with great profit at other Metropolitan exhibitions. We ramble through the hall of statues, and are feasted with the finest forms of beauty conceived and realised by the gifted sculptors of antique Greece, and the master-pieces of the modern chisel. The imagination unwittingly takes a backward flight to the classic days of Pericles and Praxitiles. A few seconds, and we are transported to Switzerland, and we behold its rugged alps, and its glaciers, and believe for the nonce that we hear the plash of its waterfalls, and feel the sharp mountain air. Then there are conservatories filled with exotics culled from far-off lands, rejoicing in brilliant hues and intoxicating odours; but the great attraction is the new panorama depicting "Paris by Moonlight." Thousands will heave a sigh at the removal of the former picture; but, to use the burthen of an old ditty,

> "London now is out of town,
> And taken flight to Paris"—

where, no doubt, myriads will rush to see to what amazing skill and perfection British pictorial art can attain. But the present picture, if possible, exceeds the innumerable excellencies of its predecessor. When the vast space and amount of labour be considered, the artistic completion of so colossal a picture excites wonder and admiration. The view spread before us is magnificent, and no oral or written description can do justice to its abounding merits. The spectator is supposed to be elevated in a balloon above the Tuileries; from his aerial ship he beholds Paris, with its streets and shops, and palaces, and public buildings, and bridges and gardens; its Louvre and Palais Royal, its Invalides, and Place de la Concorde, and all the thousand objects for which the city of the republic is world-famous. The bright full moon is shining, and casting its rays equally upon the regal palace and the beggar's hut. The smallest object is clearly defined. But majestic as is the scene extended before us, the narrow Seine is but a poor *doubliure* for our broad Thames. The Chamber of Deputies is quite extraordinary, and stands out in as bold relief as though it were built up. Indeed, it is with difficulty we persuade ourselves that all is not real—the idea that all those various objects are painted on a flat surface seems to be absurd. The objects in the foreground are painted with extraordinary vigour, and the perspective is so admirably managed that the eye is made the fool of the other senses. There is no approach to exaggeration in the colouring—there is feeling of strength manifested in every part. Nothing can exceed the effect of the moon's rays upon the water; it copies nature so closely that we can with difficulty persuade ourselves that it is illusion. There is a perfect union of dioramic, theatrical, and purely pictorial effects. One of the most esteemed critics on art has eloquently remarked that the enjoyment derived from the recollection of the scene is not inferior to that the spectacle affords. While present, the sense of pleasure blinds us to the merit of the persons by whom it has been provided. The spirit of the undertaking, the genius of the inventor, and the skill of the artists, are beyond all praise. All should witness the Colosseum—it is the most extraordinary as it is the cheapest exhibition in the Metropolis.

VAUXHALL GARDENS.

This old and favourite place of fashionable resort was opened to the public on Monday evening. Since last season very considerable alterations and improvements have been made, and we have every reason to expect that they will prove more than usually attractive. On the Waterloo-ground a splendid view of Constantinople, from the Golden Horn, has been erected. The design is by Battie, and the view is painted in the first style of scenic art. To the right and left there are seen large buildings in the true Oriental style, partially enclosing the slave-market; in the foreground, groups of figures, variously occupied, are congregated; through an opening at the back, looking over the rampart of the Golden Horn, you have a view of the Bosphorus, studded with the gaily-coloured boats, with their graceful latteen sails, characteristic of the East. The background is covered with the various public and other buildings, surmounted by the beautiful domes, towers, and minarets for which this city is so celebrated; the extreme distance is closed in by the mountainous country bordering on the Dardanelles. The appearance given to the distance is very deceptive, and when illuminated by the pyrotechnic skill of Darby, the general effect excels anything of the kind ever before produced. A large troop of equestrians, with a highly-trained stud, under the direction of M. Charles Gauthier, has been engaged, and went through their feats in a most masterly manner. The vocal and instrumental concert gave very great satisfaction, the orchestra having been considerably strengthened. The decorations generally throughout the gardens have been renewed, and in several instances altered in design; and no expense has been spared in catering for the amusement and comfort of the visitors.

SURREY ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

All that good taste and liberality conjoined can effect in producing an agreeable result has been done by the proprietor of this charming spot. The gardens have been laid out with remarkable ingenuity, and now that the season is sufficiently advanced, the shrubs and plants have put on their holiday gear, and rejoice in their best looks. The small lake dimples and shines like a young bride; the Chinese pagoda might create envy in the breast of the yellow mandarin, while the roars of the zoologicals carry the mind to the jungles of the East and the wide-spreading prairie of the far West. Here is food both for contemplation and pleasure—the mind is instructed while the eye is amused. The grand *coup* is, however, the magnificent painting by Danson: its extraordinary dioramic and atmospheric effects, its perspective and light and shade, are, we think, superior to any of his former efforts. The fireworks are splendid, and their reflection in the lake forms a scene of extraordinary brilliancy. The band is admirable, and the selection of the music excellent.

MIRROR OF FINE ARTS.

ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

Where is Turner? What has become of Turner?—is a cry that meets us from the entrance to Trafalgar-square, and follows us yet at our exit. Nor does the inquiry cease there. Wherever the refining influence of art is acknowledged, and has a place, there the same question is put. Does this proceed from a sense of Turner's loss, or is it mere idle curiosity to know something more of one whose works have so long been familiar to us? It is strange, the much-abused and enthusiastically-idolized imageries of this master's pencil should be so necessary to form a complete Royal Academy exhibition. The critic and the artist both feel his absence, and, indeed, so does the merest glimpser and hastiest galloper through these rooms. Now that he has withdrawn his works all miss the brilliant light that they once diffused. As memory recals the wonder working of his magic pencil, and looks around in vain for their presence, mental gloom becomes tangible. "The lyre, whose cords are hues," is not there to charm the soul with its thrilling melody, made manifest to our better nature through the portals of the eye. The most harmonious blender of stubborn colour into the choicest music, has withdrawn from the banquet of the arts in the severity of anger caused, alas, by those who best should have appreciated his excellence, and commanded the hushful silence of the more boisterous revellers. For this year, at least, the exhibition has lost its effulgence—let us be thankful for the twilight which is yet left.

Taking the order of the catalogue, we were first caught by

The Sisters (8), E. U. Eddis, who is classic in outline as usual—weak and inharmonious in colour, and faulty in the drawing of his hands; more particularly in that of the elder girl.

Sunset (9), T. S. Cooper, A. With but few of Mr. Cooper's beauties and more than usual of his faults. Here is labour indicative of great industry, but not a touch suggestive of poetry or art. Mr. Cooper has, however, put all his beauties into another picture, that of 551, *In the White-hall Meadows, Canterbury*, which is painted with great power of feeling. The effect of heat is most admirably achieved.

Mr. Cooper's picture of *Cardinal Wolsey* (11), requires more attention from us than we have had opportunity of bestowing.

No. 12, *Mont Blanc*, by G. A. Fripp, reminds us much of Mr. Oliver's works. The former is far superior; a grand breadth, both in colour and composition, being kept up, which no allurement of trick appears to have the power to conquer, is the meritorious characteristic of Mr. Fripp's work.

No. 19, *The Greenwood Stream*—T. Creswick—is a most refreshing picture. The water could be dabbled in, and

> ——— "the shady pool,
> Where trouts leap when the day is cool."

Glides silently under the eye with a truthful movement.

No. 20, *A Summer Afternoon on the Lido, near Venice*—by R. McInnes—is a clever composition, in which every figure and accessory has evidently been well studied.

No. 25, *The Morning Prayer*. One of Etty's *bouquet*, glistening and gladdening the eye like the sportive winged dance of fire-flies.

No. 36, *The Vintage*, T. Uwins, R.A. This picture has been purchased by Mr. Vernon, to be added to the already munificent gift of his gallery to the nation. We have seen many pictures of Mr. Uwins' which we liked better than this. Indeed, we have seen few that pleased us less. The colouring is out of all tone, and the unhappy, not to say unnatural, hue he has chosen for his grapes, spots the picture all over in a disorder far from admired. The figures are likewise destitute of action. As they stand, kneel, or lie, so will they remain, not only in fact, but to the imagination, fixed.

No. 37, *Scene in a Wood*, by A. Gilbert, is a charming bit of nature, reminding us, by its fidelity and treatment, of some of the best Dutch schools.

No. 47, *A Young Goatherd of the Campagna of Rome*, by Penry Williams. Mr. Williams may safely rest his fame upon this production. It is at once rich, broad, and singularly-beautifully drawn. Although high in finish, we are not reminded of labour The easy and graceful attitude—like the reality, withal—in which the figure is poised is exquisitely fine. This figure does move; you will have to run after him if you do not hasten to catch a look at once.

Mr. A. Cooper is a Royal Academician, and during his time has painted many things of high merit. Anything worse than (58), *Ariadne after her desertion by Theseus*, it would be scarcely possible for one of the students to effect. Without ideality, the figure is perfectly gross; and to add to the objectionable nature of this tawdry production, the left leg is that of a cripple—so distorted and out of drawing is it. It was a shame to permit of its reception. It is not too late to take it from the walls.

Fruit (64), by G. G. Bullock, is a positive imposition upon the senses. The grapes and melons *are* grapes and melons, and after being in these hot rooms for some two or three hours, a second look at them caused a precipate retreat into Farrance's. The hanging committee have paid Mr. Bullock a deserved compliment by placing the picture, 73, *A Study of Colour in objects of Still Life*, by Etty, pendant to this juicy production.

The Harvest Field (66), W. F. Witherington, R.A. This gentleman's subjects of late years have become so remarkably clean that we suspect nature must sit ever in holiday guise to him. The raggedest garments are as free from soil as can be; and the corn grows in his picture without the aid of dirty earth. The whole face of nature is washed as bright as soap and water could make it; while even the tools, which might find apology for a little dirt, are as polished as on the day they came from their maker.

FREE EXHIBITION OF MODERN ART.

In compliance with our promise we renew our notice of this exhibition; and after another most careful view, we see nothing to alter the opinion in which the last month found us. Although, however, there is much upon the walls of the late Chinese-Exhibition to commend, there is likewise that which appertains to its management upon which we must make a brief and kindly comment. The original intention—at least that which was generally set forth, or generally understood—was, that this gallery should be, to all intents and purposes, a FREE one. The reasons for a departure from this implied determination are far from satisfactory, far from politic, either in a mercantile sense, or in the higher significations appertaining to art. To "give and take" is childish. The gallery *was* given to the public—it has been snatched away from it: *free* it was to have been in the fullest definitive rendering of the term, and it is idle to say that it is so now in any *one* particular—yes, in one particular the management have made free, very free, with the public. An attempt at apology has been hazarded in an opening address appended to a late edition of the catalogue, and the management therein beckons to justification; but justification is too far out of sight to see its futile contortions for assistance. The whole affair looks as if the term *free* had been enlisted as a draw—a catchy, tricky draw —like the gratuitous admissions for minor theatres, not admissible after seven, while a clock does duty in the vestibule five minutes too fast. We say it *looks* like it, for we feel confident it does not arise from design, and we are as earnestly solicitous that the public should be of a similar opinion.

We are told that artists are not men of business, and that such stumbling, at the very threshold of prospective success, might naturally have been looked for. We are fully conscious of the want of business tact in artists, and, sooth to say, we do not desire to find jobbing and trading, exchange and haggling, amongst the sublimer portions of their natures; but we do look for an adherence to promises, and expect the fruition of a compact honourably entered into by artists with a greater confidence than from any other class of mankind. Business strikes out a straight line, undeviating and exact, with the station of integrity at its commencement and terminus. The liberal artistic rail possess these termini and others for generosity and mind to attend to the points, that should it be desirable to diverge, the train may never leave the broad for the narrow guage—the high and more lofty track, where the course is clear and open, for the confined cutting or dark and bewildering tunnel.

Mr. H. K. Browne's (Phiz) *Little Paul* (No. 1), although an unfinished picture, is replete with excellence. His touch in some degree reminds us of Boxall, but it is better in one respect, because it does not *affect* the masterly. The mouth of the darling boy is a little too small (an error this with Phiz), but the quiet, innocent beauty of the child is especially well arrived at, and secured. The eyes are exquisite touches of liquidity and colour. The drawing, even where after-labour was intended, is admirable, and the method in which the angered sea and the solitary star-lit firmament are treated, extremely poetical.

No. 2, *Diogenes*, by George Bullock. This artist is singularly careful in finish, but he carries it too far. His pictures would be more pleasing when viewed from a proper distance, if he left off at a much earlier period. Nature does not require *labour* in its imitation; so soon as the *task* commences, so soon does injury to the work begin.

Mr. Hulme has several pleasing landscapes, the best of which is (No. 8) *An Old Water Mill*. The passage amidst the trunks of the trees to the left carries the delighted eye over and in a great extent of beauty, the whole of which is admirably managed.—*Sunny Gleam* (No. 10), is good in its middle distance; the sky is too cold in effect, and the rays, moreover, of the sun require a slight indication to denote their origin. The bold dash of a dry hog's-hair tool, while the sky was wet, would have been all sufficient for this.

Highland Girls Grinding Corn (14), Mr. R. R. McIan, is a well-painted picture, and the girl to the left is nicely and easily composed.

Mr. Oliver has many of his bright landscapes; they are very beautiful, and always faithful. We wish he would lock up all his smaller brushes but for a season, and force himself to paint with the larger tools; it requires no gift of prophecy to foretel that the effect upon the public would be as though ten years of the best study had been accorded to him during that space. No. 31, *Bridge over the Nar*, is in Mr. Oliver's lucid style; but it is broader than usual, and, withal, a most charming picture.

No. 20, *At Redbrook on the Wye*, by W. J. Lukeing, is deserving of especial mention, for the treatment of the sky.

Mr. Aglio has several pictures from which many portions might be taken upon which to descant in flattering terms. There is, however, a want of unity about them all which does not permit of individualising any one as good in itself. We perhaps, therefore, should not point out blemishes, but as the object of our criticism is more to instruct than to praise, we would direct Mr. Aglio to his figure of *Moses*, in No. 25, where he has decidedly placed the right arm of the lawgiver on the wrong way. The delusion is complete if the head is hidden with the hand—presto and his back is turned towards you!

Mr. W. Fowler's landscapes hung here (Nos. 44, 45, and 54 to 57) have, if we mistake not, been exhibited before at the Royal Academy and elsewhere. The brush with which he manipulates is even finer than that of Mr. Oliver, and moreover, he works with the very tip of it. Mr. Fowler is, however, a devoted lover of nature, and a most indefatigable searcher after her beauties.

Mr. Alfred Corbould, a son of the late book illustrator, has struck out for himself the portraiture and pourtrayal of animal life and instincts. Without being a copyist of Edwin Landseer, he at times recals that wonderful painter to our minds. Mr. Corbould's handling is broad, rich, and glowing. He draws with a decision perfectly marvellous when his age (but 21) is considered; and if he spurns the abjectness of following in the steps of others, he cannot fail to take a leading position in British art. His *Trespassers* (No. 73), horses that have made their way into a private garden, are treated with a breadth most bewitching to the eye, while in his *Cow and Calf* (No. 79) we get the bleat of the calf, so life-like is it. In *The Groom in Waiting* (No. 128) subjects evidently portraits are treated judiciously enough to remove all conventionality and to render the whole a pleasing subject. The neck of the gentleman is stiff, if not awry. *The Loose Box* (219) is far from a loose picture, although knocked off with a touch perfectly *con amore*, each movement of the brush with earnest and sportive willingness, receiving and acting from the dictates of the mind. 323, *Study of a Head*—brilliantly broad.

Thomas S. Robins has some rare records of effects. *Coast of Holland* (No. 91), is fresh and salt. *Brill, Coast of Holland*, smells more of sea-weed than of paint. *Coming to Anchor off Dover* (188) would save a fortune to the sedentary by its perfectly refreshing breezes which leave the brine upon the lip of the gazer. 238, *Upnor Castle*, is equally suggestive of a close adherence to truth. Mr. Robins has the great power of giving motion to his skies and seas, nor do his boats appear stationary in the element, but cheat the eye into the idea that that fellow with the red cap will be overboard should the boat lurch, and begets the notion that if we wait awhile we shall witness the success of a haul of that fishing smack.

We prefer T. C. Dibdin in his water-colours to those of a more opaque medium. He is much too florid, and requires neutrality of tints and harmony throughout. Too green here—too blue there, and yet but a little would render his works of twice their value. His pictures in this room are fair average specimens of his qualifications.

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Portrait of the Rev. Robert Montgomery, Minister of Percy Chapel. Fernando Giachosa. (No. 230.) Although a likeness of this really eminent divine and brilliant orator, we are inclined to believe that the painter has powers, which, if more matured attention were given thereto, would produce a far better picture than is this. The head, as we have said, although like, requires illumination, and, as the hands signify action, so ought the face to accord to such eloquence of mechanical speech. The mouth lacks refinement, being carried even beyond a "pout," and a degree of drapery is crowded about the figure with the avowed intention of giving massiveness and dignity to it, and, at the same time, to secure by contrast smallness to the head, which fails in the one object, and albeit successful in the other, is not attended with the ideal result sought for. Moreover, one-half of the canvass being occupied by the pulpit only, under which the eye is permitted to lose itself without being able confidently to catch the means by which the rostrum is supported, a struggle for precedence of attention between the animate and the inanimate, the pulpit and its occupier, is the consequence. These arrangements tend to give a notion that from the perilous position of the divine, he is pleading more to be let down himself than in the fervent and holy exercise of raising others up. As a painting, there is much—more particularly in the treatment of the hands—which betokens future excellence, but great study will be absolutely necessary for the working out of such a consummation.

Mr. Lauder has many surprising instances of his power to render the most glaring colour subservient to art. They are placed at the end of the room fronting the spectator, on a sort of dais there erected, and they at once win and hold the lover of rarity captive. *The Evening Star* (401) is undoubtedly the finest of these. We class it at once for colour in the rank of high art. To say that it is surpassing fine is to use too weak a term to explain what admiration would pour forth. We scarcely can bring ourselves to believe that (404) *Amine on the Raft* is painted by the same hand. If so, it must have been intended as a foil to the other, so utterly bad is it, in sentiment and execution.

There is a great rawness in all Marshall Claxton's works here, but there is an exception in *The Death of Abel* (381), in which we would direct serious attention to the sky upon the horizon and the flying figure—both attuning with excellent and refined taste. *The Bacchante* (383) has his name attached it in the catalogue, but without a price fixed. We hope the one is an error, the other is none—it is literally priceless;—canvass spoiled.

Passing over (409, marked sold) *A Study from Nature*, by Niemann, of the nutmeg-grater school (which, however, could be rasped), we come to his *Sunset* (427), against which we have placed three notes of admiration in our list. In so small a space we know of no living artist *now* who could concentrate so many passages of such positive poetic beauty. His *Thames—near Maidenhead* (429) is certainly very fine, bating a little too much off-handness in the left corner; but this a mere mechanical Talbotype of nature, compared with *The Sunset*. Comparisons are here, then, certainly odious, for without bringing the one in contact with the other both would be excellent. Another picture (434), *A Study*, shows the versatile powers of this master—for a master, unshackled by manner or plagiarism, he may be honestly and fearlessly pronounced—while, to go back in the Catalogue, let us again look at a *con-amore* bit (382), *Composition*; and, further, to retrace our steps, at the unimpeachable evidence to be found of thorough, well-directed artistic endowment in (No. 13) *Norwich—a Study from Nature*. The daring brain that can conceive, and the gifted hand that can carry out such a sky as Niemann has here not hesitated to introduce, induces in us as much pain as pleasure. We have seen so many artists who have been similarly instructed by the unmistakeable school of nature, who, having obtained honours, have quitted college but to retrograde—the brilliant senior wrangler, as it were, falling into the dull monotony of a third-class fag. Nature's mossy banks are the artist's college benches. The rustic smock-frocked ploughboy and the one-sided tucked petticoat milkmaid being amongst the few witnesses of his pleasing lessons. Let him not, then, quit a school in which there is so much to be learned; let him not, then, turn his back upon the moss that he once had a *lichen* for to copy himself in a chamber, mayhap, composed of four brick walls, with the smallest portion of the light of heaven admitted therein, the latter stinted, as an excuse for effect, but having the fatal consequence of blinding the artist to the knowledge of the defects which are arising in his mental vision.

Mr. J. G. Middleton's two pictures (88 and 89) are deserving of high commendation, but as this gentleman gets his meed of praise when exhibiting at most of the other galleries, where he appears to be ever welcome, we are convinced that he, as well as many similarly situated, will willingly give up the space, otherwise their legitimate due, to less fortunate claimants.

LITERARY MIRROR.

LETTERS ADDRESSED TO THE COUNTESS OF OSSORY, from the year 1769 to 1797. By Horace Walpole Lord Orford. Now first printed from original MSS. Edited, with notes, by the Right Hon. R. Vernon Smith, M.P. In two volumes. London: Bentley. 1848.

This correspondence extends over a period of nearly thirty years, and in its course we mark the changes of temper in a man already at the commencement verging upon the vale of years, suffering acutely from infirmities, but with a vigorous intellect rising superior to the pains with which his body was afflicted. Nothing else could have supported him during so many years of pain with few intervals of cessation. We find in his letter certain allusions to his sufferings, which increase in the later years of his life. While under the influence of his worst attacks his temper becomes sharp and irritable; he is satirical, fancies himself almost on the verge of the grave, and finds pleasure neither in politics, amusement, nor scandal. Then again we perceive the trammels of sickness falling from around him; he is again all cheerfulness and gaiety, full of animal spirits, and the enthusiasm of a much younger man. His letters are then longer and more amusing. We find in them many hints upon the manners of the period, many curious revelations of character which will be peculiarly interesting to the readers of history, or, indeed, all who take any interest in the proceedings of the past age. The Countess of Ossory appears to have been a charming woman, full of *esprit*, and amiability. Some portions of the letters addressed to her, readers of the present day may with justice object to; but many allowances must be made for the state of the manners and society at that period which seemed to give a licence to conversation and actions which would not be tolerated in our own day. It seems strange how any lady could suffer such things to be said to her, but the age in which we live is the criterion of our morals for the time being, and so thought the persons of the eighteenth century. Much delightful gossip, many amusing anecdotes, will be found contained in the volumes before us, which we strongly recommend to our readers. Our limits do not permit us to dwell at greater length upon the work, which we can only cordially pronounce as among the most interesting that have appeared this season.

FIVE YEARS IN KAFIRLAND; with Sketches of the late War in that country, to the conclusion of peace. Written on the spot by Harriet Ward. London: Colburn, 1848.

No work relating to operations carried on by the arms of our country against hostile races ever appears without exciting some degree of interest. The present volumes, replete as they are with amusing matter and information, contain, however, we think, a too long series of complaints against the provisions supplied to the campaigners in the wilds of Africa by the British Government. Our authoress deals too freely in blame. Every incident or anecdote related is made to form the excuse for throwing discredit on the home authorities, whose province it was to attend to the conduct and carrying out of the Kaffir war. Nevertheless, though this circumstance may somewhat detract from the pleasure we experience in perusing the narrative of Mrs. Ward's African experience, it does not at all deteriorate the real value of the work. The complaints of inefficient accommodation, of carelessness in the management of affairs, are doubtless often well grounded, but still we imagine they might have been compressed into a somewhat less space than they at present occupy. In saying this, however, we must not be understood to imply that "Five Years in Kafirland" is a work in which speculation and dissertation make up for the want of a stirring narrative, full of wild adventures and graphic accounts of manners and customs; on the contrary, few productions of the present season can lay claim to so high a degree of interest. Our authoress, a woman of the most powerful energy, full of strong but yet feminine impulses, for the sake of accompanying her gallant husband in his perilous journey in Kafirland, voluntarily left her own shore, and threw herself into the heart of a wild and savage country, inhabited by barbarous races and convulsed by all the horrors of a war between the civilised troops of the west and ruthless hordes of men, practised in all the arts of savage warfare.

The volumes will well repay perusal. Among the most striking passages in the whole work is the account of the wrecks of the Abercrombie Robinson and Waterloo, off the

Bay of Algoa. From these we are led deep into the bosom of a wild country, amid scenes the most exciting and wild, pictured with the skill of a practised writer. "Five Years in Kafirland" is a work which will doubtless be popular during this and many ensuing seasons. Its fair author may reckon on acquiring a wide degree of popularity by its publication. To those who would acquire a knowledge of the events of the late war in Kafirland, of the plan of operations pursued, and the manner in which savage warfare is conducted, we recommend Mrs. Ward's book; and we trust to see more from the same hand.

LITERARY CHIT-CHAT. With Miscellaneous Poems, and an Appendix of Prose Papers. By David Lester Richardson, author of "Literary Leaves," &c. London: Madden, 1848.

Mr. David Lester Richardson is a writer of considerable polish and ease. He contrives out of the merest trifle to raise a superstructure of amusement of the sweetest description. There is little pretence in his writings, and for that reason, perhaps, they are the more worthy of admiration. Graceful, easy, and light, he presents us with a series of agreeable sketches of almost all the writers of the present day. With his opinions of some we cannot agree. We say this, for though our author seeks to cast a veil over his sentiments, by placing them in the mouths of other people, yet it needs not great art to discover how far he thinks proper to "fraternise" with his ideal conversationalist. These dialogues remind us of Landon's "Imaginary Conversations," the transition from one person to another being natural, and by no means either too abrupt or too studied. We admire the whole work exceedingly, and deem it admirably suggestive of what it professes itself to be—chit-chat. Society is mostly made up of chit-chat, and in the circle to which the present charming volume addresses itself the book before us is more particularly likely to be read and admired. Every author likes to know what another thinks of his contemporaries, and here he will find opinions very freely expressed. To ladies, also, the volume presents many attractions. It is lively, animated, and contains specimens of letters from most of the writers mentioned. We would fain have made a selection from some of Mr. Richardson's charming poems at the end, to present to our readers as a specimen, but our limits are this month more than ordinarily brief.

REVOLUTION IN EUROPE. A Monthly Record of Events Passing on the Continent. Edited by Percy B. St. John.

There can be little question that, of all the writers on the late stirring events in the French metropolis, Mr. Percy St. John is the most eminently adapted to present the public with a rapid and graphic record of passing events. Quick of perception, ardent, fiery, and easily moved, if not possessed of the requisites for forming a calm judgment, his mind naturally moulds itself to the circumstances of the times, and he feels as much at home in all the bustle and turmoil of a revolutionary city as the oyster in his shell.

"The Revolution of Europe" is a narrative of the movements which have, since the upsetting of the French monarchy, swept, like the typhoon, over the whole face of Europe. Every nation in Christendom was agitated by the revolutionary shock save England, and England is too far elevated in the scale of nations to be influenced by the circumstances which agitate and throw other kingdoms into convulsions. She stands like the forest on a mountain top, beneath whose foot the storm blows by, and the clouds, loaded with thunder, are driven by the wind. Mr. Percy St. John, therefore, allows his language full swing when dealing with the progress of events on the Continent. He has thrown together, in the first part of his serial work, a succinct and rapid narrative of all the events which, in their order, have passed before the public eye since the three great days of February. Politics, the social condition of the countries of Europe, commercial and financial intelligence, the press, theatres and amusements, the clubs of the French metropolis, in turn engross his attention. We trust that he will continue his monthly record of events. No one now will have an excuse for remaining ignorant of the progress of those great changes now visibly coming over the face of Europe, and doubtless, in time, of the whole world. Enthusiastic republican as he is, Mr. Percy B. St. John does not, while expounding his own principles, unnecessarily depreciate the political views of others. To each and every party he gives its due meed of praise and blame; though on the classes favourable to anarchy, to the renewal of confusion, and the recurrence of a reign of terror, he lets his blows fall with a heavy hand. We predict a wide circulation for this serial, and are convinced that its able editor will support the promise of the opening number.

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218, *Champion of England against all comers,* Edward Corbould. Almost faultless in drawing. Armour not of the proper colour, hues being introduced for which the surrounding facts do not find excuse.

Mrs. Oliver—the wife, we presume, of the artist—surpasses her husband in many respects. Her translations of nature are not so mapped out into distinct parts, and she seems more fond of focusing her effects, and thus gives an eye to her pictures from whence to begin, and after travelling from and over the canvass, where to return to and rest upon. She has several most delightful cabinet pieces here. They all look like Mr. Oliver's, only improved.

Portrait of the Rev. Robert Montgomery, Minister of Percy Chapel. Fernando Giachosa. (No. 230.) Although a likeness of this really eminent divine and brilliant orator, we are inclined to believe that the painter has powers, which, if more matured attention were given thereto, would produce a far better picture than is this. The head, as we have said, although like, requires illumination, and, as the hands signify action, so ought the face to accord to such eloquence of mechanical speech. The mouth lacks refinement, being carried even beyond a "pout," and a degree of drapery is crowded about the figure with the avowed intention of giving massiveness and dignity to it, and, at the same time, to secure by contrast smallness to the head, which fails in the one object, and albeit successful in the other, is not attended with the ideal result sought for. Moreover, one-half of the canvass being occupied by the pulpit only, under which the eye is permitted to lose itself without being able confidently to catch the means by which the rostrum is supported, a struggle for precedence of attention between the animate and the inanimate, the pulpit and its occupier, is the consequence. These arrangements tend to give a notion that from the perilous position of the divine, he is pleading more to be let down himself than in the fervent and holy exercise of raising others up. As a painting, there is much—more particularly in the treatment of the hands—which betokens future excellence, but great study will be absolutely necessary for the working out of such a consummation.

Mr. Lauder has many surprising instances of his power to render the most glaring colour subservient to art. They are placed at the end of the room fronting the spectator, on a sort of dais there erected, and they at once win and hold the lover of rarity captive. *The Evening Star* (401) is undoubtedly the finest of these. We class it at once for colour in the rank of high art. To say that it is surpassing fine is to use too weak a term to explain what admiration would pour forth. We scarcely can bring ourselves to believe that (404) *Amine on the Raft* is painted by the same hand. If so, it must have been intended as a foil to the other, so utterly bad is it, in sentiment and execution.

There is a great rawness in all Marshall Claston's works here, but there is an exception in *The Death of Abel* (381), in which we would direct serious attention to the sky upon the horizon and the flying figure—both attuning with excellent and refined taste. *The Bacchante* (383) has his name attached it in the catalogue, but without a price fixed. We hope the one is an error, the other is none—it is literally priceless;—canvass spoiled.

Passing over (409, marked sold) *A Study from Nature*, by Niemann, of the nutmeg-grater school (which, however, could be rasped), we come to his *Sunset* (427), against which we have placed three notes of admiration in our list. In so small a space we know of no living artist *now* who could concentrate so many passages of such positive poetic beauty. His *Thames—near Maidenhead* (429) is certainly very fine, bating a little too much off-handness in the left corner; but this a mere mechanical *Talbotype of* nature, compared with *The Sunset*. Comparisons are here, then, certainly odious, for without bringing the one in contact with the other both would be excellent. Another picture (434), *A Study*, shows the versatile powers of this master—for a master, unshackled by manner or plagiarism, he may be honestly and fearlessly pronounced—while, to go back in the Catalogue, let us again look at a *con-amore* bit (382), *Composition;* and, further, to retrace our steps, at the unimpeachable evidence to be found of thorough, well-directed artistic endowment in (No. 13) *Norwich—a Study from Nature.* The daring brain that can conceive, and the gifted hand that can carry out such a sky as Niemann has here not hesitated to introduce, induces in us as much pain as pleasure. We have seen so many artists who have been similarly instructed by the unmistakeable school of nature, who, having obtained honours, have quitted college but to retrograde—the brilliant senior wrangler, as it were, falling into the dull monotony of a third-class fag. Nature's mossy banks are the artist's college benches. The rustic smock-frocked ploughboy and the one-sided tucked petticoat milkmaid being amongst the few witnesses of his pleasing lessons. Let him not, then, quit a school in which there is so much to be learned; let him not, then, turn his back upon the moss that he once had a *lichen* for to copy himself in a chamber, mayhap, composed of four brick walls, with the smallest portion of the light of heaven admitted therein, the latter stinted, as an excuse for effect, but having the fatal consequence of blinding the artist to the knowledge of the defects which are arising in his mental vision.

Mr. J. G. Middleton's two pictures (88 and 89) are deserving of high commendation, but as this gentleman gets his meed of praise when exhibiting at most of the other galleries, where he appears to be ever welcome, we are convinced that he, as well as many similarly situated, will willingly give up the space, otherwise their legitimate due, to less fortunate claimants.

LITERARY MIRROR.

LETTERS ADDRESSED TO THE COUNTESS OF OSSORY, from the year 1769 to 1797. By Horace Walpole Lord Orford. Now first printed from original MSS. Edited, with notes, by the Right Hon. R. Vernon Smith, M.P. In two volumes. London: Bentley. 1848.

This correspondence extends over a period of nearly thirty years, and in its course we mark the changes of temper in a man already at the commencement verging upon the vale of years, suffering acutely from infirmities, but with a vigorous intellect rising superior to the pains with which his body was afflicted. Nothing else could have supported him during so many years of pain with few intervals of cessation. We find in his letter certain allusions to his sufferings, which increase in the later years of his life. While under the influence of his worst attacks his temper becomes sharp and irritable; he is satirical, fancies himself almost on the verge of the grave, and finds pleasure neither in politics, amusement, nor scandal. Then again we perceive the trammels of sickness falling from around him; he is again all cheerfulness and gaiety, full of animal spirits, and the enthusiasm of a much younger man. His letters are then longer and more amusing. We find in them many hints upon the manners of the period, many curious revelations of character which will be peculiarly interesting to the readers of history, or, indeed, all who take any interest in the proceedings of the past age. The Countess of Ossory appears to have been a charming woman, full of *esprit*, and amiability. Some portions of the letters addressed to her, readers of the present day may with justice object to; but many allowances must be made for the state of the manners and society at that period which seemed to give a licence to conversation and actions which would not be tolerated in our own day. It seems strange how any lady could suffer such things to be said to her, but the age in which we live is the criterion of our morals for the time being, and so thought the persons of the eighteenth century. Much delightful gossip, many amusing anecdotes, will be found contained in the volumes before us, which we strongly recommend to our readers. Our limits do not permit us to dwell at greater length upon the work, which we can only cordially pronounce as among the most interesting that have appeared this season.

FIVE YEARS IN KAFIRLAND; with Sketches of the late War in that country, to the conclusion of peace. Written on the spot by Harriet Ward. London: Colburn, 1848.

No work relating to operations carried on by the arms of our country against hostile races ever appears without exciting some degree of interest. The present volumes, replete as they are with amusing matter and information, contain, however, we think, a too long series of complaints against the provisions supplied to the campaigners in the wilds of Africa by the British Government. Our authoress deals too freely in blame. Every incident or anecdote related is made to form the excuse for throwing discredit on the home authorities, whose province it was to attend to the conduct and carrying out of the Kaffir war. Nevertheless, though this circumstance may somewhat detract from the pleasure we experience in perusing the narrative of Mrs. Ward's African experience, it does not at all deteriorate the real value of the work. The complaints of inefficient accommodation, of carelessness in the management of affairs, are doubtless often well grounded, but still we imagine they might have been compressed into a somewhat less space than they at present occupy. In saying this, however, we must not be understood to imply that "Five Years in Kafirland" is a work in which speculation and dissertation make up for the want of a stirring narrative, full of wild adventures and graphic accounts of manners and customs; on the contrary, few productions of the present season can lay claim to so high a degree of interest. Our authoress, a woman of the most powerful energy, full of strong but yet feminine impulses, for the sake of accompanying her gallant husband in his perilous journey in Kafirland, voluntarily left her own shore, and threw herself into the heart of a wild and savage country, inhabited by barbarous races and convulsed by all the horrors of a war between the civilised troops of the west and ruthless hordes of men, practised in all the arts of savage warfare.

The volumes will well repay perusal. Among the most striking passages in the whole work is the account of the wrecks of the Abercrombie Robinson and Waterloo, off the